

With Dates of Events.
ROD'S PAVILION—Corner Olive and Fifth Streets.

SEMBRICH

Only, MONDAY and WEDNESDAY,
 April 1st and 3d.

SEMBRICH OPERA COMPANY.

DIRECTOR OF C. L. GRAFF.

REPERTOIRE
 "LA TRAVIATA." "DON PASQUALE."
 "RIGOLETTO." "LUCIA." "PAGLIACCI." ETC.

are requested to select the two Operas they prefer from

the titles to MR. L. BEVIER, Room 3, Los Angeles Theater

the favorites will be announced.

Will sing at each performance,

supported by

SIGNOR LARA, SIGNOR GALAZZI,

SIGNOR ROSSI, SIGNOR BEN-

SAUDE, etc., etc.

and ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR SIGNOR BEVIGNANI.

Monday Morning, March 20, at Union Pacific Ticket office, 250

W. BURBANK THEATER—

CLIVER MOIOSCO, Lessee and Manager.

Van Buren (Our Mary) will posi-

as Nell Gwynne tonight and all

(Friday night.)

GET YOUR SEATS NOW!

WHEN YOU WANT GET SEATS!

The Greatest Novelty of the Day. Every Night This

Weekend Saturday Only.

Frawley and His Company in

"NELL GWYNNE"

—35, 25c, 35c and 50c. Tel. Main 1270.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT ISSEN'S

HOLL'S HOUSE,

—The Telephone Girl.

—40 People Direct from New York.

AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

ARM—South Pasadena—

BABY OSTRICHES JUST

ATORNIUM—EVENINGS—

Local Management—

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FUN FOR CHINESE.

Tien-Tsin Incident is Interesting.

Lion and Bear May Yet Come to Blows.

British and Russian Troops in Hostile Array.

Opposing Commanders Agree on a Truce for Twenty-four Hours—Anxiety.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK, March 16.—[Exclusive

Dispatch.] The Herald's Tien-Tsin

special says: "The situation here

could not be more serious. The Chi-

nese are enjoying the spectacle of

Russian and English troops drawn up

in hostile array, with the possibility

of bloodshed at any minute. Yester-

day the English railway authorities

put men to work building a siding near

the station. The Russians drove them

off for trespassing on their new con-

cessions. The laborers, who were

roughly handled, returned, supported

by several hundred British troops. The

Russians responded by calling out their

whole force and preparing for battle.

Upon seeing this the British desisted

from their purpose of bringing back

the laborers to work by force. Gen.

Campbell, commanding the English,

and Gen. Wogack, commander of the

Russian force, had conferences. Both

sides agreed not to break the peace

for twenty-four hours. Information

regarding the situation has been cabi-

neted to London and St. Petersburg. Intense

anxiety as to the outcome of the af-

fair prevails here. The Russians are

intrenching themselves in the conces-

sions.

DISPUTANTS CAUTIOUS.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

NEW YORK, March 16.—The Anglo-

Russian dispute shows no change and

the disputants are expressing the ut-

most caution to prevent a collision be-

tween the guards during the negotia-

tions. The Russians continue to pur-

chase land in the new concessions.

ALARMING ASPECT.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

LONDON, March 16.—[Exclusive Dis-

patch.] The news of the Anglo-Russian

incident at Tien-Tsin assume a most

alarming aspect in the newspapers. The

cards in the streets this afternoon.

"Russia face to face with England—

our troops humiliated," so the staring

lines read, but the well-informed view

the incident as nothing like so serious.

Gen. Barrow's recent attitude toward

local Russian officials was most likely

to lead to some such sequel. When

THE CITY. Big hotel enterprise and

real estate deal said to be planned by

Southern Pacific. . . . Man who laid the

trap to capture Mrs. Surratt, in town.

New hotel bridge for San Francisco.

Potter's horses break records at Driv-

ing Club races. . . . Coroner Holland ac-

cused by grand jury, and Joe Mug-

ger indicted. . . . The weather own-

ership of San Pedro. . . . Methodist Sun-

day-school will celebrate today. . . . So-

cial club managers heavily fined.

Coroner takes McIntosh case.

Acacia Chapter's function. . . . Econ-

omic League discusses trusts. . . . Los An-

geles team wins Redlands golf competi-

tion. . . . California's crude oil the best.

Car famine hanging on. . . . Al Bork

Temple's merry evening.

PACIFIC COAST. Desperado John

Collins escapes from Washington State

prison, but is recaptured. . . . Mason

Mitchell talks of conditions in Samoa.

Commercial clubmen banqueted at San

Francisco. . . . Robber Ardell acquitted of

murder. . . . Rainsin growers wrangle.

Klondike wait finds shelter. . . . Closing

events in the Legislature. . . . Big Basin

redwoods saved.

FOREIGN. BY CABLE. Boer lead-

ers discuss advisability of continuing

the war. Count Boni de Castellane

wounds De Rolays in a duel. . . . King

Edward spurs the Kaiser. . . . Plan for

great world's fair at London. . . . Duke

and Duchess of Cornwall start on their

Journey. . . . Doings in the Reichstag.

Emperor William slowly recovering.

Expert French artillery practice.

Tien-Tsin incident amuses the Chinese.

GENERAL EASTERN. Mine work-

ers' convention votes to strike April

1, if operators refuse a conference.

Theatrical troupe's special car burned.

Gen. Harrison's body viewed by fifty

thousand people. . . . President en route

to Indianapolis. . . . Admiral Dewey's

beard shattered. . . . Tennessee mob

murders a negro. . . . Death of Con-

gressman Broussard. . . . George Gould

disgusts the railroad situation.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Green

wins golf cup in Pasadena by romping

able playing. . . . More Chatsworth rock

for San Pedro breakwater. . . . St. Sym-

onine poisoning the jury's verdict in

Mullinix case at Santa Ana. . . . Palster

hurt at Redondo. . . . Ventura county

prohibition ordinance held to be valid.

Fire at Huacoma. . . . Chinese burned

out in Bakersfield. . . . Riverside county

officials surprised. . . . Railroad men's

ball at San Bernardino. . . . Young En-

glishman commits suicide in Santa Bar-

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CLASSIFIED NEWS SYNOPSIS.

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THE CALIFORNIA
Family and
been coming
ment

(THE STATE LEGISLATURE.)

Thirty-fourth Session of Legislature is Now History.

MAYN REDWOODS
WILL BE PRESERVED.GAGE APPROVES APPROPRIATION
FOR BIG TREE PARK.Forest Association's Pet
Providing for a Joint State
Investigation of Resources
Failed.

DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:

SACRAMENTO, March 16.—(Exclu-

sive Dispatch.) The thirty-fourth ses-

sion of the California Legislature is

now history.

The session, which began on

January 13, ended today at 12 o'clock.

The session was marked by a

number of important events.

The most notable of these

was the passage of the

bill providing for a joint

state investigation of

forest resources.

The bill, which was

introduced by Senator

Gage, was passed by a

vote of 21 to 10.

The bill also provides

for the appointment of

a commission to study

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The commission is to

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NO PAIN, TRIFLING EXPENSE

A Simple, Harmless Remedy for the

Cure of Piles

A person contracts a cold, pneumonia

rheumatism and pleurisy from exposure;

dyspepsia and liver troubles from dietary

errors and the cause of most diseases are

easily traceable, but although pills and rec-

tal troubles are as common as any of these,

the cause is obscure.

Violent exertion, as in lifting, sometimes

produces them and a sedentary occupation

is by some supposed to be a predisposing

cause, but as a rule piles and rectal troubles

appear without apparent provocation.

There are many pile cures and ointments

which give temporary relief and when these

fail the patient, if he can afford the expense

is willing to take the risk, has recourse

to a surgical operation. But there is one

remedy which gives immediate relief and

the regular use of which will bring about a

permanent cure and that is the well known

Pyramid Pile Cure.

In long-standing cases the Pyramid has

proven to be the only cure except a dan-

gerous and exceedingly painful surgical

operation, and its advantages over any

kind of operation are many, as it is pain-

less, causes no interference with daily occu-

pation, and being in the form of a suppo-

sitory is always convenient and ready for

use.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is an effective

combination of soothing oils and antiseptic

acids. It contains no cocaine nor other

destroying opiates and unlike most pile

salves, contains no bi-chloride of mercury

nor any injurious drug of any kind.

All druggists sell the Pyramid Pile Cure

at 50 cents for a complete treatment of the

suppositories.

A little book on cause and cure of piles

and Water and Forest Bill will be sent free

by addressing Pyramid Pile Cure

Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.

chance of success, to get the govern-

ment of Nicaragua to grant them \$250,-

000 in installments, as follows: Ten

thousand dollars when they have

twenty-five miles of the entire eighty

miles of dirt road between Matagalpa

and the national road at Momotombo.

In good condition to operate a train

of freight cars loaded with coffee

REPORTING RECORDS
BERBY PROVES A GOOD RACE.
Frey Wins it in a Furious Drive.
L. T. MARTIN
Furniture and Carpet Store
531-3-5 S. Spring

FURNITURE
An entire stock of furniture and carpets at a great sacrifice. We have a full line of

A Delicious Drink
All the elements of a perfect drink are contained in this. Try a cup of the

C. A. NEAL
The grocer at 480 Broadway
Los Angeles, will serve you with the best. Try a cup of the

All Groceries
Sell Pigrogs Cereal.

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an outsider, Henry Clay Rye, the result was very popular. The Morris club, who, was scratched during the morning, and this eliminated an important factor. Wild Bird, 5 to 1, and Varro, who backed from two to 3 to 2, divided the betting honors. Tom Stephens' pair, Picador and Sid-don, were coupled at 5 and receded to 6 to 1, while Henry Clay Rye's price was as good as 12 to 1 at times. Hand-icappers were coupled at 20 to 1. The weather was ideal and the track fast.

Results:
Mile and a sixteenth, selling: Egyptian Prince won, Wood Price second, Kenova third; time 1:49 1/2.
One mile: Tobe Paine won, Tulle W. second, Althea third; time 1:43 1/2.
Hurdle handicap, mile and a quarter, over five hurdles: Isen won, Tommy O'Brien second, Miss Ransom third; time 2:30 1/2.
The Crescent City Derby, mile and an eighth: Henry Clay Rye won, Wild Bird second, Varro third; time 1:35 1/2.
Mile and a sixteenth, handicap: Jes-sie, Jarboe won, Little Duchess II second, Maj. Mansie third; time 1:42 1/2.
One mile: Brother Fred won, Little Belle second, Puro R. third; time 1:41 1/2.
Six furlongs: Boomerack won, Lady Contrary second, Free Hand third; time 1:41 1/2.
Six furlongs: Boomerack won, Lady Contrary second, Free Hand third; time 1:41 1/2.
Six furlongs: Boomerack won, Lady Contrary second, Free Hand third; time 1:41 1/2.

Sterling Pianos
Known the world over as the best of its class—Not an expensive instrument but one having many sterling qualities, and that gives abundant satisfaction. Call and let us show you the sterling.
GEO. J. BIRKEL, Steinway Agency,
Cor. Second and Broadway.

The Times Pictures.
Arrangements have been made by which patrons of The Times may have any of the series of pictures which are being regularly presented with the Sunday edition, mounted or framed *passer portrait* style, at a cost of 25 cents each.
Bring your picture to The Times office and exchange it for a mounted one.
THE TIMES-MIRROR CO.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY.
BALL OF THE RAILROADERS.
SAN BERNARDINO, March 16.—(Regular Correspondence.) The railroad men held full away at the Pavilion last night, on the occasion of the third annual ball, given under the auspices of Cajon Pass Lodge, No. 272, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. "Everything O. K." was the signal displayed, and the decorations were in keeping with the occasion. There was a wealth of red, white, green and blue lanterns, and across the stage was stretched a canvas, on which were depicted caboose No. 278, the number of the lodge; a freight car, numbered 1882, the year the Brotherhood of Trainmen was instituted, and locomotive No. 1901. A programme of twenty-three dances opened at 9 o'clock, the grand march being led by Capt. O. P. Sloat. There were several hundred dancers present.

Jacoby Bros. Jacoby Bros. Jacoby Bros.
A Lucky Purchase
Of Men's Spring Suits.
A quick yes! and spot cash to help out a manufacturer who needed the money, secured for a handsome line of new spring suits at one third less than they were made up to sell for. Our New York buyer made the deal about a month ago, and the goods came yesterday—elegant fresh spring suits in all the latest patterns. Fancy checks, stripes and hair lines; Scotch mixtures and blue serges cut in the very newest style style cutaway sack; seams silk sewed; good Italian linings and first-class trimmings, and made by one of the best manufacturers in New York. If we had bought these suits in the regular way we could not afford to sell them for less than \$18.00, but we didn't. We bought them for spot cash on a basis of one-third off their real worth, so we can offer you choice of the entire line at

An Open Letter.
Office of Jacoby Bros.
PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.
37-39 Broadway, New York, Feb. 14, 1901.
JACOBYS BROS., Los Angeles, Cal.
GENTLEMEN—I purchased today from R. & C. Co. 60 Men's Spring suits at from 30 to 50 per cent less than regular price. It's one of the best buys I ever made, and I think you will agree with me when you see them. They will be shipped to-morrow via R. & O. and C. R. I, and P. R. I should advise you to make a special sale of them and give them to our train in Los Angeles just as I bought them, at a third less than their real worth. I made the purchase for spot cash, and R. & C. Co. will draw on you today for the amount. Yours truly,
P. & J. JACOBYS.

600 New Spring Suits Go on Sale Tomorrow Morning at
\$10
All Regular \$15 Values Cut and Made in the Very Latest Style
There are just 600 suits in the bunch, and there's a clean cut saving of \$5.00 on every one of them, and the best part of it all is that it's right now when you need a new spring suit, and you can better appreciate the saving than at the end of the season. In addition to the above special opportunity, our entire new spring stock of men's suits and light weight overcoats is in readiness. All the highest class of tailor made garments.

Spring Suits at \$11.25, \$12, \$13.50, \$15, \$16.50, \$18, \$20 and \$25.
Spring Weight Trousers \$2.25, \$2.75, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$5, \$6.

Sale.
Illens
INCOMPARABLE
Cigars
Los Angeles, Cal.
CARPETS
All kinds of carpets and rugs at a great sacrifice. We have a full line of
RUGS
All kinds of rugs and carpets at a great sacrifice. We have a full line of
CALIFORNIA CARPETS
2. BELLEVILLE CO., PROP.
512-514 S. Broadway

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Tailor Made Dresses.
The spring showing is hard to picture in cold type. One might as well try to sketch an autumn sunset with a lump of charcoal. Nothing short of a visit to this up-to-date department will show them to you as they should be. The best way to bring you here is to offer you something you won't find elsewhere. Here is a little undervalue for to-morrow you won't find in any other store in Los Angeles.
One lot of tailor made suits (just sixteen of them) in Venetian, Broadcloth, Serges or Homespuns, black, brown, Oxford gray, new blue and navy blue; made up to sell at from \$15.00 to \$18.00. Your choice Monday at

\$9.85
The jackets are in the fly front, double-breasted or Eton effects, silk lined, some with velvet collars, circular and new flare skirts and in every way perfect and stylish garments.

Good Wool Skirts.
Our seven gore full flared skirts in light gray homespun black velvet or tan covers, proper in style and of good material.
\$5.75

Wash Waists
New and up-to-date, right in style and price. With variety enough to suit all tastes.
45¢ Colored chambray waists with lace stripes, stock collar and Bishop sleeves \$1.25
75¢ The new lawn, solid color waists in pink or blue, trimmed with embroidery and velvet ribbons \$1.25
\$1.00 Fine quality waists in solid red, trimmed in black \$1.75

Helpful Hints
To mothers with boys to clothe. Bring your boy and come here. We can save you lots of trouble and worry. We can outfit him from head to foot. There's a style for every one's fancy and a price for each purse.
Boys' Spring Suits.
All the very latest eastern novelties in Russian blouse sailor and golf suits, vestee suits and two piece school suits from
\$2.45 to \$10.00.
Our juvenile department is the largest in Los Angeles and the stock of the best and greatest variety; our boys' goods are of the kind that we can guarantee to give satisfaction or we refund your money.
Boys' spring style K. & E. waists 50c.
Mothers' friend waists 50c to 75c.
Boys' new "Star" waists, fine French percales \$1.00.
White Fauteuery blouses 48c, 75c and 90c.
Colored Fauteuery blouses 25c, 48c, 75c and 90c.
Boys' spring weight underwear 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.
Boys' golf caps 19c and 25c.
Boys' silk neckwear in all styles 25c.

Write Us
Your wants. Our mail order service helps lots of out of town people do their family shopping. Prices are the same as when you come in person and the goods must please or you send them back at our expense.
Jacoby Bros.
331-333-335 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Tailor Made Dresses.
The spring showing is hard to picture in cold type. One might as well try to sketch an autumn sunset with a lump of charcoal. Nothing short of a visit to this up-to-date department will show them to you as they should be. The best way to bring you here is to offer you something you won't find elsewhere. Here is a little undervalue for to-morrow you won't find in any other store in Los Angeles.
One lot of tailor made suits (just sixteen of them) in Venetian, Broadcloth, Serges or Homespuns, black, brown, Oxford gray, new blue and navy blue; made up to sell at from \$15.00 to \$18.00. Your choice Monday at

\$9.85
The jackets are in the fly front, double-breasted or Eton effects, silk lined, some with velvet collars, circular and new flare skirts and in every way perfect and stylish garments.

Good Wool Skirts.
Our seven gore full flared skirts in light gray homespun black velvet or tan covers, proper in style and of good material.
\$5.75

Wash Waists
New and up-to-date, right in style and price. With variety enough to suit all tastes.
45¢ Colored chambray waists with lace stripes, stock collar and Bishop sleeves \$1.25
75¢ The new lawn, solid color waists in pink or blue, trimmed with embroidery and velvet ribbons \$1.25
\$1.00 Fine quality waists in solid red, trimmed in black \$1.75

Helpful Hints
To mothers with boys to clothe. Bring your boy and come here. We can save you lots of trouble and worry. We can outfit him from head to foot. There's a style for every one's fancy and a price for each purse.
Boys' Spring Suits.
All the very latest eastern novelties in Russian blouse sailor and golf suits, vestee suits and two piece school suits from
\$2.45 to \$10.00.
Our juvenile department is the largest in Los Angeles and the stock of the best and greatest variety; our boys' goods are of the kind that we can guarantee to give satisfaction or we refund your money.
Boys' spring style K. & E. waists 50c.
Mothers' friend waists 50c to 75c.
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Boys' silk neckwear in all styles 25c.

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Jacoby Bros.
331-333-335 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Guaranteed Shoes.
For Men, Women and Children.
The more particular a person is about their footwear, the more we enjoy showing our new spring stock. No matter how much you usually pay, you cannot find a better shoe than we have. This department of the big store is made up of guaranteed leather shoes, made by the best makers in America and sold with a "Jacoby guarantee," which says they must be right or we make them right.
Shelf-emptying Prices Prevail This Week.
Women's Oxfords \$1.21.
Broken lines in hand turned and McKay sewed calf, cloth or plain tops, black or tan, new stylish lasts; not all sizes in each line, but all sizes in all lines; worth from \$2.50 to \$3.00; for \$1.21.
Women's Oxfords \$1.54.
Handsome turned sole Oxfords, with the new initial patent leather trimmed tops, patent leather or kid tips, all sizes and widths, worth regular \$2.00; for \$1.54.
Women's Oxfords \$2.48.
The "new woman's" patent leather, vici kid Oxford, hand turned sole and new spike heels, very stylish; worth regular \$4.00; for \$2.48.
Women's Oxfords \$2.85.
An extreme style in chrome patent calf oxfords, hand sewed extension soles and new spike heels, worth regular \$4.00; for \$2.85.
Women's strap sandals \$1.39.
Turned strap sandals, plain or fancy ribbon bows, medium or opera heels, worth regular \$1.75; for \$1.39.
Women's Shoes \$2.18.
Women's vici kid, button or lace shoes, black or brown, patent or extension sole, heels or spring heel, worth regular \$3.00; for \$2.18.
Men's Shoes \$1.97.
A good Satin Calf Lace or Congress Shoe in either globe, plain, French or round toes; worth regular \$2.50; for \$1.97.
Men's Shoes \$2.74.
Goodyear Welt Lace or Congress Shoes, Russia Wax or Box Calf, tan or black vici kid, light or heavy soles; worth regular \$4; for \$2.74.
Men's Shoes \$3.95.
A stylish high grade, hand-sewed shoe in Russia calf, black chrome calf, vici kid or tan vici kid; worth regular \$5.00; for \$3.95.
Little Gent's Shoes \$1.23.
A good solid shoe in tan or black vici kid or calf; spring heel; sizes 9 to 13 1/2; worth \$1.50; for \$1.23.
Misses' Sandals \$1.08.
Hand-turned strap sandals in kid, black kid, or patent leather; pretty buckles. Sizes 11 1/2 to 3, \$1.08. Sizes 3 1/2 to 11, 97c. Sizes 0 to 8, 87c.
Misses' Shoes \$1.39.
Well made, solid Dongola, lace or button shoe, extension soles. Sizes 11 1/2 to 2, \$1.39; sizes 3 1/2 to 11, \$1.19.
Misses' Shoes \$1.45.
A guaranteed solid shoe, Dongola, black or brown, patent or extension sole, heels or spring heel, sizes 3 1/2 to 11, \$1.45; sizes 6 to 8, 90c.

Women's Underwear.
Some is very much trimmed and be-frilled; some plain and prim, but no matter what the style—good material, width and length, good work, little prices
Women's muslin blouse style corset covers, lace trimmed neck and arms 24¢
Women's muslin gowns, tucked and insertion trimmed yokes 46¢
Women's muslin drawers, flounce, lace trimmed and insertion 47¢
Women's tucked and trimmed in-tor-chon lace 77¢
Large line of women's best grade underwear, vests in long or short sleeves or sleeveless, from 10c up.
All the best and most popular makes in summer corsets, regular styles or extra form.

Ladies' Gloves.
Closing out the stock to dis-cuss-ion, in department.
\$1.00 gloves for 50c.
\$1.50 gloves for 75c.
\$1.75 gloves for 87c.
\$2.00 gloves for 1.00.
Every pair fitted and guaranteed.

LA GRIPPE.

orative Th
f Time.

Congressman H. H. North
from "I had come to be
friendly for the first
time in my family and
I was very ill with the
grippe and was able to
be in a week."

Mrs. Francis M. Anderson
Washington, D. C. daughter
of Judge Anderson of Virginia,
I was taken very ill with the
grippe and was able to
be in a week."

Mrs. Harriette A. S. March
of the "Woman's" movement
of Chicago, writes: "I
was taken very ill with the
grippe and was able to
be in a week."

The following letter was received from
J. W. Wright, Secretary Good Templar
No. 1, and Lady of the Mosaic:
"I suffered from the grippe and was
unable to be in a week."

"I suffered from the grippe and was
unable to be in a week."

"I suffered from the grippe and was
unable to be in a week."

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"I suffered from the grippe and was
unable to be in a week."

STATE SNAPSHOTS.

Just now proposes to fill the
vacancy of the county clerk's office
by the election of a deputy clerk.

A woman who sold a male bird
which weighed 100 pounds, to the
county clerk's office.

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which weighed 100 pounds, to the
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which weighed 100 pounds, to the
county clerk's office.

THE LATEST BIG HOTEL.

Southern Pacific Said to
be Negotiating for
a Fine Site.

There is a rumor afloat that
the Southern Pacific Com-
pany, or one of its allied in-
terests, is endeavoring to pur-
chase the block bounded by
Seventh, Spring, Eighth street
and Broadway, as a site for a
mammoth tourist hotel that
will excel in size and magnifi-
cence any other hostelry in
the city.

The property in this block
is owned by various persons.
I. N. Van Noy owns the cor-
ner at Seventh and Spring
streets, where the old Van
Noy homestead is located.
J. B. Lankershim owns the
corner at Eighth street and
Broadway, and the Armory
building occupies the corner
at Eighth and Spring streets.

Mrs. E. T. Earl recently pur-
chased fifty feet frontage in
the block at \$300 per front foot.
Kaspare Cohn owns 110 feet
fronting on Spring street and
50 feet on Broadway, both of
which lots he recently bonded
to the agents of unknown pur-
chasers for \$312.50 per front
foot. In some quarters it is
mooted that the Southern Pa-
cific is behind the deal with
Cohn.

All the property in the block
is exceedingly valuable, being
so near the business center
and right in the line of the
city's greatest development.
The block is admirably situ-
ated for a hotel site, but it is
not believed that either Mr.
Van Noy or Mr. Lankershim
could be induced to sell ex-
cept for an exceptionally
handsome price.

The rumor as to the South-
ern Pacific's intention finds
credence in certain real estate
quarters, but confirmation of
the report is lacking.

that visited her home about midnight.
She was taken from her cabin and
carried to the bridge over Round Lick
Creek. Her hands having been tied
behind her, she was shot through the
head and her lifeless body thrown
into the creek.

The coroner's jury returned a ver-
dict that she came to her death at
the hands of unknown parties. She
was suspected of being a pocket-
book of \$120 which had been lost.

CHILD STUDY CIRCLES.
The Child Study Circle of Seventh
Street School held the regular monthly
meeting Wednesday afternoon. A
helpful and interesting paper on
"The Child's Mind" was read by Mrs.
Scholl. The song "He Was a Prince,"
and piano songs were given by Miss
Shawyer.

The regular monthly meeting of the
Child's Study Circle of the First-street
school was held Friday. The meeting
opened with a solo by Mrs. Lane, en-
titled "The Song That Reached My
Heart." A paper was read by Mrs.
McNeil on the "Evil Effects of the
Use of Tobacco on the Young." Miss
Wiley and Mrs. Bacon read interest-
ing articles on the "Evils of Cigarette
Smoking." The subject was taken up
for discussion by Mrs. Lyon and Mrs.
Mackay, and many of the mothers.
The programme on the whole was in-
teresting and instructive. The meet-
ing closed with a fine whistling solo by
Mrs. Richardson.

The Twenty-eighth Street School
Child Study Circle met Friday after-
noon at the school building, and was
called to order by the president, Mrs.
Reed. The president gave a report of
the last meeting of the Federation of
Societies of the Child Study Circles.
An excellent paper was read by Mrs.
Ernest K. Foster on the "Practical
Application of What We Learn from
Child Study," and an animated dis-
cussion followed. It was moved and
carried to have the president bring
Mrs. Foster's paper before the bureau
of exchange.

Tahiti by Steamer.
The gem of the South Sea is now reached
direct by steamer. The favorite S. S. Australia
sails on the next trip March 15. Call at No. 220
South Spring street for folders and booklets.

Those Funny Coon Photos...

A SPECIAL OFFER.

We issue coupons with every sale of wines and liquors, indicating the
amount of purchase. When you have coupons amounting to \$25.00
you get one of these 22x24 photos FREE. The accompanying coupon
will count for \$10.00 (only one coupon to be used by each customer).
Cut it out and begin to save your coupons.

NOTE—We are wine growers and own large vineyards and
wineries in the San Gabriel Valley, producing the best and purest
wines and brandies.

PORT, SHERRY, 75c and \$1.00 Per
ANGELICA AND MUSCAT, 75c and \$1.00 Per
Gallon

Southern California Wine Co.

220 West Fourth Street. Tel. Main 332.

Suits of Real Beauty

No woman tailor, no dress-
maker, can give you that
dashing, finished, stylish air that
comes with our suits. The
best thought and inspiration
of the cleverest designers the
world knows is the only thing
that will produce the effects
you can get here. The superb
fit and easy, natural grace of
each garment shows the mas-
tership of our makers. Hand-
some, plain suits at \$15.00,
swell novelties at \$50.00, and
all prices in between. Some
new Eton Jackets yesterday,
and the handsomest yet. Silks,
allover appliques, tailor
stitched effects, and a host of
other clever designs.

THE UNIQUE 245 So. Broadway Cloaks and Suits



MISSION MALT TONIC THE STEPPING STONE TO PERFECT HEALTH.

Every woman should have a case of Mission Malt
Tonic in the house. Its constant use will build
up the system. It is a nerve and brain food of
great force. As a spring medicine it has no
equal and it is a luxurious beverage with your
meals. Keep a bottle in the ice box. Take a
wine glass full when you feel tired or worn out.
12 bottles Mission Malt \$2.00. All dealers sell it.

Reduced

Prices on All Kinds of
Pictures. Everything
New. No Old Goods to
Work Off. Positively
Going Out of Business.

Watch Windows

A SALE

That will interest every lover of art
and the home beautiful. A sale that will
enable you to secure choice pictures at far less
than regular prices. Every picture in our beautiful
store has been reduced to a price that ought to close
them at once.

H. C. LICHTENBERGER

Positively Going Out of Business

This sale is genuine. We have been here 15 years and you
know whether we are reliable or not. Our present
lease expires in a short time and Mr. Lichtenberger
has decided to engage in the jobbing business
in another line of goods. This Sale
commences Monday morning.
Make your selections early
and get the best choice
of the stock.

Reduced

Prices on All Kinds of
Frames and Framing.
Bring in Your Picture at
Once. Positively Going
Out of Business.

Watch Windows

Reduced

Prices on Artists' Ma-
terials of All Kinds.
Get Our Prices. Posi-
tively Going Out of
Business.

Watch Windows

202 SOUTH SPRING

Watch Windows

Reduced

Priced Articles Will Be
Shown in Our Windows
From Day to Day. Posi-
tively Going Out of
Business.

202 SOUTH SPRING

35c

Sash Curtains, made of
pretty fine Swiss, full-
length, extra special at
25c.

25c

For plain Swiss sash
curtains that are good value
at 25c; extra special at
25c.

\$2.75

Beautiful bobbin curtains
with pretty lace edge full
width and length and our
regular \$4.00 curtains.

15c

A yard and up for cur-
tain sets, full width, a
variety of very choice
patterns and special values.

5c

The yard for our fine
and life Percales; 10-
inch broad and a large
assortment of col-
ors.

UP-TO-DATE DEPARTMENT STORE

SPECIALS

Made possible and a change in the firm
and great improvements in the store.
Any item herewith printed is in such
quantity that we can guarantee sale for
tomorrow after that you take your
own chance.

Wooden Ware, Wire Goods, Brushes, any article, 20 per cent. off.
Stationery, Lead Pencils, Tablets, Playing Cards, etc., 20 per cent. off.
Lamps and Lamp Goods, all sacrificed at 25 per cent. off.
Stamped Tinware, Japanned Ware, full line at 20 per cent. off.
Household Hardware, and all Enamelled Ware, 15 per cent. off.

UP-TO-DATE DEPARTMENT STORE,
113-115 North Spring.

5c

The yard for a pretty
dainty; 10-12 inch
broad, large colors
and easily worth
the price.

3 1/2c

The yard for the
very best American
prints; blue and all
light colors; worth
5c.

3 1/2c

The yard for our
regular 6c apron
checks; a large line
in blue and brown.

99c

Mustin and Swiss
curtains; good qual-
ity material; full
width; 10-12 inch
broad; worth
1.00.

8 1/3c

For 24-in. Percales,
all the newest colors
in pretty figures and
stripes; goods we
usually sell for 10c
and 12c.

48c

For a galvanized wash
tub that sells regularly
for 60c; strong, well
made and good size.

72c

For a Japanned bread
box; large size, and a box that
is worth 80c; very special
value at 72c.

51c

For a 17 quart granite dish
pan; you've always had to
pay 60c for this size; buy
now for 51c.

\$1.29

For a fancy stand lamp
with pretty decorated
globe; complete in every
way and a lamp we al-
ways sold for \$2.15.

**New
Curtains..**

Every housewife in Los
Angeles should see this
elegant new stock. If you
see them you will not put
the old ones up when you
clean house, for they cer-
tainly are wonderfully ef-
fective, and you may find that the old ones will hardly stand
another cleaning. We will be pleased to show you lace cur-
tains and portieres. The portieres that will interest you most
are the new Turkish and Roman effects.

Popular Prices as Usual.

ALLEN'S 345-347-S. SPRING ST
BET. THIRD & FOURTH STS

**The Times
Pictures.**

Arrangements have been made by
which patrons of The Times may
have any of the series of pictures
which are being regularly presented
with the Sunday edition mounted
in a *passé portout* style, at a cost
of 25 cents each.

Bring your picture to The Times
office and exchange it for a mounted
one.

THE TIMES-MIRROR CO.

BEKIN'S VAN AND
STORAGE
CUT RATE OFFICE
220 SOUTH BROADWAY.

RIVAL OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

Tehuantepec People Nearly Half Through Their Job, and They Say They'll Get Most of the Trade.

BY CURTIS BROWN.
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

LONDON, March 4.—While the United States is busy discussing and negotiating over the proposed Nicaragua Canal the Mexican government, aided by a rich and progressive British company, is working steadily on a route across the Isthmus which not only promises to loom up as the Nicaragua Canal's most dangerous rival after the canal begins business, but which will be in active operation five or six years before the Nicaragua route can possibly be opened.

The scheme by which these determined allies are planning to get ahead of the American government has been worked out under that previous little known by the general public about the progress of this enterprise. Information on the subject was not to be gathered easily from Mexico, and London was not naturally the place to which one would look for news of an American enterprise. The officers of the contractors of the enterprise are, however, and it is from these officials that most of the facts were obtained.

Very cargoes from ship to ship within twenty-four hours, but to do it at the rate of either \$250 or \$3 a ton, including all harbor and railway charges. The Panama Railway now carries about 200,000 tons of freight a year—only about one-tenth of the entire trade. Most of this business the Tehuantepec promoters expect to capture, and predict that when their arrangements are perfected they will handle 2,000,000 tons of freight a year.

NOT AFRAID OF THE CANALS. The probability of either of the Nicaragua and Panama canals being opened leaves the Tehuantepec people undismayed. They will have at least five years' start of either enterprise, and they say they will depend on the cheapness of their rates, their celerity in handling cargoes and above all, their more northerly location, to enable them practically to defy competition. By the Tehuantepec route, they point out, the distance between New York and San Francisco will be 700 miles less than by the Nicaragua Canal, and 1100 less than by the Panama route. For a ten-knot steamer that means a saving

whereas our rate, as I have told you, will be \$250 or \$3 a ton. In addition to this saving in the rate the saving in time in a vessel's voyage, and the fact that we will handle the cargo in one day, it will take three to four days to get the cargo to the Tehuantepec. Only five weeks ago, Mrs. Pyl died, and Mr. Pyl will leave with the remains of his wife and daughter for Kalamazoo, Mich., where interment will be made. The funeral services were conducted this afternoon by Rev. Alex. Enkin.

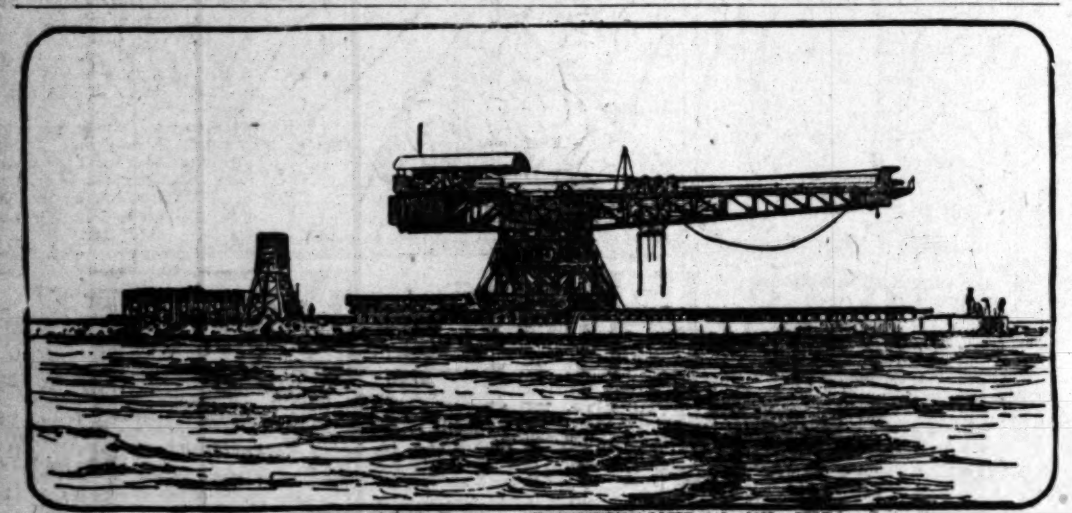
The opening of bids for the new High School building, which was to have taken place last night, has been indefinitely postponed. George Ferrall, who attempted suicide yesterday by drinking wood alcohol, has almost recovered from the effects of the dose. Domestic difficulties are at the bottom of the trouble. Ferrall says his wife, to whom he was married about a year ago in Fresno, refuses to live with him.

Testimony in the case of Ritchey vs. Zuber, involving the ownership of 15 inches of water near the hot springs at Jacto, was concluded before Judge Noyes. The court will visit the scene of controversy and make a personal examination of the premises.

CORONADO BEACH. NOTES AND PERSONALS. HOTEL DEL CORONADO, March 16.—[Regular Correspondence.] The San Diego Camera Club gave a very fine lantern-slide exhibition at the Auditorium last evening. The views, which were of San Diego and Coronado, were introduced by Dr. Pitzer of Los Angeles.

No. with only two or three exceptions, they are all American made. Likewise we are using American rails, last year you supplied us with 6000 tons of them. In such matters we can't afford to go in for sentiment; we must buy in the cheapest market. "Perhaps I may indicate with a little more precision the nature of the project. This is a Titan machine for raising and placing in position blocks of stone in building the breakwaters at Chetumal. It can raise masses of stone weighing fifty tons, and it cost \$50,000. It is the highest piece of machinery in the world, and was built especially for this undertaking. There is one big and expensive plant, no matter where their operations may be carried on, if there is the slightest prospect of further business."

Not the least interesting point in the



TEHUANTEPEC IN POSITION AT END OF BREAKWATER.

A LIVELY SCHEME. Briefly, the new work consists in reconstructing a railway, which already crosses Mexico at its narrowest point, to such an extent that freight can be rushed across it in a shorter time and at a lower rate than would be possible by the Nicaragua Canal, the saving of time of vessels through the use of this more northerly route being expected to even up the disadvantage of handling a ship's cargo twice. The railway is the Tehuantepec line, built by the Mexican government several years ago and used only for local traffic. But never as an interoceanic route, being entirely without terminal facilities for its handling. Now, however, harbors are being constructed at both ends of the route—at Coatzacoalcas, on the Gulf of Mexico, and Salina Cruz, on the Pacific Ocean—which will give anchorage to the largest vessels in the merchant service, while the quays and wharves are to be fitted with the most modern machinery and appliances for the loading and discharging of vessels. Meanwhile the road itself is being rebuilt almost entirely, and fitted for heavy traffic.

READY FOR BUSINESS BEFORE LONG.

The agreement between the Mexican government and the British company, S. Pearson & Sons, Limited, of London, of which the undertaking is the result, was made a little more than two years ago. By its terms the Mexican government made an appropriation of \$15,000,000 for the rebuilding of the railway, and leased the road to the British company for fifty years. It is expected that the road will be ready for business in three or four

of nearly three days in the first case, and of four and a half days in the second. From New Orleans to San Francisco they claim an advantage of 1000 miles over Panama, which accounts for nearly seven days. From Plymouth, Eng., to San Francisco there will be not only a saving of 700 miles over the Cape Horn route, but of 500 miles, or three whole days, over that of Panama.

Nor will they be content to compete with routes on the Isthmus alone, for which the Mexican government has granted Mexican Gulf Terminus-Coatzacoalcas-to San Francisco is a hundred miles less than from New Orleans by way of the Southern Pacific Railway.

COMPETITION WITH NICARAGUA. Asked if he expected to compete with the Nicaragua Canal, the secretary of S. Pearson & Son, the lessees of the Tehuantepec, said: "To begin with, the date of the opening of the Nicaragua Canal is problematical. I do not believe that it will be completed in a decade. When the American government reaches the end of the diplomatic difficulties it will have to face physical ones greater, I fancy, than it imagines."

"In the first place, you have to deal with an earthquake country. In our district we have experienced shocks of this kind, and the effect on the railway has been practically nil. The effect in a canal will, however, be much more disastrous. It will play havoc with your locks, and immediately one of them leaves the perpendicular it is useless. We are also going to have more trouble than you think with the Chagres River. It will prove a particu-

larly difficult problem."

It will be a magnificent special train and, particularly select party that will make up The Times' excursion to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. Some of the leading citizens of Los Angeles have been booked within the past few days for this delightful trip of 6000 miles, and the numerous inquiries indicate that the party, which will consist of seventy-five people only, will soon be complete. The limit is fixed at this number to insure excellent accommodations and every respect, and to make up a train that will be a model; one that will do away with the principal discomforts and annoyances of continental travel.

This trip will be made in thirty days, and one solid week will be spent at the exposition. The remainder of the time will be put in at the principal points of interest in the United States, including Washington, D. C., New York City, Chicago, Salt Lake City, Denver, and Colorado Springs, with the many attractions to be found in or near those places. The best hotel accommodations will be provided in the cities visited, and the train, which will speed through no less than thirteen States, will be a veritable palace on wheels.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY. OFFICIAL SURPRISE PARTY. RIVERSIDE, March 16.—[Regular Correspondence.] There were a lot of surprised county officials at Riverside yesterday, when the news reached here that San Bernardino county had obtained judgment by default in a Los Angeles court for \$200,000 against this county, for back railroad taxes alleged to be due. Investigation goes to show that the summons was served upon chairman Lilly of the Board of Supervisors and upon no one else, and that he neglected to notify the other members of the board of the District Attorney, who to no manner of complaint was filed within the thirty days stipulated by law. Dist. Atty. Evans spent the morning at San Bernardino, looking into the matter. He said upon his return that the case will be contested.

RIVERSIDE BREVITIES. A reception was tendered Bishop Hamilton this evening at the Meth-

odist chapel by the ladies of the congregation.

Any Pyl, the nine-year-old daughter of John A. Pyl, died yesterday of spinal meningitis at the family residence on Sixth street. Only five weeks ago, Mrs. Pyl died, and Mr. Pyl will leave with the remains of his wife and daughter for Kalamazoo, Mich., where interment will be made. The funeral services were conducted this afternoon by Rev. Alex. Enkin.

The opening of bids for the new High School building, which was to have taken place last night, has been indefinitely postponed. George Ferrall, who attempted suicide yesterday by drinking wood alcohol, has almost recovered from the effects of the dose. Domestic difficulties are at the bottom of the trouble. Ferrall says his wife, to whom he was married about a year ago in Fresno, refuses to live with him.

Testimony in the case of Ritchey vs. Zuber, involving the ownership of 15 inches of water near the hot springs at Jacto, was concluded before Judge Noyes. The court will visit the scene of controversy and make a personal examination of the premises.

CORONADO BEACH. NOTES AND PERSONALS. HOTEL DEL CORONADO, March 16.—[Regular Correspondence.] The San Diego Camera Club gave a very fine lantern-slide exhibition at the Auditorium last evening. The views, which were of San Diego and Coronado, were introduced by Dr. Pitzer of Los Angeles.

No. with only two or three exceptions, they are all American made. Likewise we are using American rails, last year you supplied us with 6000 tons of them. In such matters we can't afford to go in for sentiment; we must buy in the cheapest market. "Perhaps I may indicate with a little more precision the nature of the project. This is a Titan machine for raising and placing in position blocks of stone in building the breakwaters at Chetumal. It can raise masses of stone weighing fifty tons, and it cost \$50,000. It is the highest piece of machinery in the world, and was built especially for this undertaking. There is one big and expensive plant, no matter where their operations may be carried on, if there is the slightest prospect of further business."

Not the least interesting point in the

CURED AFTER USING TOBACCO 45 YEARS. A man who had been suffering from a chronic cough and asthma for 45 years, and who had tried every remedy known to him, was cured after using the "Cure for Coughs and Asthma" for a few days. The man, who is now 70 years old, writes: "I have been suffering from a chronic cough and asthma for 45 years, and I have tried every remedy known to me, but I have not been cured. I have now used your 'Cure for Coughs and Asthma' for a few days, and I am cured. I can now breathe freely and I am no longer coughed. I am very grateful to you for your cure."

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COKE DANDRUFF CURE WILL

cure Dandruff, heal, soothe and cure any irritation of the scalp, scales and itching hair, and make the hair grow again.

Ask your family Druggist and Barber for sale at all Drug Stores. Barbers use it.

One bottle of the soap will be given free to the purchaser of a box of COKE DANDRUFF CURE at Dean's Drug Store, March 27 and 28.

DR. BURKHART'S WONDERFUL OFFER: SIX MONTHS' TREATMENT FOR ONE DOLLAR.

DR. BURKHART'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

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CURES WEAK MEN FREE.

Send Name and Address Today---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.



INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

How many men can quickly cure themselves after years of suffering from nervous weakness, loss of vitality, various diseases, and regain full strength and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 1800 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with full directions, so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from his daily mail, show what men think of his generosity.

"Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for years of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely cured me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and am truly saying it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

"All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking, and he wants every man to have it."

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Blood Poison

Completely and permanently eradicated from the system by a treatment that contains no injurious medicine, but leaves the patient in as healthy a condition as before contracting the disease.

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Gleet, Stricture, Varicose, Hydrocele, Piles, Fistula Permanently Cured.

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Is what men want—free treatment schemes, electric belts, patent medicines never cure this class of diseases. If you have tried them you know the results. Dr. King gives legal contract, in writing, to patients to hold for his promise.

HIS CHARGES

Are within the reach of all. Rich and poor alike are invited to have a confidential talk regarding their troubles. No honest man need go without the treatment that will effect his complete and permanent cure. Consultation free. Medicine furnished.

WRITE—HOME TREATMENT is always satisfactory and strictly confidential. Address

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Now is the time to make comparisons and decide values. After a few moments' inspection it must be apparent to the casual observer that our stock is as choice and complete as it is possible to make it and reflects a marked value superiority over others. Every advanced form and style of garment that is right in fashion will be made to your entire satisfaction.

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PROFITS.

A BARGAIN UNFULFILLED

ACCOUNTS WERE SQUARED

By a Special Contract

PROFITS.

A BARGAIN UNFULFILLED AND HOW
ACCOUNTS WERE SQUARED.

By a Special Contributor.

HE PROMISED: "Just before you are through with schooling, and when your sweetheating time is looming up, and you want a gilded bait to fish for a husband, I'll build a new-fangled house, on the other lot, and make this house into a barn, though 'tain't hardly good enough for that. But you must take the verdict."

Straightway, Margaret began drawing ground floors of dwellings, second floors, elevations, roofs, until there was complaint that she "used up" all the writing paper brought to the house, while her deskmate was charging. "I can't borrow Margaret's slate; there's always a 'don't-erase' picture of a house on it; she draws one every day, as soon as she gets through with her mathematics. Maybe she's going to be an architect; she studies house plans from morning to night; and whenever there's a new house going up in town, she just saunters around it and through it from morning till night. And she knows more about house furnishings. All the ladies in town get her to help select their furniture, carpets and curtains. She's selecting furnishings from morning till night."

When Margaret demanded that the building of the new house be begun, the father owned that he had been buying more land—that they would "have to make the old house do for a while longer."

Bitterly disappointed, she vowed hard; instead of counting and husband-fishing in that old shack, she would go to work, and earn money and build a house to her taste. Through an aunt in California, she found a position in the Golden State at the good salary that they pay teachers on the Coast. She was able from the start to save her salary, meanwhile studying architecture, residences, home furnishings.

Before putting on paper the design of her ideal home, she had been through it many times in her dreams, and in her claims, had received her best and most beautiful suggestions in these mystic journeyings. Before her savings would have warranted a start on her plan, she came, by the death of her aunt, into a handsome little fortune.

The plan of her house was carefully discussed with an architect and the building duly begun. From start to finish, this woman went daily by the rising residence. Her studying of home furnishings, home decorations, of embroideries, draperies, covers, monograms, hemstitching, etching, painting, framing was continued. At length, the house was accepted, paid for. Thanksgiving morning, before taking breakfast, Margaret went to take her first look at the house completed. She saw the house that she had built in shadow of the early morning, and waited and watched until the rising sun had changed to golden the roof and chimney and every projection—until the east windows were burnished. Then she reverently turned the door key and opened the hospitable door. Softly she went, as if led by a holy presence, to the room designed for books. With clasped hands she stood, her character-lined face turned to the corner, and there made her thank-offering for the house beautiful. Only honest money was in it—money made in leading up the children in a far new State. And there, in the beautiful book-room, she pledged the house to herself, to the honorable, to the generous, and against all that could degrade. At once she entered on the fore-ordained furnishing, weaving into this judgment and taste until it was all as harmonious as the leafing and blossoming of the fairest tree of the fair land.

Some days later, when she was in the house for a last touching of details, a carriage was at the gate, a man and woman came along the colonnade of palms, and asked to see the house. No wonder at this, for the name of the new, beautiful house, built by a school teacher, had gone abroad. Margaret knew that these callers were from under the North Star—they were so white, without the "burn" marking the land-of-sunshine people.

She was about to say that the property was not for sale, but the pale face and pathetic eyes of the woman turned the phrasing to an invitation, and she led to a reception-room. At once, from the callers, came expressions of surprise and pleasure at the character of the apartment; and it was admired, as well, in detail. It was very pleasant to Margaret—this appreciation and confirmation from people of taste, so she was enticed to show the house, on and on, while the visitors said "Random! cosy! lovely! beautiful! perfect!" etc., etc. The pale lady's face was filled with longing. "I have seen many more costly homes, but none more beautiful, none to be desired. It is like a beautiful poem, I could be happy away from home, in this house—happy in California. I wish that I could live in this lovely home."

"What do you hold this property at?"
"It is not for sale."
"What could it be rented for?"
"It could not be rented."
"Not at any price?"

"Not at any price that would ever be offered. No offer would be made that could pay for the pains and thought that I have put into this."

"One can see the thought," said the woman. "There is an atmosphere to every part—an individuality. So much charm in such a space I never saw before."

The man asked for a price to be named, atmosphere, individuality and charm thrown in, that she would consider.

"I cannot give one; the house is for my own use—is not for rent."

The woman bit short a sigh; the sad eyes looked

sadder. Margaret was thanked for a pleasure, and she led to the carriage; he was about to take a seat; there were some very earnest words; he went back into the house.

"Pardon me, dear madam; my wife is ill unto death. She cannot live five months. Nothing that she has seen since she left home has so appealed to her as this house. Before we came in, she was fascinated by the plant-life about it. I do so wish it for her. Money, dear madam, is nothing to me; my only hope is to have her happy for the brief time that remains for her on earth—to have the time filled with the beautiful for her eyes and heart. Will you let her have your house while she lives—it will be such a little time—for \$500 a month?" Then he hastened to explain that his wife's trouble was of no degrading, spoiling nature.

Margaret turned in pondering attitude to the window; saw through the splendid glass the sad eyes looking from the carriage to her face. Like a celestial telegram flashed the thought, "Those eyes will soon be looking in the face of God."

With sudden abandon, she said, "You may have the house while she lives."

He wanted to say, "God love you forever." He said no thanks, but at length, "Please, dear madam, do not change the smallest matter in the house, where everything is so lovely to her eyes. When she is gone, her memories of earth will be only of pleasant things, of the beautiful."

Margaret followed his going, seeing through the clear glass a pale, anxious face become suffused, illumined with gladness, and gladness came into her own heart.

According to an outlined plan, matters moved along. The rent was paid every month in advance; the house was well kept; "modestly for a millionaire," Margaret remarked. But the woman with the plaintive eyes was not confined to any of the beautiful beds, did not keep to any of the beautiful rooms; did not go on fading and getting ready to die. Whether because of the house beautiful, or the climate beneficent, or the husband devoted, or the hope eternal to the human breast—who can tell? But from the first day, as it were, in the house, the ill woman began to show a betterment. Every day she was in the "open," for in every day that winter and spring there were hours of sunshine. With the advent of May, the month when it was due to fulfill her physician's prophecy, the white face had the regulation California red-and-brown, and the ex-invalid's mind was made up to vacate Margaret's house beautiful. She had found, while searching her husband's pockets for reasons no woman could give—found a receipt for the month's rent, and thus discovered the high rent rate. "I believe," she said to her husband, "I would have gone on and died if I had known the rate."

Now, with the rent from her millionaire tenant, Margaret was building another house, artistic and beautiful, with a hope that another rich tourist would appear to whom money was nothing. And house No. 2 was to be an improvement on the first; it was not to be on a pivot, so as to follow the adored sun (Californians are sun-worshippers) in his journey to the shadows, but it was to have on the north, windows far-projecting to catch the morning sunshine on the profile, and glass-enclosed porch to shelter the sun-bathers from the wind; the first porch of this kind built in those parts, as I have heard. It was to cost more than the first house, and was far from finished, when the rich tenant gave notice that he would take another house.

"But," Margaret remonstrated, in surprise and some resentment toward this rich man who was interrupting her plans financial and architectural, "you rented at \$500 monthly, while your wife should live."

He acknowledged that this was the fact. "I thought that she could not live five months."

"On the strength of that agreement, I have incurred obligations. I have hypothecated two months' rent in advance. You will surely keep the house where your wife's life has been saved for two months longer. A thousand dollars, which is so much to me just now, cannot signify to a millionaire."

"What gave you the idea that I was a millionaire?"

"I don't know, unless it was that you offered such high rent, and said that money was no object to you."

"It was not. What would money saved have been worth to me, as I came from her grave, had I hesitated at any venture for the happiness of her last days? To brighten the poor remnant left to her—to insure for her only pleasant visions—God help me if that was not my single purpose! I am grateful for this beautiful home. Without it, my wife might have missed recovery. At that time, when she was so ill, she thought that she could not be happy anywhere in California but in this house. At the first sight of it as we drove by, her face brightened, and she said, 'I could get well there.' Now that she is well, and knows California better, she is so grateful to this climate, so fascinated with her peculiar environments, that she is willing to live anywhere here—outdoors, under an acacia tree, or camphor bush, though there is a wide difference between the temperature of California's sunshine and that of its moonshine."

Margaret turned from his pleasantry to her financial troubles, and earnestly urged that he would rent her house for at least two months more; it would mean much to her welfare, might mean yet more to the wife, and yet be insignificant to a rich man.

"Madam, I am not a rich man; I am a very poor man," he said. "As it seems necessary to set myself right, I will tell you that I came here with about \$3500, all my fortune. Our physician had said, 'Go to California; make your wife comfortable; this is all that can be done for her. She may live five months.' She was very despondent when we first came; everything was dry and dusty; the winter rains had not set in. That first day at this house when I had returned her to the carriage to leave, she said, 'I could be happy there; it is like a bit of heaven. I believe I could get well; I could be happy. Please, go back and beg her to let me have it.' Well, I rapidly did some arithmetic; I divided the amount of my possessions by six, thinking that her time might be six months. I determined to get the

house by surprising you—to capture by sudden attack; I made you the largest offer that I could. So, you perceive, that I have stayed as long as my money lasted. It is gone; but I have the promise of work."

"And now," said Margaret, hesitating a little, coloring a little, "I must adjust my conscience to your changed fortunes. I feel that I have been a usurer in taking this high rent; but you know that householders here have but a short season in which to make their rents; and I thought you were a millionaire."

"Your house, madam, is worth that rent."

"To a rich man—yes."

"And to a poor man, placed as I was. Believe me, any man that was a man would have done as well as I—and what a reward I have!"

"If you have work here, and are to remain, you will need a house, and, to ease my conscience, I will ask you to keep the house, rent free, till the next season; the summers are delightful here, though the visitors find it hard to believe that our summers are not very warm, remembering our mild winters. Keep the house till the next season, I shall want to go to my eastern home on business. I do not wish to rent to another. You have paid roundly for the house, and in advance."

"Your offer, madam, is honorable and generous."

"I promised this house to the honorable and generous."

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

HER BOOK STOPPED.

DAUGHTER OF FRENCH PRESIDENT DARE NOT
PRINT QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS.

[New York Journal:] In literary Paris much surprise has been caused by the announcement that Mlle. Lucy Faure has decided not to publish at present her book, containing an account of her life at the Elysée during the Presidency of her father, Felix Faure. The book was looked for at the end of last month.

The author found among her father's documents many private letters from Queen Victoria and other crowned heads of Europe, and, desiring to incorporate them in her book, she asked Hugues le Roux, a well-known journalist, to communicate with the State officials of the various countries and to ask them if she was at liberty to publish the letters. Le Roux undertook this task, but before he had received any replies from the officials he was invited by Menelik, the ruler of Abyssinia, to pay him a visit, and a day or two later he started on his long journey. Mlle. Faure was much disappointed, and was debating what she should do, when suddenly the news of Queen Victoria's death reached her. Her book was ready for the press at that moment, but she asked herself, "Should I publish the letters written by Victoria to my father?"

While she was still undecided what to do, a hint, which was virtually a command, came to her, it is said, from an influential personage, the purport being that she would commit the great mistake of her life if she gave to the public any letters written by Victoria or any other sovereign. Accordingly, she at once abandoned the idea of publishing her book.

Two questions now present themselves. First, can an author, legally or otherwise, be prevented from publishing private letters, even though written by crowned heads? Second, may not these much-talked-of letters, though nominally private, be nevertheless of much political significance and interest?

As Mlle. Faure is the only person who knows the contents of these letters, and as she has not shown the slightest disposition to rebel against authority, it is not likely that a definite answer will be given to either of these questions. And for this very reason the majority of Parisians will remain convinced that when Queen Victoria and other sovereigns wrote to President Faure and marked their letters "private" they did not always pen formal and courtly phrases, but sometimes at least touched upon international topics in a manner that would surprise the public.

One reason, it is claimed, why Mlle. Faure has proved so docile in this matter is because she has a warm affection for England, and would not like to offend either its people or the members of its court. For example, instead of signing herself "Lucie," in French fashion, she always writes her name "Lucy," according to the English style.

PULPIT ADVERTISING.

READING OF SECULAR NOTICES IN CHURCH IS
JARRING TO WORSHIPERS.

"The reading of secular notices from the pulpit is a jar to the services: is exceedingly objectionable to a large number of people," writes Edward Bok, in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "These folk rightly feel that secular matters should be kept as far removed from the Sabbath services as possible. And they are perfectly justified in taking that position. It is a bit disturbing when a minister announces that a fair will be held on such or such a day, or that a strawberry festival has been arranged for a certain evening. All our churches cannot abolish pulpit announcements too soon; many of them have done so already. They have never had a place there; they are not in keeping with the dignity of the pulpit. Of course, where a church is absolutely too limited in its finances to have the most modest sort of a leaflet printed there is some reason for the continuance of the method. But whenever it is possible the pastors of our churches should be allowed to adopt the circular plan. The minister should not be turned into an advertising medium under any pretext whatever. Nor should the pulpit be dragged from its high place and its lofty purpose. It is not a bulletin-board."

WITHIN HEARING.

[Detroit Free Press:] (Suburbanite:) You've got a new baby at your house, I hear?
(Townite:) Great Scott! can you hear it away out there in the suburbs?

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

Could Not Be Paired.

I DOUBT if there can be found anywhere the evidence of a more graceful compliment paid to a military general than was uttered by the late Queen Victoria. Not everyone recalls the fact that the common boot now so generally worn was invented by the Duke of Wellington, and for years bore his name.

When Prime Minister, the Duke visited Windsor Castle to consult with the Queen on an important state matter. The day was damp, following a heavy rain, and as the meeting was to be secret the Duke accompanied the Queen to an arbor in the castle garden. On leaving the castle the Duke said:

"I hope Your Majesty is well shod.

The reply was: "I have on double-soled shoes and am secure against dampness. But how about Your Grace?"

"Oh," said the Duke, "I have on Wellingtons, and am safe."

The Queen retorted: "Your Grace must be mistaken." (The Duke:) I think not, Your Majesty.

(The Queen:) Your Grace certainly is; there could not be a pair of Wellingtons.—[Unidentified.]

Found a Gun for Legation.

J MITCHELL, of the United States Marine Corps, was one of the men who arrived on the transport Solace. Mitchell is regarded as the hero of Peking, for it was he who did much toward saving the lives of the people of the legations when the Boxers and the Chinese troops were storming the refuge of the foreigners.

There were 700 souls in the legation compound, and they had no weapon of defense larger than an ordinary rifle, but Mitchell had found in a junk heap an old cannon, which had not been used for many years. He fitted it up and mounted it on the compound walls. When the Chinese had got their Krupp gun in place, and were about to open fire, Mitchell turned loose his ancient cannon, and the first shot knocked the Krupp gun of the Boxers from its position and rendered it useless.

Mitchell fired repeatedly, causing great execution and preventing a storming party of Chinese from reaching the interior of the compound. On the last day of the siege the Chinese planned another desperate attack. They mounted a new gun, but when it was in place Mitchell promptly dismounted the second Krupp gun, killing many of the Chinese. Later in the day the rescuing column of allied troops reached the walls of Peking.—[San Francisco Correspondence Washington Times.]

Glad They Became Acquainted.

DR. CONAN DOYLE tells this story of a Boer and an English soldier who lay wounded side by side on the field of battle: "They had a personal encounter, in which the soldier received a bullet wound and the burgher a bayonet thrust before they both fell exhausted in the field. The Britisher gave the Boer a drink out of his flask, and the burgher, not to be outdone in courtesy, handed a piece of biltong in exchange. In the evening, when their respective ambulances came to carry them off to the hospital, they exchanged friendly greetings.

"Good-by, mate," said the soldier; "what a blessing it is we met each other!"—[Unidentified.]

Never Breaks Down.

A WELL-TRAINED mule can be ridden into a well or up a tree. He never breaks down on a march. As in the case of the army wagon, there is a tradition that people have seen people who once saw a mule team collapse, but no person can be found who has himself witnessed such an event.

When the back must be used in lieu of vehicles the mule is the only pack animal. He will carry everything his master puts on him, and he will carry it forever, and give no sign of complaint. He fattens on wading marshes and swimming rivers and climbing mountains. He is as sure-footed as he is clear-headed. A mule team can draw an ambulance six miles an hour for twenty hours and feel rested after eating a bunch of hay and drinking a barrel of water.

Nothing short of an earthquake will cause a mule to run away. He listens to the roar of cannon without batting an ear. The sound of battle has neither terror nor charm for him. He stays where you put him, and he raises the white flag never.

The mule is an army classic, and the stories about him are as the legends of Samson. There is a familiar Lincoln story to the effect that one day the loss by capture of a few mules and two major-generals was reported to the President. "Well," said Lincoln, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, "I can make plenty of major-generals, but I do hate to lose those mules."—[Washington Star.]

Fought for Its Pay.

THE First Colorado Cavalry, after the war, became famous as the only organization that failed to receive pay for its services from Uncle Sam.

The soldiers waited long and patiently, however, and finally they were rewarded with compensation.

There was no government money in Colorado at the time the regiment was raised. Neither were there telegraphs or railroads, and as cash was needed to equip the regiment and place it on a war footing, Gov. Gilpin was obliged to issue orders on the Treasurer of the United States, which virtually amounted to paper money. These orders were taken by merchants and supply deal-

ers who equipped the troops. After a while the men were paid off in these orders.

A sensation was created some time later, however, when it became known that the Governor had issued the orders without government authorization. Uncle Sam repudiated them, and the troops and the business men of Colorado found themselves in possession of thousands of dollars' worth of these orders, which were not worth the paper they were written on.

Gov. Gilpin's intentions were right, but there was no doubt but that he had exceeded his authority. The soldiers and other holders presented their claims to Congress, but after a long contest they were declared to be illegal, and were disallowed. Then they were filed with the court of claims for adjustment, and after the war was over they were allowed in full. Gov. Gilpin became a national character as a result of this case, while the First Colorado Cavalry was known from one end of the nation to the other as the regiment that had to fight for its country and fight for its pay.—[Denver Post.]

Canucks and Tommies.

WHILE the Canadian Mounted Rifles made a name for their soldier-like qualities in South Africa, they also entered into competition with the British soldiers in all the sports of a military camp, and in a majority of cases got the best of the Tommies. Trooper Maycock of Leamington gives the following account of how they did up the other fellows in a horse race:

"While we were stationed at Belfast we had nothing to do but the usual duties of camp. Sometimes a foraging party would go out on the veldt and capture any stray horses which were found, as we could use all we secured. In one lot we captured was a small black mare, and some of the knowing ones thought she had speed in her. We had several brushes with the British horses before that and came out second best, as their animals were thoroughbreds and ours were only common cavalry horses. Accordingly we worked over the little black mare for some days and tested her speed. She was a marvel at running, and when the trap was ready we sprung it on the British officers and men. We got up a race and entered the little mare. The British officers entered their nags and the distance to be run was fixed at five furlongs.

"The Canadians put their money together, and one of our fellows opened a regular book. You should see the Tommies get down on their nags, and we never said a word. They put up all the money they had, and when there was not another shilling in sight, the starting judge took his place and the horses were ready to go. 'Trumpeter Hughes, who afterward died in Cape Town, was up on the little mare, and he handled her like a professional jockey. It did not take long to get the bunch started, and they had not gone very far when the black mare forged ahead. She kept placing more daylight between herself and the bunch all the way, and won pulled up. Of course the Tommies made no complaint, as everything was on the square. The Canadian boys who went into the scheme cleaned up a nice little sum, but after that we could not pull off any more races as the Britishers were afraid of our game."—[Detroit Free Press.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

The Dog Showed Sense.

A BIG Newfoundland dog, with a muzzle on him, was following a boy near the City Hall Park in New York recently, when a little bull terrier made a dash for him and got a death-grip on one of the big fellow's ears. It was all done so quickly that the Newfoundland's ear was being well chewed before he hardly knew what struck him. He gave a howl and a snap at the little brute, but his muzzle would not allow him to open his jaws, and the bull terrier did not lose his grip, and went along, too. They dashed through the crowd, past the fountain and out on the plaza, where the big fellow nearly ran over a pail of smoking tar that was standing for a moment by the side of a workman who had stopped to light his pipe. Quick as a flash the big dog stopped and threw his head as high in the air as he could. This dragged the little terrier well off his feet and nearly tore the ear from the head of the Newfoundland, but when the little brute came down he lit plump in the pail of tar. He let go quick enough then, and as the big dog trotted off, shaking his head, says the witness of the act, "I felt like giving him a cheer for his smartness."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Educating an Ant.

TAMING an ant would seem to be an almost impossible feat, but it has been lately accomplished by the Jesuit father, Wasmann, who is, after the English naturalist Lubbock, the man who knows most about these interesting insects.

Wasmann keeps many different tribes of ants in artificial nests. To these is connected a feeding tube terminating in a glass bulb closed by a cork. Into this tube, he remarked, one of the insects came regularly. It was easy to recognize it to be always the same, as it was particularly small and otherwise different from its companions. The creature licked up the honey or sugar placed on the bulb, and, having gathered a supply, returned to share it with its companions in the nest.

Wasmann then removed the cork, upon which the insect came out and sought around for food. He then approached it with the point of a needle dipped in honey.

The ant at first shrank back, as if frightened, but gradually drew nearer, feeling about with its antennae till at last it came up to the needle and licked off the honey. Later he accustomed it to take the honey directly from the tip of his finger, a surprising feat, we remember that the least unusual odor or the slightest movement outside their nests is either repulsive or terrifying to ants and drives them either to flight or demonstrations of disgust. Wasmann succeeded in teaching the insect so completely that at last it quitted the nest immediately the cork was removed, came in quest of honey on his finger, and at the conclusion of the feast, without any attempt at resistance or flight, allowed itself to be lifted on a bristle and carried back to its nest.—[New York Herald.]

A Boxing Kitten.

THE proprietor of a small store in New York owned a black kitten that cultivates a habit of squaring its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then springing with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store an enormous dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured and intelligent. The tiny kitten, instead of being once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on hind legs and put its "fists" in an attitude of defiance.

The contrast in size between the two was so amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer's paring to demolish a giant.

Slowly, and without a sign of excitability, the dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. As the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, as if animal ever laughed in the world that dog never did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled but indulged in a low chuckle, while mouth and eyes beamed with merriment.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A Trophy of War.

A CAT, with many peculiarities is the latest pet of a police of the southern district. Pussy arrived at Southern Police Station after a long and tiresome voyage across the deep sea, having been sent from Manila, Matthew O'Donnell, a member of one of the regiments now in the Philippine Islands.

The feline was picked up by Private O'Donnell, who was roaming about the camp of the American soldiers outside of the city of Manila. It is of a pure-white color and of the Angora variety, and because of its unusual whiteness the police have named it Snow.

Snow has either been among the soldiers while they were in action, or else she understands the foreign language. She does not answer the police anyone else when called, but will only go to pussy when they make motions to her. The police have come to the conclusion that Snow was either made of the terrific fire of the opposing armies while on a battlefield, or she has not learned enough English to know when she is called. Otherwise Snow appears to be a very bright and active cat.

Another unique feature about Snow is that both eyes are not of the same color. The right eye is blue, while the left one is of a brownish hue. She arrived, twice, which were very numerous in the station, have made themselves quite scarce.

Snow realizes that she is among friends, and she herself quite at home. No restrictions are placed on her, and she goes to any part of the building where she feels disposed to do so. She takes great interest in witnessing the trials before Justice Fowler. When hearings are in progress Snow either occupies a seat next to the magistrate, or else perches herself on Justice Fowler's desk. Pussy even seems to have sporting blood, for she frequently follows the police to the poolroom on the second floor, and becomes an intent spectator to the champion games which are played daily and nightly, except Sunday, by the police. Snow is also very fond of the matrons, and frequently visits them when no cases are being heard by the magistrate, or when the men are not engaged in the pool.—[Baltimore American.]

Bird Too Apt a Scholar.

TRIFLES are ever leading to unexpected results. An experience of a certain musician affords a fine instance of the value of noticing little things.

The musician in question owned an ebony flute with silver keys. He valued it highly, but, as one of the upper notes was defective, he seldom used it. A man lodged with the musician, and between them a close friendship existed.

One night the ebony flute disappeared, but, without doubt, been stolen. Suspicion fell on several persons, but nothing could be proved against any of them. Long afterward the lodger went to live in a town miles off, but, as the friendship between the two still existed, they occasionally visited each other.

Nearly a year afterward the musician paid the lodger a visit, and was pleased to find him in possession of a beautiful bullfinch, which could distinctly whistle tunes. The performance was perfect, with the exception that, whenever he came to one high note, he invariably skipped it, and went on to the next.

A little reflection convinced the musician of the note in which the bullfinch was imperfect was the same as the note on his lost flute. So convinced was he that he questioned his ex-lodger on the subject, and at once tremblingly confessed his guilt. He added that all the bird knew had been taught him on the stolen instrument.—[Stray Stories.]

A TWICE-LOST CITY. STRANGE HISTORY OF THE ISLAND TOWN OF PETEN, GUATEMALA.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE almost-unpopulated wilds of Northern Guatemala, there is an unnamed lake, surrounded by thick forests. From out the blueness of its waters rises, low and flat, an island, and on this island is a city, white and beautiful to see, a city whose history is without parallel in the annals of government. Twice it has dropped out of the world's reckoning; the first time, for a whole century. Its second oblivion, which was in the nineteenth century, lasted but a few years, but in that time the government to which the city owed allegiance had forgotten its very existence. It paid no taxes; it had no commerce; communication with the outer world was as much shut off as if it had been a lunar metropolis. In a word, the city was lost. And after it had been found—by a clerk delving among musty records in a far-away library—it had one more strange experience, for an American traveler made his way thither, and for a few weeks ruled its destinies as arbitrarily as if the divine right of discoverers were still a tenet of modern government.

Originally, the lost city's name was Tavasal, but that name exists only in the memory of a few of the old men. To its inhabitants it is now known as Peten, and to the government which rules it as La Ciudad de Flores. Cortes discovered it on his march to Honduras, after his conquest of Mexico, and, tarrying only long enough to baptize the people, whom he found tractable enough, he passed on, leaving behind him a lame horse. This horse the simple islanders regarded as a mighty god of the new religion, and they placed him in a temple and made him offerings of stewed peppers and wild turkey. The poor animal, in lieu of much-needed grass, ate its bait with the green peppers, and died the next day. Much depressed, the natives raised a stone statue in front of their principal temple, and the deserted spot went down to posterity as Izmin Chac, God of Thunder. For a century Izmin Chac was held in great reverence, while Spain forgot, if it had ever known, of the existence of the island city.

Rediscovered by Monks.

Then two Franciscan monks, wandering from Yucatan, espied the city glittering in the lake, and rediscovered it. These were white men; hence the natives with great pride pointed out to them the white men's god, left there many generations before by those who had taught them the new religion. But the monks were scandalized. They spat upon Izmin Chac and reviled him as the work of the devil. Furthermore, they sought to prevail upon the islanders to throw the stone god into the lake. The islanders held an informal consultation, and decided to throw the monks into the lake instead. The churchmen, however, escaped, made their way to the mainland, and went back to the Governor of Yucatan, who sent back an expedition with them. Rallying round the stone horse, the islanders repulsed the invaders. A second expedition was sent out, and met the same fate. But a third captured the city, and tumbled Izmin Chac into the lake, where he now lies.

Now Tavasal became part of Yucatan, but the government soon lost interest in it, and let it go by default. Later the Viceroy of Guatemala sent out an expedition against it, took it under his wing, and gave it a name which impressed its inhabitants so little that all that has come down to posterity about it is that it was painfully long. He made the place a sort of penal settlement for troublesome political personages and undesirable citizens. Escapes from the island were rare, and those who did escape were not heard of, but wandered and were lost in the vast and all-but-trackless forest which covers the country.

Forgotten by the Government.

Early in the nineteenth century came the troublous times when Mexico was fighting for her independence and Guatemala and Yucatan were declaring theirs, and the island city was forgotten in the years of bitter strife that followed. The soldiers of the garrison waited patiently for a message from their king and the money that was to pay them. Daily the drum beat the "Diana" at break of day, and the notes of the "Clarín" silenced the night. But neither message nor money came. At last the drum major hung up his drum for the last time, and the trumpeter his bugle. The sentry no longer paced his weary beat. The occupation of the island was gone. The old bronze pieces of Charles V of Spain lay fallen from their carriages, and vines twined about them. Still the little city glittered in the lake, wondering what had happened to the world outside. Once a detachment of soldiers who had gone to serve their king years before, returned. They put up their muskets, saying that there was no longer a king, and they told strange tales. Time went on, and the people talked of the good old days when there was a king, and soldiers, and big round dollars to pay them.

Many years afterward—so many that the children who had greeted the returning soldiers were now grown men, a government clerk in Guatemala found among the archives the records of a city on an island in the midst of the forests far to the northward; a city that had once paid taxes and supported a garrison, and had a military governor of its own before it had been forgotten; a city that, without doubt, now belonged to Guatemala, if Guatemala chose to go and take it. And Guatemala went, cutting a way through the tangled forest growth which had long since blotted out the trail. The little invading army was hospitably received, and the proclamation announcing Guatemala's reassertion of government was applauded, though nobody understood it. The people had now come to call their city Peten, but the Guatemalan government decided upon La

Ciudad de Flores, from the wealth of bloom that characterized the island. The Guatemalans were amazed at the beauty of the city, its ancient temples and fine Spanish-church edifices. They left a Governor, and since then Peten has been again a part of the world, though little known and never visited, except officially. It has also been a part of Guatemala save for one brief interregnum, when an American citizen ruled it with a strong hand—in self-defense, he says.

Dawley's Brief Career.

Thomas R. Dawley, a traveler and writer, is the man who for a few weeks tried his hand at governing the city. While wandering about the cordilleras of Guatemala with a gun and camera, he heard of a mysterious island city in the direction of Yucatan, and decided, in spite of the dissuasions of the guides, who expatiated upon the dangers of the dark and pathless forest, infested with wild beasts and snakes, to visit the place. After fourteen days of marching and cutting their way through the thick woods, the expedition emerged upon the shores of the lake, and crossed over to the city in rough canoes.

There was a great celebration in honor of the white visitor, concluding with a torchlight procession and music and a feast. The next day there was a review of the little army by officers in gold lace and trailing swords, and salutes were fired from the old brass cannon, which had been there for countless years. The celebration came very near winding up in an insurrection, owing to the Governor and the Alcalde getting drunker than anybody else and quarreling over it. Just as the soldiers began preparing their muskets, and the visitor thought there was going to be a real battle, the chiefs threw themselves into each other's arms and declared the whole thing off. Mr. Dawley rented a house, with a yard full of poultry. He didn't need the house without the poultry, he took both. Then the people began coming to get their pictures taken. To them, this putting their likeness on a bit of a paper was a most wonderful achievement, and they brought the photographer the great round dollars which had been in their possession since the days of the king, and handfuls of them which had been cut in pieces to make change.

There were two political factions in the town, one headed by the Governor, while the other had no head. The Governor, when not amusing himself by getting drunk, spent most of his time prosecuting or persecuting those belonging to the opposite party. He forcibly made the old priest drunk, and then banished him from the country for being a drunkard. He visited the principal rum factory in the place, and, firing up the still so that it produced more spirits than the law allowed, he arrested the proprietor and put him in jail. And finally he came around to Mr. Dawley's place to have his photograph taken, and began amusing himself by trying to shoot the heads off of the Dawley poultry. And this was the beginning of his downfall. Says Mr. Dawley of the events following:

"He couldn't hit the chickens' heads for green peas, but he made the feathers fly, and I told him to go home and shoot his own chickens. I saw plainly after that that I belonged to the opposition, and so I took a hand in local politics, and proceeded to get up a little clique of my own and await opportunity. Things were getting dull, when one day the Governor sent for the revenue officer and informed him that he must get married. The revenue officer didn't want to get married, but the Governor threatened to shoot him if he didn't and promised to kill a young bull for the wedding feast if he did. So there was a marriage and a wedding feast, and a great uproar, which so thoroughly frightened me that I went to the commandant of the garrison, demanding protection, and threatened to get up a revolution of my own if it wasn't granted. The commandant thoroughly sympathized with me, but he explained that the Governor carried a gold-headed cane with two silken balls on it, which was his staff of office, and as long as he carried that the commandant was powerless to do anything. I proposed various schemes to get between the Governor and that mighty staff of office, and thus deprive him of his power till we could do him up, but none of them met with the commandant's approval.

A Coup d'Etat.

"At last the Governor was running things with such a high hand I became thoroughly convinced that if I didn't do something he would be trying to marry me off, or shoot me, so I got up a great feast of my own, collected my partisans about me, and as a preliminary to action, got the commandant so drunk he couldn't move to interfere. Then I got his officers in fighting trim, and we sallied forth, every one of us having sworn to die for our country and liberty. We met the enemy in the public square, and, after some skirmishing, I executed a bold flank movement with eleven soldiers, cut off the Governor's retreat, and demanded his surrender. The Governor, grasping firmly his staff of office, held it up warningly, as he exclaimed:

"Remember, that I am Governor."

"The staff was wrenched from his grasp, and the ex-Governor was hustled across the plaza and thrown into the jail, where we gave him time to dwell on his past sins. He was thoroughly convinced that our next move would be to take him out and shoot him. And though I saved him from this fate, the ungrateful wretch afterward swore to shoot me on sight. As a result of our skirmish we had two wounded, one of them seriously, upon whom I performed my first act of surgery, and with such success the poor fellow actually got well and thanked me, after being sewed up with an ordinary tailor's needle and thread.

"Two days later we took the Governor from the jail and sent him back under escort through the forest to Guatemala, with all the testimony we had against him, and a request for a new Governor. But the fellow was smart. He succeeded in hoodwinking the officer in command of the escort, and made his escape just as they were approaching their destination. The officer was put in prison for non-performance of duty, and died there. What became of the Governor I don't know, but I was glad enough to welcome his substitute."

It was some weeks before the new Governor arrived,

and in the meantime the burdens of the office fell upon Mr. Dawley. With his camera and his soldiers he succeeded in keeping matters straight. The camera made him popular, and the soldiers made him feared. As soon as the new Governor arrived, the American turned over the staff of office to him, and departed in peace. The old Governor never returned.

RAISES DUCKS AND BEES.

MISS WHEELER LEAVES AN OFFICE POSITION AND BECOMES A FARMER.

[New York Tribune:] A flourishing little farm of three acres on the north end of Lake Champlain produces yearly more than two and a half tons of honey and fifteen hundred ducks, besides quantities of fruit which is marketed at the neighboring summer hotels. It is owned and run by Miss Frances Ellen Wheeler, for several years a stenographer and typewriter in this city. In an interview Miss Wheeler said:

"It seems a far cry from a stenographer's place in New York to the ownership and superintendence of a duck and bee ranch. Yet, in looking backward, the sense of harmony between the two occupations deepens. I have grown to understand that it does not so much matter what we do as how we do it; that the qualities required for a successful stenographer are equally necessary for a duck and bee rancher. In both callings, if success is to be attained, ignorance must be overcome by perseverance, tact and common sense."

Miss Wheeler learned stenography in the first class of the kind formed by the Young Women's Christian Association at No. 7 East Fifteenth street. After several years of office work her hands became disabled, and the problem arose how to save the little family home at Chazy, N. Y., with its bee plant.

Regarding her first experiences she said:

"Now that the difficulties are surmounted I can smile at the combinations which ignorance and ingenuity inflicted on those bees and the results that swept back upon their owner that first summer. It can be safely said that my apiary ran the gamut of all the misfortunes to which a bee yard can be subjected without actual ruin. A winter's study of bee literature, coupled with the practical knowledge already gained, paved the way, however, to future success, and I have never had trouble with the bees since that time, except through occasional inefficient help. The yard has increased from thirty-one to seventy colonies."

"The duck industry grew out of the bee work, and was started to justify me in hiring a capable man for the entire season, so that I might have his services in the apiary. The first year I had five Peking ducks, their eggs being set under hens. That fall thirty were kept, and in the spring incubators were used for hatching. I now winter seventy for breeding. While nearly every incubator on the market can give a fair hatch, what is most needed is a machine which, without the aid of the operator, will hold the temperature steady all night in the egg chamber. No one can appreciate this who has not been up and down night after night, during the hatching season regulating a refractory incubator. The machines that I now use hold the temperature steady for days at a time."

"My market is the biggest hotel on the lake, and I furnish all the ducks that it uses, another hotel taking the overflow. The birds are shipped twice a week from the middle of June until October 1. I spare no expense or trouble to produce the finest table duck."

"I began with practically no capital. This, of course, was a disadvantage, because it necessitated an economy which was costly in time and bird life, and obliged the use of a lot of exasperating makeshifts. My greatest losses and troubles were caused by poor help. When a woman selects rural pursuits as her vocation the question of hired help in the form of a general utility man confronts her at the outset. The laws of nature some way seem reversed when she takes the reins, and it requires study for her to learn to guide her team in her own feminine way to the end of the trip without 'bolt' or smash-up."

"It is fascinating work to take a place and develop its possibilities. The soil responds generously to one's efforts, and all nature smiles gratefully in fruit and flower. About such a life there is an independence and scope beside which an office position seems very tame."

Cloverbrook, Miss Wheeler's home, is an ideal spot. It occupies a sunny slope running down to the river, and comprises three broad terraces. The middle terrace is in the possession of the bees. The lowest one, along the river, is covered by a grove. The buildings, duckyards and garden front the road.

A SCOTCH WOMAN A LAWYER.

[London Mail:] A courageous Scottish lady seems to be on the point of forcing the closed door, and thus opening up a new profession for her sex in her own country.

This year, indeed, may witness the triumph of Miss Margaret Howie of Strang Hall, Kilm. Her petition for admittance to the law-agent's examination has been filed and the incorporated society do not feel called upon to oppose her prayer; in fact, they "do not conceive it to be their interest or duty to maintain that women ought not to be enrolled." Miss Howie's fate, is, therefore, now in the hands of the judiciary, who will soon decide whether she shall be the first woman ever admitted to practice in Scotland, England or Ireland. If the decision is favorable Miss Howie as a law agent would be eligible for the offices of sheriff substitute, notary public and clerk in the court of sessions and bill chamber.

Though England, Scotland and Ireland have so far been without women lawyers, the Incorporated Society of Law Agents point out that, so far as they are aware, permission to practice has never been sought.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Robert G. McCormick is named for Minister of Austria. He is a genial gentleman, who knows enough to keep out of the Reichsrath when the fistcuffs are going forward.

TAMATE:

THE QUEEN-FLOWER OF OUT-LAWRY.

BY ADACHI KINNOBUKE,
Author, "Toka: Tales of Japan."
[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

AND in those days, there lived a man in a little village, near enough to the seat of the mighty to see the picturesque outline of the famous Kameyama Castle, polishing the skies, whose name was Tokukichi. A simple farmer was Tokukichi, very famous was he, however, among his cattle, among his friends and foes, for his good-natured laugh over the toll-heavy mud of the paddy fields in the season of the transplanting of rice—famous also for his blockheadedness—not without a dash of loose and absent-minded sort of humor, which made the simple man of the field very entertaining, but above all, very, very noted for his honesty.

"Hei, wife—wife!" he made his shouting entry into his straw-thatched hut, in the broad midday without a hoe upon his shoulders. And his sturdy wife turned round to see the scandal of a thunderstorm which had so unceremoniously scattered all her wits.

"You, my man—and at this time of day!"

"Don't you unhinge your hip joints and unhook your jaws like that. Who knocked out the bottom of the earth? Have I told you that I picked up the august Mistress Sun on the road like a persimmon?"

"But did the crows pick away your senses as they picked away your lunch the other day? What's the matter with you? Do you know the time of day? And who sent you, without a warning, and without heart, upon your sinless and unprotected wife, at the end of the middle meal?"

"Now, now, there!... Don't you change your tongue for a popping bean! Open your ears and shut that mouth of yours—you look better that way—yes, you do, wife. And...and...now, listen, now...well, the Shoya—well, he comes to me this morning. Of course I was weeding; you never see my hoe idle—that's a fact—do you, now? Well, here, he comes along the aze (the narrow path between paddy fields) as uncertain as a tipsy ghost! A-ha, ha, ha!"

"Did he send you home because you are such a nuisance on the field? He is a mighty wise man, that Shoya."

"Now, listen. 'Fair morning to the honorable presence,' say I, taking off the towel from my head. 'As usual, working hard, Tokukichi—that's good....' he says, a-ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what has that anything to do with the story?"

"Now, be patient, now! Well, he is a good man, a good-natured man, a mighty wise man, as you say, wife. But while he was speaking to me, he took his eyes off the aze, where his feet were anchoring. And long before his last word was out of his mouth, he danced a fetching step—ha, ha, ha! You ought to have seen him, then, sure!—and, sir, it came within half an inch of making a muddy rat out of him! And he says (as if nothing had happened, that is judging from hearing him,) 'You are a little thick in the head,' he says. 'Hei, hei,' say I. And then, he says, 'But you are such a good fool that you know nothing but to be honest,' and laughed as if I was dancing in the mud on my head! 'Yes, you are honest,' he says. 'You are uncommonly honest.' That's just what he said, wife, in those very words. 'You are so slave honest! You are so honest....'"

"Yes, he said that you are fool honest, well, but did that send you home in this early hour, like a gentleman who keeps his hands in the breast pocket, when here before you, as the good sun knows, the fields are nearly choked with weeds, and I am working my fingers off my hands?"

"I am going to tell you; now, then, will you listen or will your mouth open again so that your teeth would catch a death of cold? The Shoya he says just as I tell you, time and again, I am honest. Ha, ha, ha! But a cup of tea, wife, a cup of tea, wife."

"What you tell me is as dark to me as the sacred sutra."

"Don't be in such a brazing hurry. Nobody is going to burn you yet for the day. Well, you must know first—and all this the Shoya told me over and over again till I understood it very well indeed, that the lord of Kameyama Castle is at Yedo. You don't know what that great place is. But that is all right. And the lord is such a great person that money is like mud to his august presence. And so this little village, which belongs to the great lord, has gathered its tax. Now somebody must take the gold to the lord at Yedo. This is done, wife, because it is important that the august lord at Yedo should go on thinking that the money is as plentiful as the mud in the rice field. Well, now, this was what the Shoya came to tell me. 'I know you are such an honest fool,' says the Shoya...."

"But haven't you dinned that into me thick enough, my man?"

"Oh, have I...ya, ya, give me another cup of tea. Well, this is good, wife. Well, as I was saying, the Shoya, he says, 'I know you are an uncommonly honest man. And we have 100 pieces of gold. And we must get someone to take them to the minister of the lord of the Kameyama Castle. What I came to you today is to tell you that the entire village put its fingers upon your name and would not have anyone else. And will you do it—it's a great honor,' says the Shoya. 'And, then, think of so many places that you could never dream of seeing but for this chance, Tokukichi.' 'Will I do it?' say I to the Shoya. 'Buddha and Bosatsu! I feel as if I were dreaming right this minute, on the Blessed Veranda of the Lotus. It is too much like a

dream to be true. Strike me quick,' say I to the Shoya, poking my muddy arm straight to his nose. 'Strike me quick, and hard, too, I might wake up broken-hearted.' The Shoya laughed—he is such a fat, jolly man, that old Shoya. And so I am going to take those 100 pieces of gold to the minister of the lord of the Kameyama Castle—he is at Yedo, where the biggest castle under heaven is, did I tell you, wife—where the Shogun is?"

"Going to Yedo....and you with 100 pieces of gold—and with that foolish face of yours! Why, my man, one cannot trust you with a boy who can never get hurt if he rolled down the Kiso Mountain. Send 100 pieces of gold by you, ha, ha, ha! Well, my man, didn't the Shoya say that he was going to send the 100 pieces of gold by a strong and bright man and wanted you to cart round his sandals and things? That was it, wasn't it?—Now, think."

"There is a limit even to bad jokes, wife. A little—well, I am not as young as I used to be twenty years ago. But who is denying that? One hundred pieces of thin gold—that is not such a terrible load—I can carry a thousand without any trouble, and walk twenty ri every day, too. And why can't I take the gold to Yedo? Tell me that."

"Easy, old man, and then, by the by, what do you think I shall be doing all those long days when you will be away?—loaded, too, with so much money? Not a cent of it is your own. Worry my soul sick?—Bosatsu have mercy upon me! The highway, they say, is full of robbers, and even if through the ten thousand and one miracles of the good Lord Buddha you get, piece and all, to august Yedo, even then, there will be no peace of heart, neither to you nor to me. Because the streets of august Yedo are filled as thick, as the flies of summer, they tell me, with people very convenient with their fingers and can pick an eye of a living horse without the horse knowing anything about it."

"There it is, woman all over! Look at me closely, wife, am I such a spirit-gone fool?—don't I know when I have a sack with 100 pieces of gold in it and when I do not have it? And, then, if there be such a treasure, who can steal the eye of a living horse; then, wife, you needn't puddle in the mud of the rice field any more. For you see, your old man will catch a few of them and bring them back to this village, and give a big show and make all sorts of money."

Of course, his wife had the last word upon the fangled discussion—pretty nearly as knotty as some of the threads in her workbox. And at last the inner light which is within a man, and which woman calls conceit, had enlightened the good farmer and told him as kindly and soothingly as possible that although the sun-long day of the Kameyama farmer is not the shortest nor the most nervous or impatient thing of which the good Buddha, in his deep wisdom, knows, still it is not quite long enough to convince a woman, more especially one's own wife, who is thoroughly acquainted with all his weak points, inside and out, of a thing of which she said the first word against him. In spite of the judgment of Tokukichi's wife—very correct as you would be made to see in the wise unrolling of the course of things—the villagers were all drunk with the cheap ring of their own sagacity—"He is too foolish to be dishonest."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Stitching night to day, Tokukichi swung his figure, as picturesque with all its rustic ruggedness as a bit of a country landscape, upon that elegant highway whereupon the fashion of the time used to take its cake walk up to the Yedo of the Shogun. He was naturally an infinite merriment of the teahouse maids and the loafing parasites along the famous Tokai-do, but of that the honest farmer did not care—in fact, was utterly innocent of the fact. Twelve days, and at last there he was in the august Yedo—'tis the planting place of the tree which bringeth forth the fruits of gold, as the wit of the time said of it. He went up to the book-keeper of the inn.

"Hei, the humble, is a mud farmer from a country village near Kameyama Castle in the Country of Tamba," the honest Tokukichi opened fire and told the long and short of the whole story—the beginning and the aim of his weighty mission with 100 pieces of gold in the sack. He wanted the book-keeper of the inn to take charge of the gold till the morning of the morrow. In the early hours—he went on to say—he would turn the gold into the hand to which it was due and make lighter his heart of the weight and invite back into his eye the sleep which responsibility had frightened away.

"Ee, korewa....one, two three," the book-keeper untied the mouth of the sack and counted out the pieces of gold, "100 pieces of gold. I shall keep the strict account of them for you."

In the early light of the following morning, with the sparrow, Tokukichi kicked his futon (bed quilts). The sun was rather high, however, when he, the money sack in his bosom pocket, and its string around his neck, fared forth upon the Yedo streets. Faithfully, with the simple fidelity of a countryman from the shadow-thick corner of the far-away province, healthy with the perfume of the pine, Tokukichi followed the map—made by a clerk of the inn for his special benefit, showing in emphatic lines the course he was to take through the many entanglement of the Yedo streets. The mischief of the thing was, that the course of the simple countryman lay through the most entertaining corners of Yedo of the day. Horns were blowing, the laughter of girls was ringing like many silver bells, and it so happened, in a corner, seated upon a mat, was a teller of tales, surrounded, as with a black halo, with the good-natured folks from the country, all of beaming faces and who were losing their souls through their laughing eyes and their white-teethed smiles. Tokukichi forgot his own self—the sack of gold and all. When a kindly god returned unto him his senses, he could not tell how long he had been listening.

At the gate of the great Yedo yashiki of the lord of the Kameyama Castle, he was received with all the smiling courtesy, and was ushered into a little room.

"Korya, korya. You are the Tokukichi, a farmer

from the august province of the lord. We know your pains over the far journey, and so you are bearer of the taxes from your village? Yes, yes."

"As the honorable words—a mud peasant from the mud of the rice field—"

"Very good, good fellow, and are you ready to

over the gold this morning? You have it with

your bosom pocket? That is right."

Tokukichi pulled the string of the sack which he had about his neck. It came out without the slightest trouble; but there was nothing at the end of it. His hands shot into the bosom pocket like lightning, and the cyclone entered into his honest head. He saw not a shadow of the 100 pieces of gold!

It was an evil day that the gods gave him the gold ready wit.

"Ah, august Samurai, pardon the humble peasant. What am I thinking about, why, of course, but as soon as the humble one reached the city and the humble inn, I turned over the whole thing into the hands of the innkeeper. With your honorable permission, the humble one would retrace the steps and fetch the gold."

He had not time to see the cool smile of the innkeeper over the simple absent-mindedness of a farmer.

Tokukichi went out of the Daimyo yashiki and into the veritable hades.

"You are in the streets of Yedo, you might have said to him. But he would have thanked you for a bad joke. His flea-picking eyes were covering every inch of the streets over which he had passed. But in those flower days of Yedo, it was a child's afternoon play for anyone to find a thing he had dropped ten minutes ago. And Tokukichi was watching out his soul trying to find a thing which had been stolen from him. Pretty soon—and no wonder—he

in addition to the gold, his hope, his courage, and the

ing of all the fearful consequences of his misadventure

which his imagination offered to his vivid vision in

cool array, he came to lose the taste for life as he

What would his wife say, she who had warned him

deed, with very impressive words and with emphatic

gestures about this very matter? What will become

of him at the hand of justice? One hundred pieces of

gold, Buddha and Rakwan—it was no small amount of

money! All the sweat he might squeeze through the

remaining days would hardly condense into so great a

sum. Was he already on the verge of a dark hour in

the gleam of a sharp blade gleaming above his head?

He jumped back from the railing of the Shobai Bridge.

The gray of his temper fell upon the pale mirror of

was running away below his feet. "Ah, man's life is

the end of running water—there is nothing more ter-

rible than they!" That was a proverb he had heard

hundreds of times. And so, from the far-away river

of Kameyama something had beckoned him forth to

this spot for this—he turned the whole thing over to

his mind, in his slow fashion....mystery! He

his bosom about it, and then he made answer to his

own bosom—mystery! Nothing seemed to have been

gained in all these wise and most excellent philoso-

phical meanderings. He, of course, forgot the middle

When the shades were falling from the west, he

curled to him, in a leisurely way, that the Shoya

bridge might be becoming a little tired of his

There was no harm in looking for the last time

along the crowded streets of Yedo again. When he

gained the bridge the lights of Yedo streets were

terfeting the lanterns of the gods in the above

and the river seemed to be taking both of them, the

and the street lanterns, with equally shaking

without taking the trouble of winnowing the real from

the hypocritical and laughing softly at their

and flowing confusion. He watched, empty of

empty of stomach, the river—how long? A gust of

wind came up the river and woke him. He went

foot of the bridge and put a number of rocks

sleeves, flinging frightened looks back and forth,

that you would have said he was robbing a miser's

He came back, heavily laden, to his station on

bridge over the mid-stream. But, then, the night

looked rather cold, and it was some distance from

high bridge to the water. Might he not get

falling into water from so high a place? He was

to die—he knew that—at the same time the idea of

ing the Emma-o, the king of Hades, with a

bone, the wet kimono and the benumbed face!

as he was, he found that there were many

which rose between him and that night-black

below his feet, like so many tall fences between

and the shadow land where death keeps house.

He was passing by—and that did seem as if the gods

saying to him, "You little coward, when we make

thing so easy—when we are accommodating you

can, you still hesitate!" At the moment, he could

afford to offend the gods—in fact, to keep on a

term with them was everything to him. Slowly,

all the awkwardness which comes from old

the stiff, large bones of a farmer, he climbed

ing of the bridge. At last, there was nothing

him to do but to roll off the railing. A baby

that—and of that he knew; he knew also that he

not do it. He did not know why. Suddenly he

laugh, of kidnapping a rare treasure of a

who would steal an eye from a living horse, and

a big show in the quiet village of Kameyama, and

no end of money. And he laughed on the

the stream wherein flowed the melted night.

began rolling off his tongue in an eternal string

pressed whispers. Knowing well that he could

peat the sacred sutra as well as the village

was most heroically and conscientiously making

bluff at it. Lord Buddha! a decent man could

without a reading of a sutra over his last

so, busily occupied, he did not notice the

lantern and the sound of steps.

"Ei! old man, how dangerous! Wait there!"

A tremulous thud upon the bridge; the sound of

geta; and Tokukichi making all sorts of wild

to swim on the bridge.

"Look here, old man! It's not a free show

after....get up, now...." A man seized him

sleeves are full of rocks—just as I thought—

a never-to-be-thought-of thing! Too rough a

gray hair, anyway, old man—it's too cold for

"I dare say. It is the honorable order of my mistress, and as you see, I come between you and a cold death."

"No, the honorable kindness is as high as Fuji Mountain and all the tears of my eyes, would not be enough to thank you for it....but....there is something that would not let me live for another day."

"Well, of course....but it's not a piece of a potato that you are throwing away, old man. Just wait a minute, it won't hurt you to think more than once about it....don't you fight, like that. Ee, you must be a raw-boned farmer, strong as a bull! In your country it may be a fashion to be an ass, but not so here, do you hear? I say, don't fight....you, horse and deer!...."

"As here....let me talk to him a minute," and at the sound of the voice which, for all the world sounded like the nightingale mocking a cricket, paralysis fell upon the struggling farmer.

"Moshi, honorable presence, you may laugh at it as an out-of-the-way and altogether immodest thing for a young woman to do. But, even the brushing of sleeves on a highway is something of a karma, more or less—you know the proverb. And you can see for yourself—just place yourself in my place—would you pass as if you saw nothing when a life that is to be thrown away like a rag, crosses your path? Of course, I know nothing of what brought you to this bridge. I may be able to be of some assistance—would be very glad if I could. You are not exactly young, honorable man of travel, and it would not be so embarrassing to you to be with a young woman—and so I pray you to accompany us to a house not far away from here, will you not? I shall be very glad if I can help you."

It was not exactly for the fun of the thing that he had been seeing all sorts of chilly things in the nightly stream; and then, too, the voice of the female savior had something in it that was more soothing than the reading of the sutra.

And they came to one of the most fashionable tea-houses of the day.

"Can you let us have a quiet room in an off-house? This old gentleman and myself want to have a little private talk," said the young lady to the master of the house.

"Honorable wish....We have the honor of obeying it most strictly," bowed the master of the tea-house profoundly.

The candle light fell upon the charming elegance of the room and upon the young woman. Not older than a hundred seasons—dressed like an aristocratic lady familiar with the Daimyo life of the day, she had in her eyes the light which made you dream at once of the sword of Mutsunome and the melting languor of the closing days of May and looking at the flower color of her lips in the pallor of the slender oval of her face, you would have said that the snow had at last come to flower.

Because her words were kind; her smile, the most gentle of springs, Tokukichi, feeling as in a dream, found it pleasant to tell her everything, entangling himself, of course, in the unmannerly threads of his story, going back several times to the same starting point and forgetting always that which he had started out to tell, and always laughing at his own embarrassment with a sort of toothless humor. Patiently, the fair lady heard him, dropping, from time to time, a well-bred smile, trying her best to oil his discourse, doubtless. He concluded: "I laughed, honorable lady....yes, I did, when my wife told me of the gentlemen who are called pick-pockets and who could steal the eye of a living horse without its knowing anything about it. As the honorable presence sees, the humble one does not laugh any more. It must be a fearful place, this august Yedo, the humble one could never believe that there could be gentlemen who take things which do not belong to them, and bring all sorts of trouble so heavily upon an old man, and so far away from his old wife and home, too, and bring him to death, and then do not trouble themselves about it—not even to say a few words of the sacred sutra over his last moments....Now, isn't it a fearful world, honorable lady?"

"One hundred pieces of gold—did you tell me?"

"As the honorable words...."

"Would you allow me to find those 100 pieces of gold which you say have lost for you?"

"Ee, but the humble one has done his best to find every inch of the streets I passed...."

"But would you be willing to try a younger pair of eyes?"

The old man was willing.

The young woman, delighted, and all in smiles, clasped her hands. In answer, a waitress brought the choice things of the famous tea-house, heavy upon a lacquered tray: "I thought you may not object to a few things to eat; and that will shorten the time you will have to wait for me while I shall go to look for the lost purse." She smiled. Very much amazed at the goodness of the lady, at her beauty, at the elegance of her dress, at the interest she took in him, an old stranger from a distant farm, without comeliness either of body or of mind, allowed the young lady, without a single word, to sweep him an exquisite courtesy and disappear through the opening of white shoji.

[To be continued.]

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WOMEN BOOTBLACKS SOON.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] In one of the big city stores women's shoes are now shined free, whether they are brought at that store or not. Nobody has yet offered unconditional free shines to men, or the Bootblacks' Union might be heard from on the subject.

The Bootblacks haven't protested against free shines for women, because a woman needs courage to take a street chair and get her shoes shined, and few women have yet defied convention to that extent. In a store the women don't mind, and this particular store finds that it pays to oblige its women customers by giving them something for nothing.

A negro woman does the shining, and she is busy all day long. The store people say that there are so many shoes of the masculine type worn by women now that there will soon be a brisk demand for women bootblacks to keep them in order.

HAS BEEN THE ROUNDS.

CAREER OF BEN J. SCOVILLE, WHO IS PREPARING FOR MISSION WORK.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG the men who do missionary work in our cities there are many who have led strange lives. Men who have been gamblers, card sharps, prize fighters, thugs, corner loafers, and even professional criminals, as well as the reclaimed wrecks of many honorable trades and professions, may be found doing the work of the missions. In the whole list, however, there will hardly be one whose life-story is stranger than that of Ben J. Scoville, who is now preparing at the Christian Alliance School in Nyack, N. Y., for special missionary work among stage folk. Scoville has been in his 30 years of life, street gamin, cabin boy, ship's cook, tramp, chore boy, actor, reciter, teacher of elocution and at one time assistant stage manager for Sir Henry Irving. In his experience on the seas he was a chief witness for the conviction of Hughes, one of the most brutal murderers in the history of crime.

Scoville was born in London, England, thirty years ago. His father, an officer in the British army, was killed in the Zulu war, leaving a widow and two children, Ben and a baby sister. The mother, through elocutionary and musical talent, supported the children in comparative comfort until she suddenly died. On the day of her burial, while a salute of honor was being fired over her grave, the children were deserted by their guardian, who left them penniless and friendless in London. They drifted into the White Chapel district, and managed, during warm weather, to eke out a precarious living, Ben earning a few pennies a day as a newsboy, street sweeper and bootblack. At night they slept in alleys, under wagons, or wherever shelter offered.

Then came the winter days, and on the night of the first snowstorm of the season, the homeless waifs crawled into a hoghead, which stood in the shadow of the Nelson Monument, in Trafalgar Square. Ben wrapped his sister with his thin coat to keep her warm. The snow drifted in upon them, and the next morning when Ben, benumbed, awoke, his little companion was dead. The next day she was buried in the public burial field, four newsboys acting as bearers, and Ben made the first resolution of his life, that he would earn enough some day to have the body exhumed and laid to rest beside their mother.

The sea had an attraction for him. He visited the wharves until he secured a place as cabin boy with Capt. Hoyle, on the ship Vanguard. On this vessel he remained several years, and was promoted to be cook's assistant. The captain's daughter, Mary, helped him with his studies, and he grew very fond of her. One day, while she was playing ball on the deck, a sudden lurch of the ship threw her overboard. Ben plunged after her, and with considerable difficulty kept her afloat until both were hauled on board. For this bravery, on his return to London, he was presented with £5 by the Royal Humane Society. He had saved £2 out of his wages, and at once proceeded to gratify his long-cherished desire. He had his sister's body removed from the public burial field and buried by her mother. He then returned to the sea, this time as steward's assistant on the steamer Priscilla, Capt. William Hughes, from Rio de Janeiro to London.

On the Priscilla was a feeble-minded boy whom Hughes had taken to sea in return for £100 paid by the lad's guardians. This boy, from the time he left London, was subjected to gross indignities and cruelties inflicted by the captain and his mate. On Christmas day the outrages approached the climax. The boy was brought to mess and given only the bones which the ship's dog had gnawed. When the little fellow reached out his hand for some plum duff, the mate struck him a blow with a carving knife, cutting a deep gash in his hand. The blood spurted on Ben, who tore up his only white shirt to stanch the flow and make bandages. On New Year's eve, as Ben and a companion were on deck, they saw Capt. Hughes and the mate bring the boy out. There was an altercation and loud oaths, and the boy was struck. As he shrieked with pain, Capt. Hughes lifted him from the deck, carried him to the rail, and hurled him into the sea. There was one piercing scream, and then all was still.

Ben and his fellow-witness of the crime said nothing, but when they reached London, Ben promptly informed the murdered lad's guardians. Hughes and the mate were arrested, tried, convicted upon Ben's testimony, and were sentenced to be hanged. On the night before the execution in Newgate Prison, Hughes confessed that he had acted as principal or accessory in the murder of more than thirty boys in the same way. Most of them were feeble-minded, and generally guardians paid £100 for having them taken to sea.

Once more Ben returned to the ocean. He endured many hardships, and on his last voyage as a sailor was shipwrecked. He drifted ten days in an open boat, subsisting on a biscuit and a gill of water a day. After his rescue he underwent a long illness in the Marine Hospital, London.

On being discharged from the hospital he worked his way on a cattle steamer to this country, and struck out for Buffalo, thinking from the name of that city that the biggest cattle ranges must be there. He learned differently, but subsisted awhile by doing odd jobs and by dancing hornpipes in saloons. He then went to Cleveland, O., where he engaged with a doctor to do chores for \$1 a week and his board, with the great added privilege of attending school. Ben cared for two horses, waited on the doctor's wife and daughters, and did a lot of other menial work; but he stuck it out until he graduated from Cleveland High School. Then he went to Birmingham, Ala., and paid his way for a year in Howard College, by ringing the college bell, acting as agent for a laundry and doing chores. From Alabama he went to Colorado, and secured work in Strat-

ton's great Independence mine in Cripple Creek, earning enough to enable him to progress in his studies in Colorado College, Colorado Springs. Then came a miner's strike, and he lost his job.

Scoville went next to Chicago, where he failed to find employment, and sold his watch to pay his railroad fare to Cleveland. From Cleveland he walked to Batavia, N. Y., where he earned enough by washing the windows of the Y.M.C.A. building to carry him to Lyons. At Lyons the Rev. Mr. Ostrander became interested in him, and secured him a church collection. Similar assistance was given him in Port Byron, and from there he went to Boston.

Full of hope, Ben then applied to Manager Frank W. Hale of the New England Conservatory, and begged admission as a student in elocution and oratory. An arrangement was made whereby he could earn his tuition fees and expenses by working six to ten hours a day in the model-machine shops and printing department. He applied himself closely, and was graduated with honors in December, 1896.

He then began his professional career. For a time he supported himself in Syracuse as a reciter, then traveled about the country until he met the "Sign of the Cross" Company, at Peoria, and joined it. Wilson Barrett took him to England with his English company, and Scoville had a wide stage experience on the other side playing such diverse parts as Tubal, in the "Merchant of Venice"; Duncan, in "Macbeth"; Jacques, in "As You Like It"; Nero, in the "Sign of the Cross"; Sir Joseph Porter, in "Pinafore"; and Queen of Fairies, "Jack and the Beanstalk." He was for a time assistant stage manager for "Robespierre," with Henry Irving's company. In Manchester, Scoville met and fell in love with a girl whom he married at the termination of his engagement with Irving's company. They came to this country, and he got a position as professor of elocution in the High School at Galveston, Tex. On the day of the flood he was in the High School building, and with others was penned there by the water. All the next day he searched for his wife, and in the evening he found her body in the ruins.

Grief stunned and without ambition, Scoville came to New York, and wandered aimlessly about the city. By chance he went into a missionary meeting, where a former opera singer was holding special meetings, and decided to join the missionary work. He is now taking the regular course, and intends to work not only among stage folk, but among those who have failed to establish themselves on the stage and are drifting or have drifted into dissolute ways of life. Of New York, the Mecca of the stage struck, he recently wrote to a friend:

"New York is full of poor, ambitious young men and women who think it great sport to go upon the stage. These become sadly 'left,' and stroll about the city streets, going from bad to worse. It would not be so bad if this host were only from New York, but they are from all parts of Canada and the United States. If a man is tall he stands some little show, providing he has a degree of talent. A woman must be a 'good-looker,' have an attractive shape, and if she has money, or a 'friend' who has plenty of dust—happy woman. Otherwise she is 'N. G.' A woman is subject to all the slander and abuse the managers and stage managers see fit to bestow upon her. This is drawing it mild. 'All-and-all, don't you know. You may draw it as you like."

"I believe that a great work can be done among actors and actresses, especially among those that have been disappointed in the life of the stage, and want to make something of themselves and get into a respectable way of living before they graduate down on the Bowery and Water street. I hope that God will open up the way for me to start this neglected good work. And now, if you know any young men or women who are starting in on the stage, tell them to stay out of New York City, for it is overrun; but if they must seek the metropolis, let them be sure and secure a return ticket, and take good care of it."

A. C. HAESELBARTH.

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IN CASE OF FIRE.

SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER FOR EMERGENCIES.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] In case of fire, if the burning articles are at once splashed with a solution of salt and nitrate of ammonia an incombustible coating is formed. This is a preparation which can be made at home at a trifling cost, and should be kept on hand. Dissolve 20 pounds of common salt and 10 pounds of nitrate of ammonia in 7 gallons of water. Pour this into quart bottles of thin glass, and fire grenades are at hand ready for use. These bottles must be tightly corked and sealed to prevent evaporation, and in case of fire they must be thrown near the flames, so as to break and liberate the gas contained. At least two dozen of these bottles should be ready for an emergency.

In this connection it is well to remember that water on burning oil scatters the flame, but that flour will extinguish it. Salt thrown upon a fire if the chimney is burning will help to deaden the blaze.

If a fire once gets under headway, a covering becomes a necessity. A silk handkerchief moistened and wrapped about the mouth and nostrils prevents suffocation from smoke; fastening this, a piece of wet flannel will answer.

Should smoke fill the room, remember that it goes first to the top of the room and then to the floor. Wrap a blanket or woollen garment about you, with the wet cloth over your face, drop on your hands and knees and crawl to the window.

Bear in mind that there is no more danger in getting down from a three-story window than from the first floor if you keep a firm hold of the rope of ladder. Do not slide, but go hand over hand.

The International Monthly (Burlington, Vt.) announces that during 1901 the department of economics and commerce will contribute important papers of general interest on the economics and commercial conditions of this country and of those foreign countries which are ever coming in closer association with the United States.

SOME SIGNS MANUAL.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR.

By a Special Contributor.

IF THE Autograph Collector could be induced to apologize for his existence, or to explain to a half-tolerant public the peculiar interest he takes in such things as the mere signatures of men and the value he attaches thereto, it is by no means uncertain that he would not cite numerous precedents among the ancient Egyptians and orientals, particularly among the Chinese and Japanese.

For autograph collecting did not originate with moderns.

A certain and peculiar interest has ever attached to a man's autograph, whether he inscribed it on a sandstone cliff or a fan, and, in these days when autographs generally take the more convenient form of notes and letters, the thoughtful and appreciative individual can only deem it a sin not to collect. He is willing to sacrifice time and money toward the acquiring of a collection and to count every bit of the labor a joy.

This being a period of quick and easy methods, one can in a few weeks make a noteworthy collection of autographs—one that begins with early Kings and queens of Europe and that includes all the names illuminating modern history and letters. Moreover, the genuineness of each autograph, if desired, will be guaranteed by the dealer who furnishes them "at very moderate prices" and who usually abides and thrives in London town.

But, for reasons that are obvious, the enthusiast prefers to accumulate his own autographs and in his own way; and, whether he be rich or as poor as the born collector, usually is, he is seldom lazy. Of course, it is all very grand to own a Carlyle and a Napoleon and a lot of Cruikshanks and a series of Chopins; there are those who dream of inheriting perfectly-preserved "Autograph Letters Signed" of Burns and Coleridge, or perhaps tattered little scraps of crumbly paper, on which disgracefully schoolboyish scrawls represent the best penmanship once employed in love-letter writing by certain kings, now long dead. Those who believe in the irony of fate, or in the supremacy of literature, should cheer the fact that a few, hurried lines writ by Wesley or Keats are valued in the market places today at \$100 gold, while you can buy the autographs of mere kings, and on real vellum, at \$8 and \$10 apiece.

Collector Must Keep Secrets.

The collector, even he who is not sinfully ambitious nor intensely active, is bound to acquire many interesting experiences, as well as autographs. A few of these experiences he must ever cherish and reveal not; he must learn to keep secrets, if not to be selfish. Seldom is he so unwise as to be identified with any of the Tell associations and to disclose "methods" to an imitative, news-spreading public.

Some eminent people, be it known, resent even the slightest attentions from autograph collectors. Particularly is this true of certain literary persons, who, after the millionth edition of their novel, prefer to isolate themselves in a lordly castle and to wade around among \$20 gold pieces to being decently polite and obliging to representatives of the poor, best-intentioned public, who bought the books and made the castle possible.

The penalties of success are many and should not always be evaded. The gentle, much-beloved Longfellow used to devote an occasional leisure hour to writing his name on small pieces of paper; and so, whenever a school child called at his house, or even an admiring but uninvited pilgrim from the dreadful West, there was always an autograph souvenir of the visit ready.

Does it With His Typewriter.

Then there is our Mark Twain. Perhaps he should be considered a moderately busy man—paying off debts in the old Walter Scott fashion, orating at banquets and town meetings and doing missionary work generally; yet he finds time to be civil to the poor collector of autographs. If he happens to be very, very hurried, indeed, he dashes off one on the typewriter. Why cannot the others be as beautifully civil?

Literary people, according to Dr. Holmes, do not believe in giving away "copy," and the collector who succeeds in getting notes and letters from any of them may consider himself favored of the gods. The scientist is also difficult and the politician fearful of political pitfalls and traps.

The Unattainables.

But sometimes the most astute among the unattainables are caught napping by the conscienceless and wicked collector, who rends fake bills for flowers, or for bric-a-brac, thereby eliciting (occasionally) choice autographs in the way of stormy and indignant denials.

My admiration and regard for James G. Blaine was so thorough that I never wrote him but once; of course I could have secured any number by writing frequently (as he was one of the obliging)—and I did so want them for future exchanges! But he was a great and busy man and I hadn't the heart to bother him but once.

Bismarck sent a lithographed refusal, to my sorrow and surprise, as I had been led to believe that he, who was in the habit of snubbing emperors, never refused his autograph to an American girl. Alas! it seems the commendable habit had been abandoned several years before I learnt of it.

Generally it is the actor and the singer and the lecturer who most graciously respond to requests for autographs, as they quite correctly look upon the number of requests received each day as a gauge of their fame and popularity.

But then they seldom have anything to say, even if

you ask interesting questions. The self-respecting collector hates to deal in the customary flattery and gush, so he becomes inventive and asks about such things as favorite roles and the land of nativity.

Some responses are worse than silences. Such as Patti sent out when on her last farewell tour of America. They were written by her French maid and concisely described just how very occupied the time of Mme. Patti was. The wording of the refusal was quite regulation enough, but then—it was perpetrated on the most abominably cheap note paper conceivable, a penny or two a quire. These documents have made many an autograph hunter a firm believer in Patti's parsimony when dealing with her "dear public;" they are about the shabbiest modern specimens extant. Collectors have tempers, if not clearly-defined rights.

Some Resort to Subterfuges.

Although the novice is content with a mere signature, he soon becomes dissatisfied with anything short of an autograph letter signed. A typewritten letter signed by the private secretary will not do, no matter how legible and very affable it may be. So in time the collector learns to originate a new form of letter and not to make use of the old plea for an autograph on "inclosed card," which he purposely omits; he learns to compose a request that will bring a reply not entrusted to the private secretary. For the possible encouragement of the novice with scruples, let me say that although my little collection numbers many hundred and includes many of the so-called unattainables, I can solemnly set forth and declare that the only subtle and reprehensible device for securing autographs practiced by the confessor has been to ask opera singers and actors their favorite mottoes and roles, when at the time I did not in the least care what they might be. I do solemnly affirm that I have never written to a great lady that I was about to name a child in her honor, nor to any great statesman that I was about to christen a steam yacht for him.

Asking questions and waiting for responses is sometimes a wearying process—I have discontinued it. My one modus operandi nowadays (despite the hints of fake and black-art offered by the kind friends who know me and my unworthiness of some of the choice letters in my collection) is to first learn something about the celebrity addressed and just why I want an autograph and then to frame a brief letter in the simplest and most sincere manner.

As this is a day of hurry and specialties, and as my time for collecting is practically nil, I seem to have gradually abandoned the track of all but literati and artists. Perhaps this is because they interest me most; I read their books, I see their pictures—and I usually have something to say to them. Having been asked scores of times: "Well, what in the world do you say to them?" let me confide that I neither beg nor wheedle—and the word "autograph" rarely appears in my "request." I simply try to write a sincere and intelligent letter and, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, I get a reply—and cherish it. I do not promptly send it on to the New York dealers. The responses, including original poems and signed photographs and little sketches by Kemble, Dirks, Penfield, Hanna, Nast, Phil May and Wenzell, might tend to convince one that even he who attains eminence often finds the appreciative word from a stranger entirely acceptable and full of cheer.

Interesting Responses.

Among the responses to my anxious inquiries as to the mottoes and watchwords and favorite roles of various celebrities, are these:

"The sunrise never failed us yet. Celia Thaxter."

"Dear Miss: My motto used to be in German—'Was liegt daran?' and in French—'Qu'importe?' Yrs. faithfully, Dr. M. Nordau."

"Trust in the Lord and Do Good. Harriet Beecher Stowe."

"Conquer or Die. Emma Abbott." (The refrain, so her father once told me, of a little song she first sang in public, to the accompaniment of his violin.)

"The price of success is industry. Kate Field."

"My dear Child: In reply to your request, I send you the following motto: Beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Faithfully yours in X. C., Cardinal Gibbons."

"I don't believe I have a motto. I am very sorry. Maude Adams."

"I think I prefer the part of Brutus in Julius Caesar, as a study. With thanks for your good wishes, I am Yours faithfully, Frederick Warde."

"My favorite role is the one that gives the most pleasure to my auditors. Henry Clay Barnabee."

Among the uniques, the autograph of Cyrus W. Field is always listed first; that of Thomas A. Edison is always mentioned as the most perfect thing in the way of signatures. For the latter I had to apply many times—finally to Mrs. Edison, who has assisted more than one collector in the obtaining of an autograph of her terribly-talented and absent-minded husband.

Some Illegibles.

Among the illegibles, Murat Halstead, Henry Labouchere, Von Helmholtz, Mary Anderson Navarro and Sir Henry Irving rank very high indeed. I myself was unable to identify the kind reply of Sir Henry's until I had made note of the London post-mark and the address "Lyceum Theater."

Some of the very desirables that have justly honored places in my collection are autograph notes and letters, signed, of Rosa Bonheur, William Cullen Bryant, H. Walpole, Sumner, Tyler, Count Leo Tolstoy, Kate Greenaway, Max Muller, Petroleum V. Nasby, Jules Verne, Alexander Dumas, Jr., De Lesseps and Gen. Boulanger. The last-named is a note written on the back of the general's visiting card and while he was in exile.

Another treasure is an exquisitely-autographed verse of that prince of collectors, Eugene Field, and from his poem, "The Wanderer," which he once contributed

to a paper over the name of Helena Modjeska, who was his favorite actress.

After Many Days.

I had really forgotten the question asked of Crawford, when his very kind and highly-valued note came to me. Yet I think I wrote at the time he was accused of saying very disparaging things of the language of the American woman, so it is probable that the query was which class of his countrywomen he regarded as the least obnoxious. The reply was a gracefully and perfectly satisfactory one.

"You ask a hard question, and unfortunately I have never been in the West, though I have many relatives in your part of the country. I can only say that there is neither of the East nor the West, nor of the South nor the North; and that when a woman has it, she cares whence she comes, because charm is more than beauty and culture and talent rolled into one. Will you do for an answer? I cannot give you a better one. Truly yours, F. Marion Crawford."

This is the way a poet sent an autograph. May he live long and well, and not escape The Hall of Fame (When Canada is annexed, he will be eligible.)

"SCITUATE (Mass.)—Your pleasant little note came so far across the continent (after stopping at Chicago, Washington and Boston on the way) to find me down here by the sea—with old-fashioned lilacs in the dooryard, and an old orchard full of birds. How beautiful they are—these dear orioles and bobolinks in the sun!"

"Your modest note was welcome. Though my correspondence is heavy, I never can deny myself the pleasure of enlarging it, when the new acquaintances come so graciously. It makes me very, very grateful to think I can have given pleasure to any unknown friend, as Emerson once said, perhaps there should be no word as stranger."

"Pray believe me Very Faithfully Yours, Bliss C. man."

Now I am one of the collectors who are sufficiently considerate to inclose a stamped envelope for reply. When writing to a lion who is so unfortunate as to be on the side in foreign parts, the envelope inclosed simply has the legend, "Postage Collect;" my letter of request has a post scriptum, "Please do not prepay postage. Some have not heeded and have prepaid the postage, but others have obeyed instructions and I have paid the postage rates at this end of the line very cheerfully. It is a process more convenient than keeping on various foreign stamps."

My thoughtfulness on this score has brought me many distinguished compliments that I was quite unprepared for the following, and on a post-card, too.

"Why do nice American girls forget stamps? I know."

My friends suggest such mistakes might be avoided by my letters typewritten. They all shall be so. My chirography becomes as undecipherable as that of the original Mr. Zangwill.

I did not ask Dumas nor Jules Verne for a "comment," but I believe I asked Mme. Marchesi which dominated among her American pupils, sopranos or contraltos.

These were the valued responses:

"Here are, Mademoiselle, the few words that you asked of me and which will bring you my best wishes for the new year. Yours very respectfully, Jules Verne."

"If man would commence by admiring what God has done to him, he would have no time to seek to know what He has hidden from him. A. Dumas, fils."

"Dear Miss: I hasten to tell you my American pupils are nearly all sopranos. Ah! why the Americans, with beautiful voices, so rarely finish their studies is past finding out! Mathilde Marchesi."

Some collectors, after they have been endowed with the signatures of a few of the unattainables and the very desirables, assume airs that are lofty and regard themselves as amateurs. But never at any time have I been unwilling to divide the honors of my marked success as a collector with "Los Angeles," "California." Many persons cherish golden names of California and the "dreamy village" of Los Angeles (!) and I myself do realize that my collection has had fared differently, had I been a resident of the mazoo or Jersey City.

James Russell Lowell was known to but rarely respond to autograph hunters, but my request, from a remote village of Los Angeles, brought the following letter:

"As it is, I get three and four a day and, if I am one, they become for some mysterious reason, six. But Los Angeles is a great way off and, moreover, perhaps you are one of them? So I will venture. Truly yours, J. R. Lowell."

Artists' Replies.

And here are two of the most interesting artists' letters:

"Guernsey par Vernon, France, 15th September—note, forwarded from the Art Institute of Chicago, my home in Bronxville, N. Y., followed me across the Atlantic to Paris. There it awaited me, while I finished all of Italy and a part of France and finally returned me, already so long ago, that I must commence by asking your pardon for delay in answering it."

"It gives me more pleasure than I can easily express to think that you have cared enough for my work to make up a collection and give it the honor of a book. An artist's work is sent broadcast into the world to make many acquaintances, but few friends, and a sincere pleasure to me, in this little French note, to think that on the other side of the world, miles away, my work has found an appreciative reader."

"We are nearer neighbors, of course, when I am home, and your kindness to my work narrows the continent and brings you very near indeed."

"Hoping that in future you may continue to send me your work, I have the honor to be Very Gratefully Yours, Will H. Low."

"Your request reaches me at a remote village"

17, 1901.

of Suffolk, as different as possible to Los Angeles, which I will remember when I was in California in the spring of 1892, for the beauty of its palms and

you glad you have the Wonder Book, which was bound in a log cabin in Florida, by the way.

expressing your kind wishes, yours very truly,
C. Crane.

the wealthy.

prompt response received from Russell Sage was a millionaires are chary of autographs. Leland sent not only a legible signature, but an autograph. But Jay Gould never did himself the honor of replying at all. Ward McAllister did, and his name so close to the top of the card that it is impossible to prefix any pass to a Patriarch's list of the interesting functions given by his old

The Van Dam Expenses. When the United States becomes a monarchy and Mr. McAllister's Four are established as our royal family and aristocracy, this autograph will be one of the "very desirable"

of the charitably inclined, much-bothered celebrities like Kipling and Ellen Terry, send cards announcing that they will be glad to send the desired autograph. The Collector cares enough for it to send a card for \$2.50, which is to be given to some hospital or church fund.

are others who check the enthusiasm with a usually typewritten) of this sort:

collecting photographs of admirers of my drawing autograph collectors. Can I hope to have one? I am sure it will be a very charming one, for I require a very fine temperament to appreciate such. With kind regards, Gustave Verbeek.

To Collectors: Will Bradley is of the same type; your time and stamps."

are in high places is still found and the memory of them always, revered and inspiring.

are a few words from a man who considers the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars, the man who discovered the sun spots. Such men do not set estimates on self:

"It is gratifying to learn from your letter that my name is known on the Pacific. Yours, Henry C. Maine."

A Blind Author Responds.

Even before the "Tribby" craze, the ballad of "Ben Bolt" held a peculiar interest for me. Having understood it had been written many years ago by an unknown Englishman, I was one day enriched by the information that the author, an aged and nearly blind American gentleman, was still living in a small town in New Jersey. I wrote the most appreciative possible note and this was his gracious, yet pathetic, response:

"My Dear Young Lady: My eyesight is so dim that I have to depend entirely upon the services of an amanuensis. My signature, which I write mechanically, you are very welcome to. Yours truly, Thos. Dunn English."

Long before I realized the importance of humor in this saddened world, I knew it was the proper thing to laugh at anything written by "the Burlington Hawkeye man," Robert J. Burdette. So, when I grew up to be a collector of autographs and before he came to live in California—while he was still at "Robin's Nest"—I used to send periodic requests for an autograph. As he did not keep a list, he did not divine that I was greedy. So I was enabled to make a collection of Burdette autographs, each of which I still cherish, although he once erred by duplicating.

The scorn of those who look upon autograph collecting as an abhorrent form of lunacy (who are not discerning enough to see that the man with a hobby may ride out of nearly all the dreary ruts of life) is as nothing to me. But the scorn I do cherish for certain disinterested, temporarily-enthusiastic friends is very considerable. Among my friends (and of every collector) are those whose fathers or uncles or grandfathers have old trunks and boxes (which they spurn and regard not) crammed full of letters from Emerson, Daniel Webster, Jeff Davis, Eugenie and Charlotte Cushman; and whose maiden aunts were sweethearts of such interesting men as Henry Clay or Whittier or Capt. Kidd.

Now I was never guilty of asking or hinting for even one of these millions of letters, yet my modesty brought the reward of prompt, voluntary promises of the entire lot. They never came, not even one of the exquisite old love letters! Now despicable among all people are they,

those promise-breakers and self-made falsifiers! The one revenge of The Collector is to believe that the much-vaunted documents never existed.

One more little confession and I shall have done. Just after the "Robert Elsmere" tempest had ended, I wrote for the autograph of its author. I am not sure that it ever came. But a peculiarly-interesting autograph came from somebody. The envelope bore my name and address, but the signature was a short pet name, feminine and unfamiliar; and I could not recognize myself by the name of the person addressed. I looked it over and over and wondered if some one were really sending me a Mrs. Browning; no, the ink was too recent. At last I deciphered quite enough of the text to be convinced that it was no Mrs. Browning and that, whoever she was, the writer was addressing an old school friend, regaling her with bits of gossip that were refreshing and exceedingly choice. Then I realized that away over in London was a woman who had no doubt discovered she had been stupid enough to put a mere autograph into the envelope for her old-time friend and an intensely personal letter into that sent to one of those American autograph fiends; I knew she must be very unhappy about it—I already felt myself a thief. So I promptly sent it back, with a note to the effect that same had just been handed me by the postman and that I had immediately discovered some little mistake had been made—and would she please send me the desired autograph instead?

Of course she didn't—I knew she wouldn't—but I have the satisfaction of suspecting my action must have made her comfortable and just a trifle tolerant of Americans and their ill-breeding. What if I had been on the staff of a yellow newspaper? Then, by reason of that bungled autograph, there certainly would have been a literary sensation.

OLIVE PERCIVAL.

THE FIRST WAR PHOTOGRAPH.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] The first attempt to photograph a battle by a photographer in the fighting line was made by a German from Cairo, who came up with his camera at the first battle of El Teb, stuck his apparatus right down in the front face of the Egyptian square, adjusted it (throwing the cloth over his head,) and quietly waited for the rush of the Dervishes. A few minutes later the Dervishes wiped out the square, German photographer, camera and all.

Leo Tolstoy

Mar. 1892.

G. Ilyusoff

William Schreiner

Be good & you will be lovelier.

London, June 11/99

Phedra Thomas

Chicago, 1894

April 1893

Thomas A. Edison

a une jeune fille
américaine
venue de la France
un soldat français
Gust. Dierks

Jersey, L. 7 Mayo.

July 21st 1892.

Palmer Cox

YOURS TRULY-

GUS-DIRKS-

Mademoiselle
R. B. Bonheur
a la nature de
Gust. Dierks

SOME AUTOGRAPHS FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION.

A BABY'S EVOLUTION.

I.—OBSERVATIONS OF HIS LIFE UNTIL HE BEGAN TO CREEP.

By a Special Contributor.

THOUGH a first-born and a "Christmas child," he was not a phenomenon, but a normal babe, to whom had been accorded the birthright of being well-born. Having bestowed proper attention upon his prenatal influences, the mother resolved carefully to observe his development—since the growth of a child may contain a hint of the evolution of mankind from the primitive to the semi-civilized state—making a record of the progress noted.

At birth he weighed eight and a half pounds and was, from the start, a healthy child, though he steadily lost in weight for the first ten days. During the next three weeks, however, there was an average daily gain of three-quarters of an ounce, and, at the end of his first month, he had fully regained his birth weight. During the second month he gained an ounce each day; but in the third this again fell to three-quarters, and he soon began to lose flesh.

As this loss of weight continued and he constantly acted hungry, though he was fed at regular intervals, as from his birth, the physician ordered him put on the bottle. The succeeding two weeks were a nightmare, because of vain attempts to find a food which he could assimilate.

While in the pensive state consequent upon this sudden change of diet, it was noticeable that he would look for his mother when she was out of sight. This may be called the first sign of intelligence, if we exclude those traceable to the imagination of attendants.

In the twelfth week, when one of his aimless little hands struck against the other, it was immediately grasped and both were unsteadily thrust toward the mouth. This was apparently the first voluntary motion he had ever made, the grasping of anything which touches the palm being instinctive from the hour of birth.

During the first quarter of a year he did little but eat and sleep. At the end of that time he had regained perfect health and grown one-half an inch, though his weight did not vary from eleven pounds and one ounce for three successive weeks.

In his fourteenth week he began to turn toward the source of sound, showing some glimmering of correlation of ideas. Then, too, having fumbled with his rattle until he set the bell ringing, he grasped it by the handle and blankly gazed at it—with an evident association of touch and sight. About this time he began thrusting anything which his hand clutched into his mouth; an action not due to greediness, as he would always desert his bottle to gaze at anything that interested him, unless he was very hungry.

First Appreciation of Music.

It was at this period that we first noticed his enjoyment of music. Thereafter he was never so nervous that the sound of the piano would not quiet him, usually causing him to fall asleep. Indeed, this became our regular method of closing his bright eyes, whenever they were too wakeful. The next week we discovered that a thoughtless nurse had helped him to form the repulsive and unhealthy "sugar-teat" habit—a habit which proved difficult to overcome, though it had been less than two weeks in the process of formation. Careful watching demonstrated the fact that the act of sucking was pleasant, without any regard to taste, so a rubber nipple (without a hole) was substituted for the sweetened rag and used until he was gradually weaned from this desire.

The sixteenth and seventeenth weeks showed no special new trait, but many repetitions of older ones. He still groped for his rattle and rubber doll, with fingers outspread and no grasping motion until his hand actually touched the object, and he seemed better able to hold things with the lips than the fingers. Occasionally he gazed toward the desired article with unseeing eyes, but until the eighteenth week there was no connection between his vision and his power to grope, no voluntary reaching to obtain anything.

In the nineteenth week he was taken into his grandmother's home, where he gazed about in an eager way which showed that he realized its strangeness. On this day he first saw a cat, which at once interested him, though when his hand was placed upon its back he screamed with fear. Subsequent experiment showed that fur, velvet and all similar textures aroused the same feeling of intense dislike. Wondering whether he had really noticed that the strange apartment was not one with which he was familiar, we next day took him into a room which he had not seen. The ordinary passive gaze at once disappeared and he was evidently curious regarding the new environment. During the ensuing fortnight we continually tested this by complete changes in the arrangement of furniture, various colored draperies, etc., never failing to bring the same result, unless the articles were very near to him, when they escaped his notice.

It is doubtful whether a young child's eyes focus properly. Apparently they are far-sighted, like the Indian. At least it was several weeks before he paid any great amount of attention to articles or faces near at hand, unless they were in some way associated with his sense of touch; but he eagerly watched people at a distance.

Recognized His Feet.

When he was put into short clothes, at twenty-one weeks, he became conscious of his own feet. He babbled to them by the hour, as to the flowers and anything that pleased him. By this time he showed a decided interest in pink and rose-color, as distinguished from paler tints—though, oddly enough, he seemed to have no partiality for crimson. He could now sit up alone in one's lap, but on all hard surfaces he needed support, though he enjoyed sitting with pillows piled up about him on

the floor. He made no effort to creep. When turned over a pillow, he would lie still and make a continuous croaking sound, which seemed to give him great pleasure. If he lost the pitch, which frequently happened, he would pucker his face into a whimsical moue and soon try again. Occasionally he backed or wriggled off the pillow, but it is doubtful if this was a voluntary action.

His hands soon became more useful to him, though he spent less time in examining them than he had previously, and he manifested a desire to pull at his father's beard and his mother's hair.

First Fear of Darkness.

During the fifth and sixth months, if he woke in the night, he would babble contentedly and frequently go to sleep again without knowing that any one was near him; but in his twenty-third week he awoke with the croup and cried in a frightened way. Thereafter he cried whenever he found himself in the dark, though he had never before shown similar fear. If the lamp chanced to be burning, he would gurgle and croak good-naturedly; and it was the absence of light which was responsible for the nervous wallings, which sometimes continued even after he was taken up.

The day he was six months old he managed to roll over in a frolic and gave an unmistakable laugh—not the coo which had previously accompanied the flourish of limbs, but a real chuckle. The following month was one of rapid development. He would gurgle when spoken to and seemed to try to imitate sounds, as well as actions. At this time he first attempted lip sounds, usually spurring them forth after an amusing effort to pucker his mouth, as his mother did hers. The only one of these sounds which seemed distinctively his own was one that we interpreted as "gu," which was noticeable whenever he was especially pleased. He heartily enjoyed a romp and had to be watched to prevent his throwing himself back over the arm of any one who was holding him, as he seemed to find this a pleasurable muscular sensation.

One day while he was in the tub, his mother took hold of his wrist and guided the dimpled hand to pat the water, an action which brought forth the pleasant chuckle and which he voluntarily imitated whenever he had the opportunity to splash. He would also imitate the gesture of shaking a good-by with the hand.

He was incessantly busy, reaching for anything desired, from the stove to a flower, and having no idea whatever of distance. He frequently missed articles for which he lunged and after each such failure, he would hold up his hand and earnestly examine it, as if puzzled to find nothing in it. While whirling his arms about like an animated windmill he often thumped his face with his rattle, but such self-inflicted hurts never brought tears.

The Reasoning Process.

The most decided gesture of his limited sign language at this time was the reaching out of the arms, when he wished to be taken or desired any special pleasure. He would clutch at his bonnet when he desired to go to ride, and had various ways of making his needs known. He watched things that fell and often threw playthings purposely, in order that he might watch the downward motion. We considered that this indicated a slight process of reasoning in the little brain.

He no longer stayed where put, when lying down, but wriggled about on the floor. Once he accidentally rolled over from his back to his stomach, and he so liked the new exercise that he repeated it frequently, always with a delighted catch of the breath.

Though he could now sit alone, he was apt to topple over when reaching for some object, of which he miscalculated the distance. His toes still seemed more enjoyable than any other plaything, and he had discovered that bending the ankle, as he grasped the foot, brought them nearer.

There was not much variation to the actual sounds which he made at this time, but the inflections were intelligible to his mother. A certain puppy-like whimper indicated desire; but the tone varied when coaxing for a frolic, or anxious for an object beyond his reach. The only word which he recognized in ordinary conversation was his own name, which he must have associated with something pleasant, as he looked around and gurgled whenever it was mentioned in his hearing. He would not thus turn for any other word, not even "baby."

Signs of Affection.

It was in the latter part of the sixth month that he began to pat his mother's face, as if caressing her. He would also pull at his carriage, when near it, and then throw himself back against his mother's shoulder; a new form of coaxing, not unlike the affectionate habit which kittens have of rubbing against one whom they associate with the possible fulfillment of their desires. He now looked behind him, when he saw his reflection in the mirror, instead of back of the glass as he had previously. Thereafter he apparently understood something of the position of objects thus reflected.

The cutting of his lower front teeth caused a lull in his development, as for several days he kept very quiet, though not really sick. Early in the next month he ceased to attempt to pick up the articles applied on his creeping-rug, and in various ways showed that he had commenced to distinguish between flat surfaces and solids, though he still tried to catch notes in the sunshine, moving shadows, and similar illusive attractions. Occasionally he returned to his former method of hunting behind the cheval glass for the baby visible in its depths. This may be considered the period when he purposely combined sight, touch and voluntary motion. He rolled and wriggled about the floor, but made no attempt to creep. He enjoyed watching all motions that took place within a limited range of vision (as setting the table, rolling a ball on the floor, etc.) but had no interest in movements covering a wider area (like the workmen raking the lawn, sweeping the paths, or sprinkling the street.)

In the second week of this month, the doctor ordered the mother away for a few days' rest. Whether because

he was lonesome, or because he was very quiet during her return, he fretted when she left, and he feared another disappearance. He manifested confidential relations with her; smiling at her, clinging to the piano, or enjoying his bath, or flapping for her sympathy, when he failed in reaching for any desired object, or peering from beneath his eyelids, when anything for her to pick up. He still showed a liking for bright pink, never failing to follow blue and red balls for one of this favorite color.

The Baseball Instinct.

Several of his playthings were attached to his high-chair by gay ribbons, and he would pull these down, accompanying the movement with a laugh. Not until the beginning of the seventh month did he realize that he could pull them down; but, having once understood this, he had a haughty store of amusement.

Though perfectly contented while sitting, especially if he could watch his mother, he no longer sat up when placed on the floor, but rolled and tumble about.

He would now wave a vigorous and noisy "by" whenever any of us said "by," and this was a month of slow development. He was one of his favorite pastimes, but the fear of a cat which had originally been by touching its fur. Toward the end of the month he ceased to lose his balance, when he was reaching, and thereafter he sat up more steadily.

His first—indeed only—boisterous outburst occurred in the ninth month, and lasted during the greater part of the month. This was particularly noticeable when he was seated, and seemed a deliberate endeavor to attract attention, so may be classed as the first sign of consciousness. He shouted and screamed, when seated on his rug on the lawn, and of vantage he noted all movement within his vision being especially charmed with the sight of his mother's face.

At this time he took a great deal of interest in his own head, and spent much time in touching his tongue, hair and eyelids.

Undoubtedly he now knew with what meaning the names "papa" and "mamma," and the meaning of such words as "no, no," "yes," and "pat-a-cake." He also knew when he was not allowable, for whenever he would look around, half mischievously, as if consciously courting danger.

By the middle of this month he could recline to the sitting position at will, and would sit sideways until he was sitting, push with one hand, and with an odd, wriggling motion, jerk himself into sitting posture. He would dislocate the hip-joint of his legs, and repeatedly tried it. From this time he was dependent of anyone to amuse him.

He usually sat with the sole of the foot in and that of the right turned outward long before, in an attempt to reach a toy, he would almost off the floor and sit down, and a shout of pleasure. At frequent intervals, to his mother's alarm and his own joyment; and, as this up and down motion altered his position, he soon began to sit from place to place. When this subsiding became systematized, we found that he would himself with his left foot and used the sweeping paddling movement, which brought him and made a half-circle toward the right, refused to creep in the conventional way upon another.

YOUNG ENGINE BUILDERS.

TWO MASSACHUSETTS BOYS WHO HAVE MADE A MOTIVE AND TRACK.

[Young America:] Edwin H. and his brother, the former 16 years of age and the latter 14, two Yankee boys at Montvale, Mass., have made a motive and track. They first began to work in their father's barn, and then they were thought of and successfully put into practice. Then they conceived the idea of building a track. As the tracks of the Boston and Maine Railroad back of their home, they were acquainted with many railroad men. From them they got the plans of engines. From a street-railway they got the wheels of an old horse car. From a boiler of an old stationary engine, which was with felt and sheet iron, and then they got an oscillating engine from a machine shop. They geared onto the forward wheels by means of a belt. Then they built a tender which carried the engine in its forward part and in its rear part. Steam brakes were constructed, which were operated by a pump. The street-car company loaned the boys a lot of pretty good roadbed. The boys made four trips. The younger brother runs the engine, while the older one runs the tender. The times as high as twenty passengers at a time. It takes three bushels of coke to run the engine one afternoon, and the engine can run ten miles an hour. Here are some of the particulars: Length of engine and tender, 22 feet; height of boiler, 14 feet; height to top of smoke box, 24 feet; length of boiler and smoke box, 7 1/2 feet; diameter of boiler (outside), 2 1/2 feet; number of tubes, 1 1/2 inches; steam pressure, 100 pounds; steam brakes; diameter of wheels, 30 inches; weight of engine and tender when empty, 1,000 pounds; weight of wheels, 4; gauge of track 3 feet; weight of engine and tender when empty, 1,000 pounds.

It ought to be said that the boys had been working on the engine for 13 and 14 years in the three years that have elapsed since they have rebuilt the engine almost every year.

HE DID UP A BEAR, ACCORDING
TO OLD BILL ELLIS.

By a Special Contributor.

WE BUILD
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One was ready for business again, and they
gave a whirl and uproar I couldn't tell what to
without danger of hittin' one of the dogs. They
their move was uable every minute and we couldn't
show any of 'em done up, for if they failed,
there was no chance of gittin' the bear out of that
place, for there was no one in the crowd fool enough to
leave after him.

After a while, the bear got tired of waltzin' around
the gulch and concluded to git the dogs in more
numbers; and down he jumped into a ravine in
the side of the gulch. It was so narrow a man could
walk in the bottom of it, and the old rascal
was sure that down there he would be out of
the bullets that were hissin' over his head.
But around him and doin' everything but hit
him we had to keep so far away on top of the
hill where we could see. But he had hardly reached
the bottom when my dog grabbed him by the hind leg.
He tried to turn, but had forgotten about how nar-
row it was, so he started to throw the dog off by main
force, and broke into a gallop. But that dog
was indeed on my neighbor's pork, and if there
was a chance he was a success on it was holdin' onto
the good roadway. But like many another
he thought himself a sight smarter than he was,
for the bear had towed him several rods and
to another place in the gulch, he never found it out
until the big paws swung around and felt of
the dog's fattened their pork on my ranch.

But the bear still had the fever of the other dogs, and
went on top of the bank, barkin' at the bear, while
the crowd gravel down the bottom, with bullets a
flying hisse, for all we could see was a wavy line
in the air, risin' and fallin', and always below the
bear, until the time a bullet got there.

With me was a tenderfoot of the rankest pat-
tern, who broke loose from the city for the first time
and out to hunt deer. He had a new silver-
bullet of the old Henry style, that shot a bullet
about powder enough to flatten a flea on the
back of that size. As he was just the kind of

material a bear likes to practice on, we let him come along because he might lead the bear away from some of us. He had emptied all the fifteen shots out of the magazine and scared the wits out of the boys across the gulch with the bullets he kept whinnin' over their heads after strikin' the wrong hillside above the bear. And now he stuffed the magazine full again, and with a wild look in his eye, he said:

"Come on, fellers! Now is the time! He can't get out of that gully."

" 'He'll get out quicker'n a bird—Hold on, there, what are you at? Stay here!' I yelled, as he started down the hill, jumpin' over the brush like a deer where it was low, and smashin' through it almost as well as the bear where it was heavy.

"Git out of there, if you want to see your mammy again," yelled a feller farther down the ridge, but it only made the shiny new rifle flash brighter as the tender-foot jumped higher over the brush.

"That blasted pop-gun will only make him madder," I yelled again, louder than ever, but the silver plate on the rifle only flashed the faster, as faster and faster he went, right into the track of a bear so big that no sane man would tackle him that way with a cannon. They yelled at him from the other side of the cañon, but it was no use, and right on down to the very bottom of the gulch, where the bear was straightenin' out that gully, with the dogs a howlin' in his rear, that tender-foot hopped, as gay as a lark for breakfast.

"When he reached the bottom, he was only twenty yards ahead of the bear, on a little open flat, and only a few yards from the edge of the gully. You ought to see that bear come a flyin' out of that gully when he saw the shine of that new rifle. I have seen over a thousand grizzlies since I came to California in 1846 and have killed over two hundred, but I never before saw a bear jump like that one. He just seemed to jump for joy and, with half a ton of solid meat to give him heft enough, he made a spring that would have made a tiger sick with envy.

"It was just beautiful to see that tenderfoot stand his ground. He was lost in the excitement and didn't know that there was no use of runnin'. He had no time to think of anythin' of that sort, for the bear was on him so suddenly. He really thought the bear was so clumsy he couldn't get out of that gulch. I have been in some awful tight places myself, got well clawed several times, and have seen half a dozen men retired by a grizzly, but I never before knew what suspense was until I saw that bear clear that twenty yards in two jumps—or rather one and a half, for the first jump carried him half way to his intended victim. But right in the middle of the second jump, that shiny rifle cracked, and the big heap of rollin' fur that, a second before was a billin' with fury, dropped like a wet rag.

"When we reached the place, the tenderfoot was sittin' on the bear, rollin' a cigarette with hand as steady as if he had only shot a rabbit.

"Hit him right in the eye!" bawled out old Jim Sykes, who came tumblin' down the other hill in a hurry when he saw the bear didn't get up.

"'And whaa—ah the dewce do you suppose I would shoot a baa—ah comin' at me? In the ree—ah?" replied the tenderfoot, with a look of surprise that we should see anything wonderful about it.

"'Just one chance in a thousand,' said old Tom Chubb, one of the oldest bear hunters on the coast; next to me, as he come a-waddlin' down another ridge and looked the tenderfoot all over from head to foot before he took a look at the bear.

"And how many chances in a thousand do you want for a bun—ah?" asked the tenderfoot, with astonishment that beat all of ours.

"I couldn't lose the chance to burn him up with a witherin' remark, for his coolness made me mad, and I was mad enough already to think a tenderfoot had beat us all, so, with all the contempt I could rustle, I said:

"'You don't need to know anythin' to shoot baa—ah. All you want is to pack your nuhve along with you, when you go a travelin'," he answered, firin' up his cigarette with a hand more steady than any of our'n.

"We all stood there and looked him over from head to foot for about ten minutes. But nobody said nothin'. He had the field all to himself. There was no appeal from the results."

T. S. VAN DYKE.

NOTABLE SPREAD OF INTEREST IN FORESTRY.

NOTABLE SPREAD OF INTEREST IN FORESTRY.

The board of directors of the American Forestry Association says of the spread of interest in forestry in its annual report (The Forester, for January:)

"The thing which is conspicuous above all others in the development of the last year is the growth and spread of popular interest in the questions which concern the country's forests and in forestry. This has come out most clearly in the correspondence of the association, in experiences and conversations which its members have had in all parts of the country, and especially in the public press. In the East and in California, the interest has shown itself conspicuously in the activity of forest associations, and other organizations which have allied themselves with their work. Throughout the Rocky Mountain region there are few associations to give expression to this interest, but it has none the less made itself apparent in the tone of the press and in utterances at public meetings of various sorts.

"In the plains region this increasing interest has been notable. The number of applications for planting plans and for working plans which have been received by the Department of Agriculture, and the numerous additions to this association's membership indicate the practical way in which the country is taking up forestry. That the interest has everywhere ceased to be chiefly sentimental is shown most clearly by the number of students now registered in the three forest schools. At Cornell there are twenty-four, four of them seniors; at Billmore there are nine; at Yale, where the new forest school was started in October under the most favorable circumstances, with Prof. Henry S. Graves at its head and Prof. J. W. Toumey as assistant professor, there are seven.

"This summer there have also been between sixty and seventy student assistants at work in the field under the Division of Forestry. The applications for the position reached the large total of 232."

USES TO WHICH THE CALIFORNIA
NATIVES PUT PLANTS.

By a Special Contributor.

AS THE California Indian never rose to even the lowest stage of civilization, it is hardly to be supposed that he appreciated the esthetic qualities of the abundant flora of his native environment. That he acquired a knowledge of the economic value of the plants we have much evidence. The buttercup seeds he parched and beat into a flour. This was sometimes eaten in the dry, powdered form, and sometimes as a gruel, made by dropping hot stones into a grass basket of water until the water was hot, and then mixing in the meal. It is said to have had "the peculiar rich flavor of parched corn." The seeds of the sage, called "chia" by the Indians, were ground and made up into gruel. When the first white sailors landed on this Coast, the Indians offered them a dish of "chia," as a peace offering. This meal is estimated highly even to-day, as it has great nutritive value. Acorns, the seeds of the sunflower, and those of the yucca, were used in a similar way. The root of the spat'um, or tobacco root, furnished a farinaceous substance which was gathered in large quantities and stored away for winter use.

These flours have been superseded by the white man's product, but some plant dishes are still relished in their former form. The natives are very fond of the succulent "Indian lettuce," which comes up early in the spring. They prepare their salad in a peculiar way. They lay the plants on the ground near the homes of a certain kind of red ant. The ants scamper over the leaves for a time. Then the Indians shake the insects off and devour the leaves, which now have an acid flavor, as if sprinkled with vinegar.

The "Indian rhubarb," or umbrella plant, received its more common title because the natives are so fond of its stalks. From the yucca, besides the seed flour, they made a choice delicacy. They gathered the young flowering shoots and peeled off the leaves. The remaining mass was baked in the ashes and tasted much like a baked sweet apple. The fruit of the holly-leaved cherry was eaten fresh, and was also used to make a fermented drink. The cherry stones were ground and made into a small globular tit-bit.

Most fruits and bulbs were relished, either raw or cooked, and many succulent plants, as the poppy, were boiled for greens.

The yucca is prized for other qualities than mere food production. The leaves are warmed in the ashes until they are pliable, then soaked in water, and afterward pounded until the fibers are freed. These fibers are long and strong, and are used to make horse blankets, ropes, twine, nets, hats, hairbrushes, shoes, mattresses and baskets. For weaving their finest baskets, the "squaw grass," or sour grass, was robbed of its wiry, tough leaves. The fragrant sumach, or "squaw berry," furnished valuable basket material from its twigs, which are tougher than those of the willow. The bark of the spreading dogbane was woven into cloth, and it is still used for making ropes, mats and baskets. The wild pie plant, or canaigre, served to tan their trophies of the chase. This canaigre has recently been cultivated for its tannin, in hopes that it would prove an effective substitute for oak bark.

The Indians had a knowledge of the medicinal qualities of plants. From the large-flowered datura they obtained both a narcotic and a stimulant. They pounded the root and then boiled it in water. The decoction, in a certain strength, was taken to produce stupor; and a different grade of it was imbibed by the young female dancers before a festival, and by the warriors on the eve of battle.

The chamild, or greasewood, made into a tea, cured colds, cramps, poisonous bites or lockjaw. An ointment was made by frying its leaves in grease. The yerba buena, or "good herb," while sometimes used yet as a mere pleasant beverage, was prized as a remedy for dyspepsia and other digestive disorders. The yerba mansa was held almost a panacea for all diseases. Its root is a blood purifier; as a powder, it heals all wounds; as an external application, it destroys rheumatism. Its leaves, even when dry, are effective in reducing inflammations. The Indian pink is used as a healing poultice for ulcerations, and a tea made of it is good for numerous complaints. The root of the wild peony was used as a powder or as a tea for colds, sore throats, etc. The yerba santa, or mountain balm, in the form of a tea, was used for all pulmonary and throat troubles. This plant, as well as the Cascara sagrada and the grindella, was introduced to the Spanish padres by the natives, and they have since become world famed in the art of healing.

Plants also supplied a means of improving the personal appearance. From the root of the canaigre a dye was extracted, with which the Indians painted their bodies a vivid reddish brown. By roasting the seeds of the wild cucumber they obtained an oil that speeded the growth of their hair, and the poppy greens, fried, produced another highly-prized hair oil.

If cleanliness did not prevail among the Indians, at least some attempts in that direction were made. The yucca stem, beaten into pulp, made a soap, the root of the amole, or soap plant, is saponaceous without preparation, and the blossoms of the California lilac make an excellent lather, which is cleansing and refreshing and redolent of spring time.

While the soap plant itself is not edible, the Indians of the lower Sierras call on it to help replenish their larders. After the June freshets have fallen, here and there in the stream are left little pools teeming with fish. The squaws gather quantities of soap root and make a thick suds in these pools. A scum soon forms on the top. The fish cannot get enough air down below, and so come to the surface to breathe. Then the watchful squaw soon fills her basket.

As civilization crowds upon the native, he relinquishes much of his primitive industry and accepts the white man's fabrics. Perhaps the civilized man is the loser in not receiving in exchange some of the lore of the vanishing races.

KATHERINE A. CHANDLER.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

E L. G., South Pasadena, writes: "I have a small room, 10x14, facing the north, that I would like your advice about fitting up for a bedroom. It is a front room, but the sun never shines into it, and I want to make it as bright as possible. There are two large windows in recess, with a 6-foot seat. The woodwork I am having painted white. I have a single, white, iron bed, with brass trimmings, and an old-fashioned, high, mahogany bureau, a white wood chair, and a wicker rocker. I had thought of a yellow, old-fashioned paper for the walls, but have not been able to find an inexpensive one that is pretty. I do not wish to spend very much upon the room, as it can only be used in the summer. Would paper like sample be pretty on the walls, with a garland frieze and plain pink ceiling? I want the room pretty for a temporary guest room, but it is ordinarily a sewing-room. I have white Swiss curtains and dark shades for the windows. My ceilings are quite high. I thought a valance of some thin material would help to shorten the windows. The floor is now painted, but I shall put down plain white matting."

Your ideas for your little guest chamber seem so complete that there is little left for me to suggest. Your sample of paper is charming, and I distinctly like the idea of the garland frieze. A valance of the white Swiss muslin, like your curtains, would lower your window and be quaint and pretty. Two small rugs or mats of pink and white-flowered carpeting would look well on your white matting. Cover your window seat with a cretonne having pink or red flowers, a white ground, and make two big, soft cushions, with 3-inch ruffles of the same for it. On your old-fashioned bureau put two tall candlesticks (brass or silver, if you have them,) crystal or china, with pink wax candles and shades of pink, paper roses.

In Japanese Style.

E. L. M., Los Angeles, says: "Will you kindly give me some ideas about furnishing my bedroom in Japanese style? I have an iron bed and dresser, etc., painted white, a couch, and willow rocker, also bamboo screen, with matting for floor."

You could carry out your Japanese suggestion better if your bed and dresser were black instead of white. Your woodwork should also be black. I do not know what your walls are, but it would be well to have them kalsomined a soft dove gray, and for a frieze use the Japanese pictures on paper that can be bought at the curio stores in book form. They are in bright colors, and look quite foreign and artistic when made into a frieze. Against your dove-colored walls hang some pictures, framed in this way: Have your frame made of a flat, smooth band of wood, about three inches wide; cover this smoothly with Japanese calico in bright colors, and hang it up by a green-silk cord, finished with Chinese, or Japanese, silk tassels. Colored photographs of scenes in Japan look well framed in this way, and the whole thing adds a pretty, bright spot of color to your walls. You can also assist the foreign air of your room by having plants placed here and there on very low, broad stools of black wood. Thin curtains of yellow silk would look well at your windows. Use toilet articles of Japanese make, and if possible introduce a steamer chair, with cushions of Japanese stuffs.

A Fresno Cottage.

A. G. says: "May I ask for some suggestions for the furnishing of a five-room cottage? I have a square hall, with a window to the right, and my parlor opens from this hall. There is no door, so will have to use portieres. From the front hall there is a passageway, and both bedrooms open off of this. There is a little sewing-room at the end, with a large window, and from this room you go into the dining-room. This is a large room, extending across the length of the house, with a window at each end. Now, this room is papered with terra-cotta-colored paper, and I would like to paper the little room so that it can be used for a sitting-room, with a lounge in it. Should the parlor and square hall have the same paper? The narrow hall, I suppose, should be papered like the little room. Now, I should have a portiere from the little room into the passageway, and one from square hall into passageway. What shall I get? I have no parlor or entrance-hall carpet. I would like to have a seat in the bay window. What should it be upholstered with? In the dining-room, what could I have for inexpensive curtains? Please give me advice about small window seat in dining-room and color for rug. My china closet has drawers underneath, it is best, is it not, to curtain them across? My dining-room furniture is golden oak, also my table for hall and hat rack. Would wicker do for small table in dining-room? My bedroom set is maple. What is pretty for bedroom curtains?"

Your parlor is terra cotta in coloring. I would, therefore, advise the use of dull blue with it. If you get a very soft, old shade you will find that it contrasts beautifully with the terra cotta. Send to San Francisco for samples of India or raw silk in this shade, and select the shade that contrasts best with your walls. This for window curtains hung in straight scarfs to the sill. You can hang under curtains of cream net, if you wish to, but the windows will look very pretty without them. Your portiere in square hall could be of velvet or jute, in this same shade of blue, or you could hang a Bagdad here, and in the doorway at back of hall hang blue denim. Paper parlor and square hall alike. The passageway and little room should also be alike. I would suggest a delicate tea green for this. This makes a pretty light and opens up well, the blue also goes well with it. In little sewing-room vary it by papering the ceiling with white ground and green figures. Cover couch in here with blue denim, with blue pillow, and

one of tea-green silk. Upholster seat in parlor with dull-blue corduroy or velvet, like curtain. Use some orange in lamp-shade or cushion in here. The cushions you mention can all be used. Rugs of blue Brussels, on white matting, would be pretty for floors, and a single strip of matting down passageway. White-dotted muslin would be good for dining-room curtains. Why not do this room in buttercup yellow, a soft creamy shade. Paper with yellow, and in this case, perhaps, you had better curtain with yellow silkoline. A green rug, or one of blue and white, would look well. Use a table cover of yellow denim, and small side table of wicker, with white linen dolly. Have linen dolly in center of large table, and fern on this. White dimity is pretty for bedroom curtains. Use dotted Swiss at front door and hall window.

More Japanese.

P. J. L., Los Angeles, says: "I write to you for advice in furnishing my bedroom. I am fond of things which are quaint or different from what most people have. Do you think it would be a good idea to furnish my room in Chinese or Japanese style? The furniture which I have on hand is a set of oak, table, wicker rocker, bamboo bookcase, with shelves and matting for floor. I also have a great many rice sacks, a large Chinese garden hat, two large Chinese jugs, two Chinese gin bottles, Japanese vase, Chinese silk-embroidered table cover, a number of cups, saucers and small curios. What shall I use at windows, and what shall I do with the rice sacks which I have ripped up and pressed? I intend purchasing a kimono, so I want my room to be a typical Chinese and Japanese one. I forgot to say that I have Chinese lilies, but they will bloom only a few weeks longer. What would be a good color scheme? What could I use in a Chinese line that would replace my pitcher and bowl on washstand? I will greatly appreciate any advice you may offer."

When wishing to give a distinctive character to a room, I usually begin with the walls. I would, therefore, advise you to use your rice mats for a dado against the wall. If they are carefully and smoothly put on with split bamboo tacked over the places where they are joined, you can get a beautiful effect. You can use either a narrow shelf at the top of the dado or the bamboo as finish. Above the dado paper as advised above

your two felt table covers. The green scribe would throw out any scheme of money that you might have in mind. Red and crimsons as seen in rug, curtains, introduce any strong greens with your wall, all, avoid olive green with this shade of red and yellow together if you can manage though, in some instances of a soft terra cotta in walls an orange lamp-shade. A very soft shade of dull blue would be bookcase curtains, cushions, etc., in this think, you could lighten the effect of the drapery at your windows by hanging underneath. Use white-embroidered your little tables. With this bit of white and your white matting on floor, I think your walls and draperies falling into line will not feel obliged to re-paper. I am to the kind of papering you speak of in Use feathery wild flowers freely throughout. Cover your couch with dull-blue denim, using pale-green cushions. Your footstool feet square, and about 18 inches high.

Furniture for a Long, Narrow Hall.

J. M. D., Los Angeles, writes: "Inclination of our hall, parlor and dining-room is very hard to furnish, for the stairs are making the hall long and narrow. The silver flowers on a deep terra-cotta woodwork is a dark walnut. The double of red and white glass. We shall probably furniture and draperies for the hall, and be as inexpensive as possible. The parlor room, connected by double doors, are green flowers and a dash of silver on a ground. The woodwork in the parlor is the dining-room redwood. The parlor has a very handsome tan and green rug. white matting. We have a green couch, feet; oak chair, four wicker chairs, black piano, walnut bookcase, handsome chenille portieres, oil paintings in gilt frames. In the dining-room we have a rug in which dominates, handsome lace curtains, and



RESIDENCE OF D. M. SMYTHE, PASADENA, SHOWING ADAPTED SPANISH STYLE.

with cartridge paper in dove gray or a white ground, with Japanese figures in blue upon it. You may be able to find a chrysanthemum pattern, which would look well on this upper part of wall. If you use this I would advise putting it all over above the picture mold and on the ceiling. Much of the advice given to E. L. M. will help you as to window draperies, etc. Conceal your washstand with a Japanese screen. Dispose your bric-a-brac on shelves against the wall and over the doorways. Hang your Chinese hat in a conspicuous place, and set a pretty tea table near a window. You can then carry out your ideas by dispensing tea, dressed in your kimono. Azeleas will beautifully replace the Chinese lilies, and later you can use chrysanthemums with fine effect. Be careful to avoid a spattering of bric-a-brac in your arrangement. You know the Japanese like clean spaces, and never "worry" their arrangements.

A Foothill Cottage.

"Subscriber in Foothills" writes: "Dear Madame: I have been greatly interested in your articles, and I write hoping you may be able to help me a little. I have a six-room cottage in the foothills, west-front parlor, 15x15, and a good-sized alcove, west window in each room. Furniture all antique oak. Three rockers with cushions. A couch which needs re-covering. Two small tables, one with olive-green embroidered felt spread, the other a scarf of olive and tan, with embroidered crimson-plush border on one end, and light, old-gold plush on the other. I have a handsome bookcase and desk combined. Have a Brussels rug, with brownish-gray ground, mixed, some crimson in small figures. Ceiling and woodwork in both rooms painted white. In opening into alcove have crimson portieres, light matting on the floor. Both rooms are papered in light cream, with delicate festoons in light Watteau colors, harmonizing with the room. I have so much dark red in the room that my paper seems too light and to lack character. Can you advise me what to do in the way of paint and paper? How would it do to put blue and white silk curtains on my bookcase? You sometimes advise a stool with castors. How high and how big should I make it?"

My first and most urgent advice is to do away with

and chairs, black walnut rocker and also a box couch; I thought of placing double windows facing south. What do you think of couch with?"

As your hall is long and rather narrow it is not very light. You might use the box-couch in the hall. This would be apparently increase its width. Cover velvet, in terra cotta or dull blue. Your former color have cushions of dull-blue velvet or cane seats, and place at either end. You will not need a rack if you have a think I would use denim, in moss green, seat in dining-room.

Flemish Oak for a Dining-room.

R. T. S., Los Angeles: If you wish oak furniture in your room, you should work in here stained a dark brown, to the tone of chairs and table. The built-in treated in the same way, and will look with Flemish-lace cover and silver. You will find that hardware of old silver with the brown wood, especially if you for wall coloring. Curtains of white with insertions of heavy Flemish lace, will windows, and for a bit of contrasting olive purposes, as candle shades, table orange or crimson will look well. To angles or a bunch of poppies on the see at once that I am right. I think, instincts, you will derive much pleasure Flemish-oak table. When set for the celve that the crystal bowl of pale-green the decanter of wine, the basket of beautiful on the brown surface, with dead white than they could ever look

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" possible, all proper and clearly stated queries of The Times, from whatever source or writer be a resident of California or not; and have been clearly understood on any particular privately, making necessary explanation. Answers frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

The man lives at No. 1018 Wood street. He declared that since last Friday he had swallowed 600 tacks.—[Philadelphia Record.

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer

FICTION.

Shadows of the Camp.

THIS novel, by a California author, tells of wild life in the West in the '70's, of campaigns against the Indians, of forced marches, short rations, and the temptations, perils and lawlessness of wild life in the Far West.

When Cabot was dying among his soldiers in the desert, he told Landor of his little daughter Felipa. Her mother was dead and he could not allow the child to go back to her kindred of the Apache race. There, in the awful loneliness, Landor looked in the eyes of his old friend for the last time and promised to be Felipa's guardian. After a few years in an eastern school, Felipa came to the fort where Landor was stationed. Mrs. Campbell made necessary provision for her coming, and the girl journeyed beside the ambulance with the officers. In spite of the traces of the long travel, Felipa was discovered by her host to be a woman of great beauty. Felipa was then 18. Landor, with all his noble moral nature abhorred the traits of the Apaches, and he soon discovered that his ward was lacking in many endearing qualities. Felipa had a love for archery and delighted in the killing of birds, her racial peculiarities were often in evidence, and were not winsome to Landor. In a mood of pity and determination to keep the faith with Felipa's father, he made her his wife.

In his duties as scout, Landor often was detailed to long absences. Felipa left alone found companionship in books and outdoor life. The ordinary avocations of women were repulsive to her.

When Cairness, her husband's friend, finally came to the fort, in his work as an illustrator, a new chapter came into Felipa's life. Mrs. Landor did not allow her face to tell the story, but after a time the bitter knowledge came to the young husband that his wife's heart was not his own, although her allegiance to him remained without a shadow of reproach. He learned too late the value of the sacrifice he had made in the renunciation of all his dreams of companionship. His life was far from happy and, after struggling years in the military service, his death was in keeping with the self-sacrifice that had marked all his life.

It was a brief ending. There was a skirmish impending with the Indians in the San Andres Mountains of New Mexico. Landor had seen Cairness's horse disabled; he did not stop to consider that this man had the love of his wife, he only thought of the momentary danger to Cairness and hurried forward. As he bent down to the support of the latter, he was struck full in the temple by an Indian bullet.

The troops brought Landor's body on a buckboard to the post. "The drums thrummed regularly and slowly, those heart beats of the service, and the fife took up the dead march in a wierd, shrill Banshee wail."

Felipa belonged to no one now. She had no people. "She was an outcast of two races, feared of each because of the other's blood. The most forsaken man or woman may claim at least the kinship of his kind, but she had no kind. She crouched on the death mound and looked at the sunset, her eyes were no longer fearless." As a trapped animal watching the approach of a prairie fire, coming to stifle him, she looked on the future. Then suddenly she realized that there was some one to whom she belonged and to whom she could go, and for the first time in her life be loved and allowed to love. Felipa turned white and horrified from the house, which death had entered, in terror of the mystery which it sheltered, and would not enter it again.

"Cairness's life was bought too dear, although he is a good fellow!" said the old comrades of poor Landor. Cairness's life was destined to be bought a second time by the free gift of life. After Felipa had been for some time the wife of Cairness she learned that her husband's life was threatened on his return home in a midnight journey from Tombstone. All the education of her inheritance seemed to have been fitting her for this event. Her horse was fleetier than those of the four mounted men whom she had ordered to follow her. Her bullet felled the horse of the man who stood in her way at the danger point, and her own horse leaped over horse and rider, and bore her along in time to warn her husband with dying speech. Cairness's life was further protected by the coming of the mounted men, and Felipa had lived out her troubled existence.

The strength of the tale lies chiefly in the broad outlook of the camp on those valleys of death which have witnessed dark pages of Indian history. The voice of animal life calls from cleft, cañon and precipice, and the bark of the coyote, the sound of lonely streams, the eagles circling in the sun, seem the very setting of Apache life.

The Indian duties made important by Crook are described, and some of the government methods toward the Indians of the West receive the author's censure. There is throughout the book an evidence of the knowledge of the crude and elementary in pioneer life. There is a striking portrayal of savage conditions under a glaring sky of shadowless noons. The book cannot fail to interest the public, as one phase of the life of those nomads, the children of unrest, whose vanishing trails are being swept into oblivion by the irresistible current of civilization.

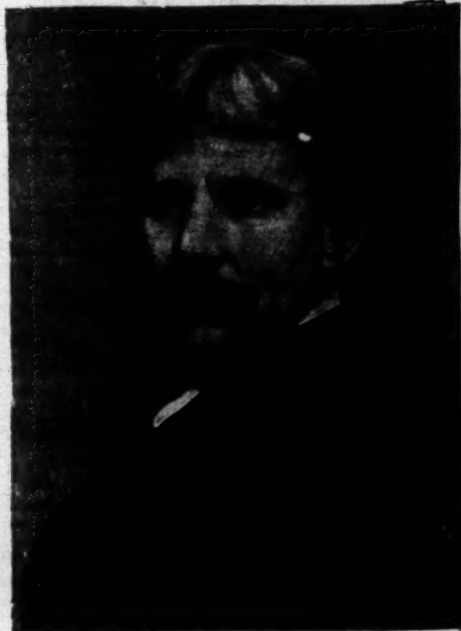
[The Heritage of Unrest. By Gwendolen Overton. The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

Life in Babylon.

The principal characters of this story are the man of the title role, Dr. Barwood, his wife, two daughters, Julia and Dolly, Mr. Clark, the drug agent, and "Zeb," Dr. Barwood's man of all work. The reader is left in doubt until the close of the story why a young man

like Ralph Marlowe, and possessing a physician's diploma, should accept so humble a position as that of drug clerk in a little town like Babylon. On the night of his arrival at the hotel there, Ralph Marlowe learned without inquiry that Dr. Barwood, his future employer, was reputed to have an uncontrolled temper and lack of manners. The young man was a student of human nature and knew that unfriendly current rumor is too often the result of jealousy or spite, and was determined to judge only by his own impressions. He had some interpretive interviews with Dr. Barwood, in which he discovered the old physician, although possessing a nervous, unleashed temperament, had a kind heart. Marlowe put a train of logical argumentation to work and it carried him to the conclusion that his employer was misunderstood and that he had been overburdened with cheap types of humanity. He became convinced that Dr. Barwood was earnestly striving to know the truth, but was determined to think for himself.

The old physician's private charities were frequent, but done in secret; the sorrow of the widow and the orphan were in his book of remembrance. Underneath his apparent indifference was the keen observation of a man ready to recognize true service and allegiance. Although Marlowe had been warned that he would be ill-paid, his employer gave him not only a decent salary, but took occasion to aid him in ways of small investment. The illness of Dr. Barwood threw responsibility upon the young physician and, by his fidelity and good sense, he came into professional relations with his employer. The face of Dolly Barwood smiles in now and then, making a picture in the young man's heart which is the romance of the story. Julia, the elder daughter,



IRVING BACHELLER, AUTHOR OF "EBEN HOLDEN" AND "DRI AND I."

[From The Critic.]

who considered that her mission was the reformation of the world at large, was destined to the task of looking after a dissipated husband of no particular interest except that he gives a kind of balanced gravitation to his wife's special trait for reforming, and prevented it from becoming too discursive. The surplussage of "Zeb's" sociability is not a fault, although so profusely displayed, for the reason that he is a kind of encyclopedia of jokes and the strength and scope of his memory in this direction make the novel a peculiarly humorous monograph of the town of Babylon. The book stands for the moralities; the hero on several dramatic occasions becomes a force against gambling, intemperance and dishonesty. The chronicle shows an acquaintance with the anomalous of the rude and barbaric life of a frontier country town, destined to evolve by slow processes of improved public sentiment.

[Ralph Marlowe. A Novel. By James Ball Naylor. The Saalfeld Publishing Company, Akron, O.]

The Temple of Israel.

The theme of this story is connected with Jewish life in San Francisco. Philip May had been a student at Harvard, later he went to Leipzig, and during that time had withdrawn from Judaism. He felt that the body Judaic was held in manifest social disfavor and the Jew, per se, had never been given the latchkey of the American Christian heart. Moreover he felt ashamed of certain peculiarities of his race. His old father, plain and ignorant, had remained true to the standards of the Hebrew faith. The son's heresy fills the book; the death of his father and the influence of a beautiful Jewess, however, brings about a change of sentiment, and Dr. May discovered that he could not break the chain which united him with his race. The story is skillfully told, and contains analytic chapters of thoughtful tone.

[Heirs of Yesterday. By Emma Wolf. A. C. McClurg & Co. For sale at Jones's Book Store.]

Brief Stories.

This book is one of a series of five to be issued by the

publishers this spring, whose titles are "Truth" and "The Railroad."

The stories of this collection are of a will, furnish entertainment for brief, a dainty little book has a decorated cover. [Love. McClure, Phillips & Co. New York.]

TRAVEL.

Glimpses of Siberia.

This volume is the record of the journey which went through Europe over the Railway. The distance covered by the journey from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg was more than 10,000 miles. The whole journey occupied thirty-eight days, waiting for the boat or train. The reader, membered, is still in a crude beginning dwells on the hospitality of the people of the country, although it has vast stretches of land has no places where trees are not visible, and many forests of pine and spruce, flocks of cattle roam in these natural parks. The journey was undertaken in behalf of the Society of Christian Endeavor. The distance from New York to Vladivostok, which might have been accomplished in twenty-five days, on account of Christian Endeavor conventions, occupied months.

The book is illustrated with numerous scenes of mountains, harbor views, and vistas of Siberian life and its people. The Amour, fringed with rocks, and the white birches, and the hillside carpeted with the valley, azaleas and orchids, are among pleasant memories. Cuckoos called from the forest and the breath of fir and pine gave a new atmosphere. The writer saw the barges and the transportation of Siberian exiles, a chapter to the great number of churches of the capital of Central Siberia, whose beautiful spirals are numerous, and whose altars are pictures, set in gold. The towns of Siberia are of logs, but the church with a glittering Greek cross and "reminds the person above the flat plains of Siberia."

The writer states that the trans-Siberian route had been open but a few days when he was at Vladivostok. The book will interest the Russian life, whose problems are new to the reading public.

[A New Way Around an Old World. Clark, D.D. Harper & Bros., New York.]

RECENT CRITICISM.

The Bookman for February says that "The Bookman for February says that it was unquestionably the leading book of the month (Lathrop Publishing Company.) It was a class by itself, probably exceeding in sales ten days which immediately preceded its title issued in recent years, excepting the cumulated orders given in advance of the popularity of this novel will add to the list of the Bacheller's "Dri and I," the new sensation of the current Century. The general theme of the American border life at the time of the Civil War. The leading characters are Col. Rayner, a southerner, and Darius, a typical Yankee. Mr. Bacheller says: "This is a story of venturous and rugged Yankees who, in other foes, were ever at war with the Indians, pushing the northern frontier of the West into the pathless domain of the West. In the century they had striped the wild waste of roadways from Lake Champlain to Lake Superior, spotted it with sown acres wide and deep, they swung their axes with the mighty arms, the forest fell before them. In the south of the St. Lawrence, sequestered in wilderness, they were slow to learn the dialect, and the poverty of their Frenchmen of wealth and title, having of Terror, bought a tract of wild country (630,000 acres,) and began to fill it with settlers. There are two heroines in this story, both lightful."

Mr. Bacheller's shrewd, sturdy New North Woods farm seems to have captured the reading public. Mr. Bacheller's business lead him to say that "chapters begun in a Pullman car have been finished in a hotel chamber." "Eben Holden," says the first intended as a juvenile publication, called "The Shadow of Lone Pine," the publishers were consulted and it all resulted in "Eben Holden," the dramatic novel have just been purchased by Charles Scribner's Sons.

RELIGIOUS.

The Mission of Faith.

The reading of the various explanations recalls Max Muller's thought that the very imperfect mirror at best for the eternal, but "instead of breaking that mirror rather try to keep it as bright as we can as that mirror is, to us it is the most cannot go far wrong in trusting it." The old Brahmin idea that those who hearts to high concepts and high ideals create for themselves a higher world, is a lesson.

The author of this work has divided it on "The Spirit of God," "Ideal Creation," of Christ, "The Spirit in the Individual," chapters. The work is doctrinal, but with sincerity and earnestness of feeling. The

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 17, 1901.

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IT'S "UP TO" UNCLE SAM.



(Uncle Sam, cogitating:) "Well, now; I didn't expect that of John."

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1907.

ELEVATED-ROAD MANNERS.

JOHN GILMER SPEED, writing in the March number of Ainslee's about the boorish manners to be found in New York and Brooklyn, says that in New York there has developed what might be called "an elevated-road manner, which must in the end obliterate every vestige of good breeding." To illustrate, he follows in imagination a man who has acquired this manner, from his home in West Seventy-second street to his office in Wall street. This is the picture which Mr. Gilmer draws. It must be confessed that it is not very attractive:

"At 9 in the morning he has had his breakfast, looked over his newspaper, seen his children off to school, kissed his wife good-by, and steps out into the handsome street in which he lives. He is well groomed. His boots are highly polished, his gloves are fresh, his hat is brushed to a gleaming smoothness. He walks erectly, with his head up and eyes to the front. He seems the personification of prosperous amiability and unruffled content. He walks toward the elevated station. As he hears the trains thundering along he quickens his pace; when he gets to the bottom of the stairs he jams his hat tighter on his head and begins to rush up two steps at a leap. When he gets to the top he crowds to the window for his ticket, rushes through the gate and reaches the platform very red in the face and his blood full of the heat of battle. Every weaker man, woman and child must get out of his way, for he must be the first on the train. Sometimes he is, and sometimes not, for there are hundreds of others just like him in that very neighborhood, and they are all, every mother's son, trying to do exactly the same thing. When he enters the train, he makes himself as disagreeable as possible, for his bulky body enables him to clear a way by merely leaning on the others who have to stand. Upon the men who have seats he frowns as though they had usurped rights which were his. And so all the way downtown he is a burly bully, ready to fight anything that comes in his way. Finally his station is reached, and he rushes through the long arcade leading to Broadway as though there were a prize waiting for him in that great thoroughfare. And there is. In Broadway he regains his serenity. He readjusts his hat, he pulls down his waistcoat, he shakes himself together, and reassumes the look of well-being which he had when he left his own doorstep. All day he is patient, courteous, quiet and mannerly. He leaves his office to go home with the same self-poise. But when he reaches the elevated railway stairs the same devil which possessed him in the morning takes him in hand, and stays with him till his home street is reached. This is a very interesting type of ill-mannered metropolitans. I often speculate as to how long this Jekyll and Hyde business can be kept up. Even in Stevenson's story the good Jekyll was finally lost in the vicious Hyde."

The scenes and the type of man above described are not by any means confined to New York. The scenes are daily enacted, with variations, in all large cities—and in some cities that are not so large. The type of individual described by Mr. Gilmer may also be found at most railway stations, where the traffic is large. This elbowing, crowding, hoggish individual is not always of the masculine gender, by any means. Persons of the so-called "gentler sex" are quite often as serious offenders in this regard as are men.

There are doubtless many persons who are "seat-bugs" by birth, bringing up, and natural inclination. But there can be no doubt that many otherwise well-intentioned persons have suffered their railway manners to deteriorate very seriously by reason of the inadequate accommodations which are furnished by city and suburban railroads. The necessity for making a rush for seats or standing up on a long trip is enough in itself to transform many an otherwise quiet and peaceable person into an aggressive, ill-mannered, and often ill-tempered individual, ready to do or die in the attempt to secure a seat. So far as the lack of sufficient seating accommodations is responsible for the development of bad manners in railway stations, and other public places, the evil ought not to be wholly beyond remedy. Some wholesome legislation is evidently needed, in New York as well as in other parts of the country, to prevent the overloading of public conveyances, and to compel transportation companies to furnish accommodations in some degree commensurate with the needs of the public.

THE POWER OF JOURNALISM.

THE increasing number of magazines and newspapers brought on for public favor seem to indicate a new era of life in thought, and that some enchanter, like the Finnish Kellow, the harper, is abroad in the forest of literature. Luxuriant leafage and smiling flower life followed along his path, won into bloom by his minstrelsy.

In those fascinating journals, which, like swift birds, come fluttering in with the days, are many new names and promises for literature and art.

The Fourth Estate, which tells of journalistic life and the recent assembly of some of its leaders in New York City, asserts that the popular press, while it has given systematic and serious appreciation to the progress made in the past century in the arts and sciences, has failed in any adequate testimony to the growth of journalism—a profession which undoubtedly has made as rapid an advance as any of the arts, sciences and philosophies. In addition, journalism has been a powerful adjunct in the growth of them all.

Since the days of Benjamin Franklin and the Pennsylvania Gazette, many chapters of graphic interest might be told. In all these years political influence has received its impetus from the heroic life of the secular press, and the newspaper has been like a guard of honor standing between the people and dishonest government. Diplomacy must bear its broad light, and its judicious has become an important sentence in the gauge of national eminence. Even the hero of the battlefield finds his highest meed of praise in the annals of the home newspaper, which sways with the flag, and sets his name in the lists of bravery.

The daily paper which records the annals of mind, the principles of justice, the needs of social and civic reform, is like an officiating priest before a high altar, who intones a great credo. The printers, editors, pressmen, compositors and publishers unite in a service whose chief glory lies in the fact that it may reach the humblest home and furnish the watchword of common life. It may bring truth inside the walls of a prison and the conviction of spiritual law to many who never enter a church. The controversies of the street and the forum, from which society and the pulpit withdraw in distrust of wisdom for the emergency, are daily brought to judgment by the secular press.

In this era of hourly change, whose problems were many of them unknown to our forefathers, or have gained new solutions through scientific discovery, journalism must keep in the ranks with telegraphic speed. Its cylinders and steam power, its press and types, assert the colossal energy which compasses the earth for the elusive tints of world-ideas.

The divinity which illumines life, teaching patience, courage, duty, brotherhood, shines on the daily page, and the smallest newspaper in the humblest neighborhood may have an undreamed influence; for the recognition of greatness has no fixed law.

Who would fancy that a spider's web is as important to the safety of a ship as the cordage rope? Yet it is asserted that the chronometer of every vessel in our seaports has been regulated by the slender thread. A cricket, one dark night, called to the captain of the ship that his vessel was nearing shore, when the man on the lookout failed to supply the information. The gossamer web of Arachne and the little insect-call were as great forces for the safety of the mariner as the mighty wheels and timbers. A small newspaper may influence wide-reaching thought and call the way to safe harbor.

Self-respecting journals, which hold themselves superior to personal attack and petty invective, will increase with the growth of intelligence and culture, until they become the very crown of stoic virtue and exhibit the desire to fortify other souls along the briar path of human life.

The evocative power of journalism over all that is eloquent and expressive in the soul of man is one of its noblest offices. In addition, by a sense of gaiety and humor and its lavish processes of illustration, it sends sun rays of enlightenment to many dull homes.

While humanism sometimes wearies of the daily chronicle of man's anguish and the abysses of his downfall, the annals of the courts assert that important legal evidence often attaches to the most slender thread of journalistic chronicle. With electrical swiftness journalism gathers up the statistics of grim war and sends its thousand messages to the heart of suspense. It forces its way through the dangers of the desert to search for Livingstone, and across polar snows to look for André, and wins the love of the world. Recognizing the genius of womanhood, journalism has opened its doors for women's upward development, and is quick to announce that her eyes first divined, at Harvard College, the new star of this century, Nova Perse, the greatest stellar phenomenon observed in over three centuries. Journalism, ready to show courtesy to the humblest woman wage-earner in its service, illustrates the words of the gallant Winthrop that "The spirit of Amadis is not extinct, and deeds of the chivalric age do not utterly disclaim our day."

Journalism represents the growth of modern civilization. As the preserver of language its existence has been a living education. While advocating freedom of speech, its daily magnificent procession of old and new words are alone historic evidence of the growth of mind and heart which no method like that of the Harmsworth experiment could have accomplished.

As the upbuilder of the faith, journalism has stood for

its defense. The reporter at his desk has the highest example of noble work of Luke, who reported the annals of Christianity would have lacked many of the New Testament but for that light the secular press more and more dignified of labor, the brotherhood of man, the world was made for Lazarus as well as for the living.

The growing compassion for animal life has come from the promulgation of the vegetarian effort. Journalism supplies, in the wings of that enthusiasm by which homes for the needy do honor to the age. By the popularization of classical study the wisdom of the schools is brought to the range of the masses. When, by reason of exile, the reader dwells in some vast human comradeship, the morning journal brings him on a far-seeing world. It evokes where all was silence. He reads not only the record of the nations of the earth, but the events personal to himself. The telegram, the friend over the sea who died yesterday, that in the splendid eventide of the Orient came to the flag, and there is the reward won by his widowed sister's son in the contest, his college friend has found gold mine, and he has found the comradeship images by which he is no longer alone.

There is an unwritten history of the honor of journalism. A vast array of women are today striving in various capacities, not only to keep the record of events, to transmute the warm pulses of their dreams into the medium of consistent thought, illustrating a many-sided life, and different social organization, in their allegiance to which they serve, they represent a noble vocation.

THE SCHOOL OF LIBERTY.

How far away that dead old past doth seem
How like to fiction or a strange-wrought dream
When this wide land lying between the sea
Cradled the savage, lifted to the breeze
Forests as vast as empires, plains as lone
As if all life from this whole earth had flown
When ne'er the roar of iron horse was heard
Nor busy industry the silence stirred;
When the slow tread of ox team broke the sod
Across the continent, when night and day
Dangers beset men as they onward passed
Brave sons of Freedom—o'er the desert waste
An empire's space unfolding wide to view,
With hills and plains and grandeur everywhere
No rails of steel the mighty distance spanned
No cities stood in this unpeopled land.
The distant West, how full of mystery,
How dim the forecast of its destiny!
The mighty Now was not foreshadowed then
Its greatness ne'er had touched the horizon
No visions stirred of the grand Yet-to-be
This proud Tomorrow of our liberty.

Slowly the nation woke and Freedom came
The solemn voice of Destiny was heard;
The East and West clasped hands, the day
Came.

Westward, with shining beams, did wand
O'er tracks of steel the iron horse did pass
Church, school and printing press following
Great cities rose upon the widespread plain
And the flag waves from east to western sea
And now we sit beside this western sea
With gems of empire budding silently—
Empire of freemen a continent to be,
The school of progress and of liberty.

March 13, 1901.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

[New York Mail and Express:] One great Dewet is that the oftener he is overrated the stronger he appears to become.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] The British wants to know something about the new might be well for this august assembly to some live American newspaper.

[Washington Star:] The British Parliament a great deal of interest in the steel industry is just beginning to fully realize the importance in pushing our revolutionary ancestors.

[New York Tribune:] American soldiers abroad this year in regiments. This may readily be spared from this country likely to increase the lasting prosperity of nations. It is a pity we can't export our soldiers.

[Minneapolis Times:] It is stated that of the inauguration ceremonies successfully subduing and regulating the camera consent of the governed. This triumph of success in governing the little Philippine.

[Baltimore Herald:] The man who of other term has proved himself equal to his responsibilities, and the continuance of his used by him offers a guarantee that he will not be less conspicuous for progress than the first.

[Kansas City Journal:] "Kansas City supposed to be pretty thoroughly clean having its lynching the other day," says the Democrat and Chronicle. So it will have the lynching, although the progress in matters of this kind, a miss is as good as a mile.

Across Naples Bay. By Robert J. Burdette.

The Measure of a Day.

"From Waddleton to Waddleton is eighteen miles;
From Waddleton to Waddleton is eighteen miles;
Some of it sits and the rest of it smiles—
From Waddleton to Waddleton is eighteen miles."

When the way is the sweetest, safest and best,
Somebody holds you asleep on her breast;
When the day is the freest from all alarms,
Somebody carries you then in her arms,
Somebody your fears in her kisses and smiles—
From Waddleton to Waddleton is eighteen miles."

When the day grows older—when the gristle
turns to bone,
Somebody teaches you to walk "all alone."
When the little feet stumble and the baby lips
call,
Somebody picks you up when you fall;
Churns away the hurt with a thousand wiles—
From Waddleton to Waddleton is eighteen miles."

When the dewdrops die in the life of the sun,
You push away the arms that would hold you
when you run;
You laugh at her fears as she kissed yours away,
When you glory in your strength in the glory of
the day;
You breast all the torrents and you leap all the
stiles—
From Waddleton to Waddleton is eighteen miles."

When the clouds in the west light the going of
the day,
You lean on the staff that you flourished all
the way;
You slip on the grass, and you stumble at the
stone;
You walk with backward glances and you
measure sigh with moan;
Till the laughter of the morning lights your face
with quiet smiles—
From Waddleton to Waddleton is eighteen miles."

Change.

One needs a little change from continuous travel, so
I sailed across the Bay of Naples one raw and gusty
day to see how many varieties of seasickness might be
experienced by an enthusiastic amateur in an hour's sail-
ing. For this bay is not always the sapphire mirror
of travelers and us poets tell you it is. "Ichia smiles"
most of the time, and "Capri waits" all the time. So
naturally do the people who go there. One of my
fellow-travelers on this trip, Mr. Kendrick of Los An-
geles, went to Capri, and was there storm-bound for
seven days, waiting for a chance to get back to Naples.
Some of Italian longshoremen put us aboard the little
boat in a jiffy. They collected 20 centimes from each
of the two Italian passengers for this service. When
we came to a freighter the fare boomed up to £2, went
under the pressure of steady and most abusive
bargaining to £1, and finally steadied at 50 centimes, at
which the market closed and we had to pay it. It isn't
much to be paid for the service. What makes you mad
to go to an office, to tell the man you want to pay
the highest rate for a ticket that will take you where
you want to go without any further bother; to have them
give you a bound book of 110 pages for a trip of fifteen
miles with only one change in it; to hear him call upon
the gods he can remember and a few that he invents
justly that the book includes every last solitary
thing on the entire trip, boats, ships, railways, horses,
trains, gratuities, tribute money to robbers of high
degree, blackmail, hush money, bribes, corrup-
tion, election expenses and city council boodle,
and then find that you have to strew your pilgrim path
with a trail of unforeseen, limitless, and everlasting
bribes, tips and taxes.

There is a wheelman paying toll. He doesn't so much
as pay 2 cents a mile for the privilege of smash-
ing his wheel over a corduroy road built to hold mud.
It is the annoyance of being held up at every toll
by an old man who is too deaf to hear when you
tell him you've come and where you are going, or a
man who makes the wrong change by counting it on
his fingers while she gives some unseen female in a
brown a recipe for a new pattern in some sort of
work. You pay out money in Europe from
morning until at last you lock yourself in your
room—if you happen to have a room with a door that
locks to brood over your approaching bankruptcy.
When you count up the obelisk of expenses you are
pleasantly glad to discover that you have spent
less. But it took you about every minute of the busy
day to do this—that's what frets. You wouldn't mind
paying some \$10 in the morning to see you through
the day. But it gets on the nerves to use up ten hours
of the day to get \$10 to 111 people.

At Sorrento in very rough weather by the
method of falling down the ship's ladder into a
boat that rolled and rocked about in the cold,
waves, and being tossed ashore by the boatmen
conveniently near to the wharf. But they are
cheerful—nobody has ever been known to fall over-
board. It was bitterly cold when we drove out of Sor-
rento for our pleasure trip to Paestum. We had on
clothes that I am accustomed to wear in my lec-
ture through Minnesota—though it wasn't
so cold as Minnesota, mind you. But always—
I always—bear it in mind that without exception
I suffer more from cold in a semi-tropical
climate than I do in Northern Russia or the Hudson

Bay country. Because, while the cold is not intense, as
measured by the thermometer, there is no way of get-
ting warm. Your hands are cold all day, your fingers
are numb, there is no place to sit comfortably for a
cozy hour with a book or for letter writing. If you find
a sunny nook it is always placed where the wind howls
and raves. And you fall into the same habit. There
is a cold sense of chilly discomfort all the time. Haven't
I heard the disappointed tourist swear at the glorious
climate of California—which is unquestionably the most
perfect on earth—for this very reason? One has to live
in a semi-tropical climate for a year before he learns
how to be comfortable in it.

But as we huddled together under our carriage robes—
which were our own heavy steamer rugs, for it never
occurred to the driver that we could possibly need any-
thing of the sort—we saw the fishermen trotting along
the stone-paved streets barefooted and apparently
happy—though I don't believe they were comfortable.
We met the women and girls trudging barefoot along
the macadamized country roads. Such perfect roads,
and through such a picture-book country. Zigzag,
switch-back up the dizzy terraces—roses peeping over
the walls at us, oranges and lemons on this side—which
was right over our heads—and lemons and oranges on
that side—which was directly under our feet. And grow-
ing, not in well-ordered rows, forty feet apart, as they
grow for us in California, but in thickets, with inter-
lacing branches, with a fig or a loquat stuck in here
and there where the thicket was not quite dense enough.
What would our California oranges say to such weather
as this? A light screen or reeds to the seaward side
of the terrace, sometimes a light screen of reeds over
the tops of trees. But these are not our California
oranges; they are not so sweet, not so juicy, not so
"orangey."

These wonderful terrace gardens and orchards on the
sea drive from Sorrento to Salerno! A man will build
a retaining wall that would cost him \$2000 in Illinois
to hold up as much land as would cost him \$50 in the
same State. And then he will plant in that tiny patch
oranges and figs that you couldn't grow in Illinois for
\$1,000,000. So things even up a little when you come to
strike a balance.

The Road to Amalfi.

Along a road that somehow clings to the mountain-
side, past grottoes and ruins, over the pages of a book
written closely, and between the lines with history,
legend and fable; past singing brooks and leaping foun-
tains; always the scarred cliffs, the oranges and vines;
always the blue sea and the sleeping islands; past
ruined watch towers that, like faithful sentries, still
stand at their posts where they were placed by Greek
or Roman or Saracen centuries gone by, and look stand-
fastly out to the sea where no enemy threatens, until
we sleep the first night at Amalfi.

We sleep in an old monastery. A Saracenic watch
tower keeps needless guard against nothing far down be-
low our windows; our room opens off the cloisters, and
we dine in the ancient refectory. It is cold, but a cave
is hollowed in the wall, dark and deep. In this cavern
a fire is lighted, and the flickering rays that dance upon
the walls suggest the remote existence of heat. If these
sacred walls are haunted by the monkish ghosts that
meditated and prayed and fared better than "baronet,
squire or knight of the shire" years ago, they do their
spiriting very gently, and do not disturb the sleepers
who profane these holy cells with worldly dreams. The
silver moon shines white as snow upon the Cathedral of
St. Andrew, with its suggestions of Saracenic influence
in its facade of alternate courses of white and black
stone.

Amalfi is a promising young town, some 1400 years old
and 7000 people. If it keeps on growing it may some day
grow to be as big as it was 900 years ago, when it num-
bered 50,000 inhabitants. But the Turks once fell upon it
and occupied it—and any place that has once been oc-
cupied by a Turk has to be destroyed and burned over
with fire before it can again be fit for Christian habita-
tion. And then the sea undermined it, and in one way
or another it lost its grip on the top of things. But its
picturesque beauty is indestructible. Two years ago a
landslide carried away a portion of the old Capuchin
monastery—now used as a hotel—and buried two Eng-
lish girls, daughters of a clergyman. The scarred face
of the mountain, the chaos of earth and massy boulders,
great riven points of rock—this is their sepulcher. A
few more springtimes, a few more perfect Italian sum-
mers, and it will be beautiful with young trees, with
clinging vines and perfumed flowers. Children and birds
will play and sing in the sunshine on the grassy slopes.
The blue sea will sob and sing forever at their feet. By
and by men will build their homes there. Orange and
olive and grape will burn golden and green and purple
in the light that sifts through the rustling leaves, and all
this place of death will be beautiful with throbbing,
laughing, singing life. And this will last longer than a
marble tombstone in an English churchyard.

A City of Yesterday.

Because the things that men build last such a little
while, we say, when we have crossed the ancient river
"Silarus," traversed a brigand-haunted plain, now swept
in summer time by a malaria more to be dreaded than
any brigand that ever lived or who still survives in the
incomprehensible grotesquerie of grand opera. The
Roman poets sang the praises of "the roses of Paestum."
They must have been beautiful and fragrant in the sweet
days of their blooming, which was about two thousand
years ago.

The Greeks founded this city on the shores of Italy
2600 years ago. They named it Posidonia, in honor of
their sea god, and they builded here three tabernacles,
one to Neptune, one to Ceres, and one to law and order,
their own judgment hall. These temples are the state-

liest and most perfect Greek ruins in the world outside
of Athens. The Temple of Neptune is older than the
Parthenon. The Romans came when the town was but
a child of 800 years and changed the name to Paestum.
It was 1500 years old when the Turks landed here and
smote the town with fire and sword. The inhabitants
who escaped the sword fled to the inland, and they never
returned to rebuild their city. The roses of Paestum
withered ages ago. The brambles and nettle—the pitiful
things, so despised in our prosperity, but which cover as
best they can the ravages of war and the waste of the
relentless years—mantle with the beauty of wild things
the crumbling city walls which still perfectly outline
ancient Paestum. And the temples—stately, majestic,
beautiful in the gray tones of the centuries and perfect
grace of outline and proportion—lonely, but with the
serene and sublime loneliness of majesty and grandeur
that rebukes pity and compels the homage of admira-
tion, look out to the distant sea.

For even the god for whom the city was named and
the temple was builded has retired from the shrine that
was his own, as though he feared that the sobbing of
his restless waves would mar the silence that ministers
before these forsaken altars. No ruin is there of any
house to say with the pathos that is always heart-reach-
ing: "Here once upon a time men dwelt; they lived and
loved and suffered, and here they died." Nothing but
these temples, roofless to the sun and the storm skies,
empty toward the mountains, open to the sea. As though
men had come here between the sea and the mountains
and the sky and builded these temples to the gods—and
then the men had gone away, and the sea had drawn
back and the gods were left alone in their sanctuary of
grace and beauty forever. And the gods?

Well, they, too, are gone. We lay our hands on a
fallen, shattered altar and utter a mocking incantation
in a tongue strangely unknown to Poseidon or to Ceres,
to Zeus himself, and laugh to think we should wait for
an answer. The oracle is dumb; the gods are dead.
What strength of majesty in these massive temples
compared with the simple tent which Moses pitched in
the wilderness, for the religious rites of a hopeless na-
tion of freedmen, a thing of linen and silken hangings,
of flimsy embroideries and rough coverings of skins.
But that tent and its word of prophecy and revelation,
the truth that it taught and the God it worshiped—that
is of today, as of yesterday and forever. Its sacred songs
are the living hymns of the world. What flimsy, perish-
able material for enduring temples is marble and granite,
alabaster and bronze. They were mighty and wonder-
ful architects, these wise old Greeks. But they didn't
know how to build temples. A little over 2000 years old
are these Greek temples at Paestum. Three thousand
five hundred years ago Moses dedicated the tent to the
worship of the God of Abraham. Two thousand years
ago the high priest who stood at its altar of sacrifice,
Himself the great Sacrifice, said: "Before Abraham was,
I am." How much longer parchment lasts than bronze?
How soon a temple of marble crumbles into dust! How
eternal is a word, formed by a breath!

Pompeii.

And homeward from Paestum we walk through the
streets of a city where men bought and sold, where
women sang to the babes at their breasts, where the
laughter of children came rippling out of the court or
the garden, mingling with the ceaseless music of the
fountain; where the heart of a youth beat more quickly
at the touch of a hand, soft and gentle, and the blush
mantled the cheek of a girl who listened to the whis-
perings of love coupled with her own name, that seemed
sweet and beautiful to her only because some one held
it dearer and sweeter than life. This was the boy, this
ash-incrusted figure; with every godlike muscle knotted
in a fierce fight against a death that laughed at strength
and courage, at speed or cunning. And this is the girl,
just as she stumbled and fell, more than 1900 years ago,
her face half-hidden in the hollow of her arm as she
strove to hide it from the pitiless rain of stifling ashes
that sifted into the streets, and the temples of the gods
and the homes of men and women. You see the ring on
her finger—a gift from him? Her limbs are round, grace-
ful, delicate—death had no pity for beauty as it had no
reverence for courage, no fear of strength.

And here is another pitiful thing in these death-swept
streets—the dog, contorted in an agony of terror and
pain—so he died at his master's door, alike faithful and
dependent to the last.

This is Pompeii, with its silent mills, its temples and
gardens, the bright paintings on the walls of its homes,
the many fountains, the sparkle of their songs quenched
and hushed, the chariot ruts in the streets, like human
foot tracks—marks of a life so strangely resurrected
that it seems never to have died. Paestum was lonely
and desolate. But Pompeii? While we wait in the door-
way of the house of Silius, reading the inscription in
the mosaic of the threshold, "Salve lucrum," a servant
may appear to conduct us into the presence of his mas-
ter. At the thought I inwardly hope that his master
speaks English, and in the nervous effort to recall the
Latin for "Good morning, I have read your book," I
awake and find myself in 1901. An ominous cloud is
hanging over Vesuvius; it is near sunset, and the nights
in Pompeii are 2000 years long. So we hasten back to
Naples.

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A NATURAL REQUEST.

[Philadelphia Press:] "What can I do for you?"
asked the druggist, who had been aroused from his
sleep by the violent ringing of the night bell.

"Why, m' fren," said De Kanter, "I want look at yer
City Direct'ry, an' shew what my 'dresh ish, sho I can
go home."

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS A WEEK.

From Our Own Correspondent.

here works more than forty-eight hours a week. We put in enough time on the first five days, so that we can have a half holiday Saturday. We street cleaners have a soft thing. We have only four hours' work on Saturday. We begin at 4 o'clock in the morning and get through by 8, so that we really have the whole day for ourselves."

"The wages are just the same as for the other days. I suppose I should say I get 48 shillings (\$12) per week, instead of 8 shillings a day.

It was recently decided in a trouble between the employers and the shoemakers of Auckland that forty-eight hours must be considered a full week's work, and that no shoemaker should be paid less than 20 cents an hour. The Auckland butchers limit their labor to sixty-one hours, but they take off nine hours of that time for meals, so that the week's work is forty-eight hours. The wages of the different classes of butchers are fixed by law and the employer who breaks the law will be fined not to exceed \$50.

The weekly half holiday is compulsory. The day is usually fixed by the local authorities and the factory or merchant who keeps his store open is fined for doing so, even if he dismisses his employees. If the merchant keeps his clerks he is fined for that. I see a record of a man in Foxton who employed two boys under 18 years of age on Saturday afternoon a few months ago. He was called up by the court and heavily fined. Another man employed a carter to work on a half holiday. He paid about \$5 and costs. The saloonists here have scratched the country as with a fine tooth comb for pretty girls to act as barmaids. The law provides that every barmaid must be given her half holiday once a week, or the saloonist pays \$25. It is the same with all classes of clerks and it is the same in the factories.

This closing of the stores for one-half day each week seriously disarranges the work of the commercial travelers. The merchants will not buy on a holiday and the salesmen have to regulate their trips so as to skip the holiday towns on such days. The railroad guides publish the names of the towns, with the days of the week set aside as holidays opposite each town.

On half holidays the streets are as deserted as on Sunday. There are cricket matches, golf meetings and excursions. Most of the people put on their best clothes and go to the parks, and the whole town takes a vacation. Some go off into the country and you will now and then meet a man on a tramp trip from Saturday to Monday. On such days the saloons are usually open. They are not known as saloons, but hotels, and you

The clerks seldom work much more than eight hours a day. I have gone along the streets at 8 o'clock in the morning and found many of the stores still closed. There is also a proviso that merchants and banks must close their places at 5 in the afternoon for two-thirds of each month. There is a penalty for delivering goods on a half holiday, and the law provides that the clerks shall not be worked longer on ordinary days to make up for their half holiday.

It was to ask some questions about this and other labor matters that I called the other day upon the Hon. Edward Tregear, at the Labor Department in Wellington. New Zealand has a Department of Labor which ranks even with the other departments of the government. It is on the same basis as the Treasury Department and Agricultural Department, and the Secretary for Labor has as much influence in New Zealand as a Cabinet minister has in the United States. The present head of the Labor Department is Mr. Tregear. He has been Secretary for Labor for the past decade, and has been one of the prime movers in all of New Zealand's experiments for the benefit of the laboring men.

I asked Secretary Tregear how the laboring men had come to get the upper hand in New Zealand. He replied:

"It originated in a strike which failed. It was the last strike we had, and it was more than seven years ago. At that time the unions controlled many branches of trade, and they were fairly well united. Among others there was a union which handled all freight at the wharves, called the Maritime Union. It was an old organization, with plenty of money in its treasury, resulting from assessments upon its members throughout a period of years. As the funds increased, the old members decided that all new unionists should pay an initiation fee somewhat proportionate to the share each would have in the assets of the treasury. There were but few laboring men who could do this, and the consequence was that entrance to the union was difficult. Nevertheless, the union would not permit non-union men to work, and though they could not handle all the work themselves, they still protested against the ship owners employing outsiders. The ship owners could not stand this. They took on extra men and defied the union. The members of the union struck, and through their relations with the other unions brought about a general strike all over New Zealand. Their demands were unreasonable, and the sympathy of the people was with the non-unionists and the ship owners. Men came from all places to help the ship owners. The feeling was so great that even the clerks in the stores asked for vacations, put on overalls and worked for a time on the wharves as common laborers. The unemployed were given places, and the result was that the strikers were terribly beaten, and they knew it.

"They reconsidered the situation," continued Mr. Tregear, "and decided that their only chance for a fair show in the future was in electing workmen to Parliament. They at once began their campaign, adopting the rule that every candidate of the workmen's party must be a workman. They then argued the question of their rights in the shops, on the streets and on the stump, and as a result soon had enough members in Parliament to hold the balance of power. The people outside the laboring classes became interested in the struggle. Public sentiment changed. The people saw there were two sides to the question, and we now have a number of workmen members of Parliament."

"But do your workmen representatives stick to their class after they are elected?" I asked.

"In most cases they do," replied Mr. Tregear, "but in some not. In the latter instances the workman starts in enthusiastically. He is all for labor and nothing for capital. He is soon corrupted, however, by his association with the rich. The dinners and attentions of his wealthier parliamentary fellows turn his head. By the end of the first session he has risen above his class and changes his working suit for a tweed suit. At the end of the next sessions you find him in black broadcloth with a tall hat, and thereafter he probably votes with the capitalists. As a whole, however, our workmen make fairly-good representatives."

"I think it is very good. As I told you, we have not had a strike for seven years, and there are no indications that we shall have any in the future."

that we shall have any in the future. The government has enacted certain factory laws, and our arbitration and conciliation acts remove the possibilities of strikes."

Factory Laws.

"Give me some idea of your factory laws, Mr. Tre-gear," said I.

"These laws regulate the building and management of the factories. They require that the buildings be

"As to the management of the factories, the Secretary for Labor went on, "we have many laws for the workmen, and especially the unions. The law is such that it includes nearly every factory in the country. A factory is defined as a place where two or more persons are working for hire or for handiwork; any such place comes under the act, and is subject to government inspection."

"And are all factories inspected?" I asked.

"Every one of them," replied Mr. Tregon, "a chief inspector and 163 local inspectors. The country is divided up into districts, and each is under the supervision of one of these inspectors. By law the factories must be open to such inspection at any time of day or night, and their managers must give all inspectors access as they desired to the workmen or workwomen. Each inspector keeps a record of the age, sex, character, and number of hours of work and wages of each of his or her employees. If this is not in accordance with the law, the inspector will notify him of the fact and prosecute him."

"We have very stringent laws for the women and children in the factories," Mr. continued. "We have women inspectors who go to factory to investigate the conditions for women. According to law no woman can be employed for more than forty-eight hours a week in a factory. No boy under 14 or girl under 14 can work in a glass factory, nor can any girl under 14 work in a brick or tile works or any place where there is dipping in the metal trade or the dipping of iron. This is going on. This is to protect the health of the women and children."

"Up to what age do you keep your children in factories?" I asked.

"We do not allow any to be employed under 16 must have passed through the grades of the public schools. No woman, and no one under 18, can be employed for more than a half without an interval for meals, and that all the meals shall be taken outside the rooms. This is to prevent any work being done during meal hours."

"How about wages, Mr. Tregear? Are the people paid in orders on stores?"

"No, we have strict laws as to such a payment for labor in goods is illegal. In wages, goods or articles furnished by the employer supplied on his premises cannot be brought set off, nor can the employer sue his debt for so bought. Workmen must be paid in money at least once a month, if they so desire. If written agreements those engaged in manufacturing must be paid weekly, and if not so paid they must be paid in money due or thereafter to become due to them on the work. The wages of those who make less than \$10 per week cannot be touched for debt. If a man goes bankrupt the wages of his debtors for four months preceding are preserved on the estate."

"Farm hands with board get from \$10 month, and without board from \$1 to \$1.50. Shepherds receive from \$250 to \$350 per shearers about 5 cents per sheep. The men have their union and regulate wages.

"Masons, bricklayers, plasterers and carpenters from \$2 to \$3 per day, and plumbers and electricians the same. Saddlers are paid from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per saddle. Watchmakers from \$2 to \$3.

"As to common everyday laborers they go to \$2.25 per day of eight hours. Engineers \$2 to \$3 per day, tailors from \$1.75 to \$2 from \$5 to \$8 per week, and composers \$15 per week.

"In dry-goods stores, clerks are paid \$100 per week; grocery clerks receive from \$75 to \$100 per week, and bakers about the same. The same in the different provinces of New Zealand, being paid in the gold fields."

The government has a minimum wage classes. According to law every one who works in a factory must receive something. It is to keep an apprentice merely for the first year of a trade. Young people under 18 years of age are paid at least \$1 per week if they are girls and \$1.25 per week if they are boys, irrespective of whether they work in the factory or at the pay for overtime work. They are paid 12 cents an hour.

The Labor Department has its employes at Wellington and at 200 other places of New Zealand. At these bureaus the work and those who want workers the government brings the two together. The as to factories, but as to domestic hands. From these bureaus the government of its employes for the public works, and it advances money to laborers to find new places of employment. In one year thousand men obtained work through and of this number more than eleven

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married, and with their families represented a population of almost five thousand.

For the Prevention of Sweating.

New Zealand does all it can to prevent sweating or house industry at starvation wages. There are laws against taking work home from the factories, and the employer who allows his workmen to do so is subject to a penalty not to exceed \$50, while the workman himself can be fined \$25. All work done for factories outside the factories by other parties must be recorded, and also the names and addresses of the persons by whom said work is done, together with the amount paid for the same. Anyone who gets work from a factory is not allowed to sub-let it under a penalty of a heavy fine. He must do the work himself, or have it done by his own workmen on his premises. A label at least two inches square must be put upon all goods made outside the factories, showing just where the goods were made and how. The failure to affix such labels is liable to a penalty as high as \$30 for each offense, and the removing them after having been affixed is liable up to \$100. Wellington, New Zealand.

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"HELLO GIRL" DETHRONED.

AN EXCHANGE OF SIXTEEN HUNDRED SUBSCRIBERS WHICH RUNS ITSELF.

[Philadelphia Record:] Automatic telephone calling has gradually and quietly come into vogue for inter-communicating office and building systems. There appears to be as yet no well-defined limit to which it can be carried—that is to say, where it can be said the expense of multiplying automatic selective apparatus is greater than the ordinary switchboard connections, with the cost of manual switching added. A remarkably simple and interesting system of absolutely automatic exchange has been recently installed at New Bedford, Mass., and has been in operation since November last with entire success. The displacement of the "Telephone Girl" by automatic devices has enabled the new company to offer unlimited service at a very low rate, considerably lower than that at which the old "central" system previously used in this town could be offered. The new system now has a waiting list of subscribers.

The advantage of the system is that each person has his own connections, without the intermediary of a "central" and "telephone girl," although there is, of course, a central station, where the selective apparatus is installed. In this system it is impossible for a third person to overhear or interrupt a conversation, for, if engaged "phone is signaled, the caller receives indication of "busy" by the ringing of his own buzzer. When trying to effect a connection does not interfere with a "phone already connected to another subscriber. The system is also entirely automatic, the placing of the receiver on the hook cutting off all connections and leaving the "phone ready to receive or originate further calls. Calling is effected in the following manner: On each line there is a dial containing figures from 0 to 9. The dial may be revolved freely by hand in a clockwise direction. A number is called by successively turning the numerals of which it is composed into the position, beginning with the left-hand numeral. The holes are placed opposite each figure for the manipulation of the dial. When the figure is turned into the lowest position and the dial released, it springs back to its original position of rest, when the next figure is brought to the lowest position, and so on. For instance, in getting 4231, the "4" is first brought to the lowest position, then the dial is released; then the "2," "3," and "1" successively. A pressure of the thumb on the telephone set closes a local primary battery circuit and rings the bells of both the caller and the number called. Before making a call the receiver is moved from its hook.

It is asserted that a second is sufficient time to bring the figure on the dial to its lowest position and allow the dial to spring back, and one second is ample time to produce a connection, so that five seconds is sufficient to make a connection.

The details of the connections cannot yet be made public, owing to pending patent arrangement, but the system is in actual operation nevertheless. Each subscriber, according to a description of the plant printed in the Electrical World, has a complete metallic circuit of five wires connecting with the exchange. At the last point each pair of wires from a subscriber's telephone is connected to a small machine contained in a box less than 12x18x12 inches, that is the essential element of the system. This little machine is made up of many contacts actuated by electromagnets, supplied with energy from a central station storage battery. Each contact of the dial at the subscriber's end of the line makes a corresponding alteration of the contacts in the selective apparatus. In small exchanges of 200 or fewer, only one machine is required for each subscriber, the instrument selecting automatically, without any assistance whatever, the number of the instrument called. "In larger exchanges, up to 1,600 subscribers, the connections of machines corresponding to each telephone must be made through one trunk line, and each of which leads to a group of machines. One of the machines on the trunk line makes an automatic connection with the machine corresponding to the telephone of the desired subscriber. Where the number of subscribers is larger than 1,600, a so-called 10,000 system, such as that at New Bedford, is used, where each trunk line first connected with the telephone, selects another trunk line, and this in turn selects the machine of the telephone desired." The system requires the use of about one and a half machines for each subscriber. The New Bedford system is designed for 1,600 subscribers. Extensions to it may be made by adding additional machines and without changing the already installed.

The economical and the system proved—its abundant being required for the entire New Bedford exchange, and even he is not present all the time—communication being possible with distant points as easily as with manual contact connections, that an extension of the New Bedford system to outlying territories is already contemplated. With the elimination of the "central" and "telephone girl" it is possible to offer unlimited service at very low rates. Those prevailing in New Bedford are 25¢ per year for residence "phones," 50¢ per year in business houses. Under the old system the charges ranged from \$48 to \$96 for the same service. At Fall River a corporation has been formed to install a similar system, and several other New England cities are taking steps in the same direction.

BUSINESS IN MEXICO.

FUTURE OF COTTON MANUFACTURING AND OTHER INDUSTRIES.

From a Special Correspondent.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 9.—The stagnation which now exists in the cotton manufacturing industry of Mexico will prove a benefit rather than a misfortune if the lesson it conveys is taken to heart. A large proportion of the cotton mills producing the coarser grade of goods are how closed down as a result of overproduction. There are other complications in the situation which will necessitate a reorganization of this business, and will undoubtedly lead to greater care in the organization and extension of other new industries and greater conservatism in loaning money upon industrial securities.

The staple article of consumption in Mexico in the line of cloth is a coarse grade of cotton, from which nearly all the clothing of the people is made. It was but a few years ago that cotton manufacturing was almost unknown in the republic. This condition did not last long, however, after the promoters from the United States and other foreign countries realized the possibilities of the situation.

In 1883, \$12,000,000 was invested in cotton mills in this country. Now, over \$30,000,000 is represented in plants coming under that classification. As Mexico is not an exporter of cotton goods, as soon as the local demand was supplied trade reached its limit. The high price of cotton in the United States, from which country Mexico secures a large portion of her raw material, the expense of fuel other than water power, and the large capitalization and fixed charges against the mills were a combination of circumstances which rendered the industry unable to withstand any period of severe depression.

Industrial stocks being somewhat of a novelty financial institutions, in their desire to advance the interests of their respective localities, have loaned rather freely upon them during the past five years, and one of the most serious conditions resulting from this depression in the cotton-cloth market is the overloading of a few public and some private banking concerns with this rather indefinite collateral. This state of affairs will lead to some trimming and readjustment, and will increase conservatism in the future in loaning upon industrial stocks, though it is not believed there will be any serious financial disasters, owing to the remarkable solidity of nearly all financial institutions in this country.

Discussing Remedies.

The result of the depression in this branch of business has been a drop in the price of cotton-mill stocks, in some instances below the amount for which they were pledged. The remedy for the present depression is already being actively discussed, and it is generally agreed that a solution will be found in time which will again put a more encouraging face upon affairs. The mills will develop more water power, thus using less expensive fuel, will put in machinery for the production of a higher grade of goods, will increase the consuming power of the people by development, and reduce the fixed charges by reorganization. Another thing which will be of material assistance in starting these mills again will be a drop in the price of cotton in the United States, which is looked for as inevitable. The method employed in building some of these mills may lead to loss in certain directions, for the stocks have in a number of instances been "kited." The stock of the parent concern has been pledged for money to build another mill, and so on until the original investment sufficient only to erect one plant has been used to erect several, all of which are heavily incumbered. Normal conditions of prosperity can hardly correct entirely such a procedure as this, for even under extraordinarily favorable conditions it would be difficult to carry such enterprises to a successful outcome. In brief, the industry has been rushed to death, encouraged by prohibitive tariffs and favorable concessions which led to enormous profits in the first days of the business. The mills will be reorganized, the needs of the market more carefully studied and catered to, the cost of operation cheapened, and in time the industry will accommodate itself to the needs of the country. As a result of this process the water will be squeezed from the stocks, badly-managed plants will succumb, and there will be more or less loss distributed among those who furnished the original capital and those who loaned money upon those industrial securities without taking into account the tendency to overdo. The present condition has been foreseen by shrewd observers for several years, but the building of cotton mills in Mexico became a sort of mania, and had to run its course.

Mining Outlook Promising.

The cotton industry, however, seems to be the only point in Mexico's industrial affairs which presents any unfavorable aspect. Mining is the great resource of this country, and in less than twenty-five years the production of gold and silver alone has risen from \$25,000,000 to \$78,000,000, to say nothing of other metals which are mined incidentally. There is no possibility of overdoing the mining development, for the product is staple the world over and always finds a ready-cash market at fixed prices. It is not too much to say that twenty-five years from now the output of precious metals from Mexico will be many times what it is today, for in the great States of Sonora, Chihuahua and Durango, Oaxaca, Nueva Leon and others the ground has as yet been barely prospected for mines. The increasing mineral output of the country represents the rapid growth and development of the mining industry, and where one property may be found producing freely at the height of its prosperity a hundred have been recently discovered, and are being prospected with ample promise for the future.

The mining laws of Mexico are admirable in their

simplicity and justice. This is an easy country to do business in. All rights are fully protected, taxes are minimized, and everything is done to encourage the development and solid wealth of each and every district.

The State Legislatures and local authorities are friendly to the mine owner, be he native or foreigner, and nearly all of them are of the latter class, and any local legislation within reason can be secured to improve mining facilities.

Great Industrial Growth.

The industrial development of Mexico is shown in the fact that in less than twenty-five years the railroad mileage has increased from 420 miles to nearly 8000. The tonnage of these railroads has increased in still greater proportion, and rates charged for traffic compare favorably with any section of the United States. A striking feature of Mexico's industrial growth is shown in the fact that the postoffice handled about 10,000,000 pieces of mail in 1883, and last year handled nearly 120,000,000 pieces. While in the past seven years the export duties have remained about the same in amount collected by the government, the receipts from import duties have risen from \$15,000,000 to \$28,000,000. In five years the telegraph tolls collected increased from \$600,000 to over \$1,000,000. Nearly all of these items have a direct bearing upon the industrial growth of the country, for there is no other cause to which this increase can be assigned.

Education is compulsory throughout the republic, though it is much hampered by a lack of facilities due to inadequate financial resources on the part of the federal and local governments, and also to the fact that the ruling class is not yet fully alive to the value of education among the poorer and more dependent people. The general condition of the latter class in Mexico has improved greatly in the past decade, especially in their earning power. The average wages paid to the natives in Mexico ten years ago was about 18 cents a day. The average wages throughout the republic last year was 65 cents a day, a fact of tremendous significance in summing up the general condition of the people.

Hope in the Indians.

The hope of Mexico for the future is in her Indian population. In towns and cities these people are not of admirable character. In the country, where dissipation and criminal practices have not yet reached, the Indians are of docile disposition, eager for education, faithful to their employers, and anxious to improve themselves and their children in every way. Foreigners whose business interests have led them into the interior of Mexico where they have been dependent upon these people, oftentimes conceive a great admiration and even affection for them, and believe that a few years of wise and paternal government will render the coming generation superior to any people of their character the world over.

Northern Mexico is periodically afflicted with a shortage in the staple crops, corn and cotton, and during the past year not over one-half a crop of grain has been harvested. When the shortage is very extensive the Mexican government has been in the habit of suspending the import duty upon grain, and thus allowing a supply to enter from the United States. This will not be done this year, as the country can subsist on what it has, and it is thought that it would be unjust to those having grain for sale to bring them into competition with the American product to supply the needs of the minority.

For those who follow mining as a profession, and who can secure the necessary backing, Mexico presents an alluring field of endeavor. For those who are ready to undertake large agricultural enterprises, with unlimited capital at their command, the fertile valley lands upon which water can be placed for irrigation present great opportunities. For those who have articles for sale suitable for the Mexican trade this country is still an open field. For those who aspire to become financiers, and to control large interests through rendering assistance to others in the shape of money, Mexico offers chances for several Napoleons in government and individual directions. For those who are capable of serving the financial, industrial, commercial, railroad or mining interests in expert capacity, Mexico offers many opportunities which, if properly utilized, can lead to fame and fortune. It is not a country for a poor man without special information of salable character.

Ancient as Mexico is, as many centuries as are included in the history of her people, modern Mexico is the creation of the last quarter of a century. Should her growth be proportionate, and there is no reason to doubt but that it will, the results in evidence today will seem but the merest beginning, twenty-five years from now, in the light of what will then have been accomplished.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

WILL CUT THE BEARS' WHISKERS.

[Philadelphia Press:] Whiskers have been tabooed at the Zoo, and a crusade against them will shortly be started. Within a few days, the keepers will trim the bears' mustaches, which have grown very long and annoy the beasts.

The whiskers have curled around so far as to tickle the bears every time they move their heads. The hairs are fully eight inches in length, and caused one bear to cut himself so badly with his claws in trying to push them away, that the keepers feared for a time that serious results would follow.

The trimming of the bears' whiskers will require several days, and is a dangerous operation. Each bear has to be cornered and placed in a cage so small that in it he is unable to move. The objectionable whiskers are then trimmed with long shears. The position of Zoo barber is not much sought after.

The animals often struggle and fight until exhausted before they will submit to the operation, and it takes all the patience of the keepers to bring it through successfully. The day for the trimming of the whiskers has not been set yet, but it will be a lively one at the Zoo.

"MESCAL."

By a Special Contributor.

"COME, señor, have your palm read! A few centavos are nothing for the secret of your future." The solicitation, couched in the Spanish-Mexican patois of the frontier, had become exasperatingly familiar of late. I was employed on a Los Angeles daily and was on my way, as usual each morning, from my home in the San Fernando Valley, by way of the Cahuenga Pass, to the little station just beyond the divide, where I took the train into the city. Midway of the pass stood an old stone watering-trough, at which I was accustomed to refresh my horse while journeying through the hills. For upward of a fortnight past I had regularly encountered at this point a solitary evil-visaged Mexican, who had announced himself as a palmist "sin paralelo," and occupied the few moments' pause in my ride with persistent importunities for my patronage. What did not tend to enhance my regard for this unprepossessing individual was the crafty manner in which he invariably inspected my horse out of the corners of his small, restless eyes. The horse, moreover, appeared to resent the scrutiny quite as much as myself, and from the first asserted his antipathy for the vagabond faker by steadfastly refusing to approach the drinking trough until I had invited the stranger to withdraw a few paces. On this particular morning, however, my curiosity became aroused as to why the fellow continued to frequent so unpromising a locality, which at best was a lonely spot, visited only by transitory horsemen and teamsters. Therefore, as my horse fretfully sipped a few draughts of water, eyeing the peon suspiciously the while, I remarked: "You must be intensely fond of your occupation, considering the little recompense you appear to derive from it. Why not go into the city, where, at least, your field for solicitation would be larger?"

"Ah, señor," replied the peon, with affected pathos, "I am indeed fond of my profession; but, however little I may realize from it here on the highway, the city would yield me less; for they who live in the city care little about the future. It is the present alone that interests them."

I was inwardly forced to recognize a certain amount of truth in his argument, and by way of appreciation tendered him a small coin.

As I deposited the silver in his hand, however, with a quick movement he caught the tips of my fingers in his clasp and fixed his eyes on the open palm. The precipitateness of the act was all but demoralizing to my horse, which sprang backward with a suddenness that came perilously near unseating me. The Mexican, however, held tenaciously on to my hand, incidentally taking care to keep out of range of my frantic animal's hoofs. As soon as I could recover myself I wrenched my hand free, but not until the peon had vouchsafed this admonition:

"Señor, a terrible accident threatens you from horses. Take heed in time, therefore, and rid yourself of that bronco you are riding."

I made no response, but as I touched my spurs and galloped off down the pass the peon shouted after me a parting injunction.

"Sell him, señor," he cried; "I warn you he is under the spell of a demon."

As the words greeted my ear I glanced admiringly down at the sleek, arched neck of my spirited charger.

"Mescal," said I, reaching down and patting his splendid shoulders, "do you hear that? He says you're possessed of a demon, and that I must sell you—but I shan't."

The Mexican's ominous characterization of my horse was no revelation to me, and instead of inspiring me with any apprehensiveness, his apparent concern for my safety somewhat amused me. Moreover, the knowledge that Mescal's disposition was so thoroughly consistent with his name was rather a source of gratification than of regret to me. It was an odd name for a horse, but he had come by it legitimately—that is, he had been so called ever since the Mexican bandit, Garcia, had broken him as a colt to the saddle and bestowed the title upon him. And for two years thereafter Mescal had borne his unscrupulous rider on all his marauding raids until the latter had been so hard pressed up in the Ensenada Hills by Sheriff Doyle of Yuma that he and his followers were forced to abandon their horses and take to the chaparral. I had chanced to be along with Doyle on that occasion—assignments of that character were accepted as a matter of course by newspaper men out here in those days—and as the forsaken horses of the fleeing outlaws dashed down the hill in an effort to escape past us, I launched my riata at the leader, a gaunt but fleet and gaudily-equipped animal. My calculations as to the distance of the mark had proved accurate—but so had the aim of the Sheriff of Yuma, for hardly had my noose settled about the shoulders of the horse when another loop, hurled from the opposite direction, fell directly over it, and Doyle and myself had together captured the bandit chieftain's steed. The others of our posse having corralled the rest of the stampeding animals, Doyle and myself fell to work to dividing our spoils between us. He gracefully acknowledged my precedence, momentary though it had been, in the capture, and insisted that the horse should be mine, while, by way of evening up the division as nearly as possible, I voluntarily surrendered to him the beautiful silver-mounted saddle, the intrinsic value of which far exceeded that of the horse. The Mexican bridle, however, I retained, for engraved upon a silver plate, attached to its headstall, was the legend, "Mescal, Propiedad de Joaquin Garcia," together with some additional data, briefly expressed in

Spanish, relative to the horse's antecedents. The general appearance of the animal indicated the grossest ill-treatment in the past. The small of his back was literally covered with saddle galls, while his thin sides were furrowed with deep, calloused ridges, where the cruel rowels of a merciless rider had plowed their way. But, true to the nature of the western bronco, abuse had not in the least diminished either his fiery spirit or his sterling hardihood, and that he had been highly prized as a mount by his late owner, notwithstanding the marks of the latter's brutality, was evident from the pedigree engraved on the silver-mounted headstall. Six months of rest and good pasturage had worked

"Doyle leaves Yuma with a posse early morning after Garcia. You will go with me. I paused with my hand on the door-knob. "May I take my own saddle horse?" I asked. "Take a whole cabalgada, if you choose—out of town on that 2:30 special," and, having thus settled the matter, the editor-in-chief proceeded to paragraphs as though I had never existed. It was ten miles out to Cahuenga station, where my horse was stabled, and 12 o'clock when I received the news of my appointment, but two and a half hours later found me out of Los Angeles aboard the Southern Pacific, with my horse trying his utmost to kick back



"WITH A FRENZIED SCREAM MESCAL SPRANG FORWARD."

a miraculous change in Mescal's appearance. From his previous gaunt condition he had developed a splendid proportion and grace of figure, while the former disfigurements to his cuticle were entirely eradicated by the filling out of his glossy black coat.

On the morning following my colloquy with the peon I remarked his absence from his accustomed rendezvous in the pass, but upon arriving at my office in the city I found among my mail a letter which immediately recalled him to my mind. It was a proposition, written in Spanish, and purporting to come from a Mexican stockman, offering to purchase my saddle horse if I chose to sell him at a reasonable figure. The connection between the communication and the peon palmist was too palpable to escape detection, and the only cognizance I accorded it was in the purchase of an extra

of a palace stock car that had been coupled to the rear for his exclusive accommodation. It was the night when I arrived at Yuma, and, having located that individual up in the Federal building, I played poker with his chief and sole deputy, a District Attorney, and a Kick-a-Poo scout, with no concern as though Garcia and his band were safely within the walls of the Territorial penitentiary.

"Where's the rest of your posse?" I asked after the customary exchange of courtesies in place.

"Why," he explained, "the Coroner was called a few minutes ago to hold an inquest on the



"I WARN YOU, HE IS UNDER THE SPELL OF A DEMON."

lock for my stable door before setting out for home that evening. Nothing further developed of the circumstance, however, nor did the palmist ever again put in an appearance at the stone watering-trough on the San Fernando road. In fact, the entire matter had quite passed from my mind, when one day, about a month later, I was directed to report at once to the managing editor of the paper. As I entered the sanctum of the dignity in question he was industriously occupied with the preparation of his editorials. Being naturally of a taciturn disposition, he was not accustomed to waste any superfluous utterances on the subordinate members of his staff, and, upon noting my presence, without pausing in or glancing up from his work, delivered the following laconic order:

a half-breed desperado who got wind that he was getting together, and fearing, I reckon, that his own personal interests might be at stake, he determined to exterminate the members before they could work. He started in on the wrong party, however, happened to be Cal Jenkins, the County Clerk, too swift for him—which is how the Coroner came to be needed thereabout temporarily. But he was around in the course of half an hour, and Murphy and the new Tax Collector. They were counting yourself, and the two customhouse men pick up down near the border will be there in plenty, seeing as Garcia's gang has been what here of late. Reckon there ain't much more to be done.

the grooves left in the whole drove now, which is how I lost their number when we mixed things with 'em last fall."

"And where have you located the outfit this time?" I inquired.

"Down in the Manzanita Mountains, close to the Mexican line," was the reply.

"But that's only twenty miles from here," I demurred, "and leaving in the morning will bring us there in broad daylight. We'll never get them at that rate, for it's open plain every foot of the way between here and the Manzanitas."

"Ah, I see!" returned the Sheriff of Yuma, astutely, "staying on a good twelve-hour sleep, as usual, before going to work. Well, you won't get it this time, 'Cabeza muelita' (sleepy head), for we'll be in the heart of the Sierra Manzanitas long before sunrise. It's now 10 o'clock, and we leave before midnight, which reminds me," he added, "that you'd better go down to the corral and rope yourself a horse. Bring your saddle with you."

"You, and something more," I answered.

"You must" inquired my friend.

"Mescal, of course," I replied, carelessly.

"Mescal!" ejaculated the Sheriff, incredulously. "Going after Garcia with his own horse? Well—I'll be—He'll sure like that."

The full moon was hanging low over the ragged crest of the Manzanita Range as our little cavalcade drew out at the edge of the dense chaparral that covered its slopes, after a brisk ride over the intervening desert.

"We'll wait here," announced Doyle, "until Pie comes," indicating the Kick-a-Poo scout, who had disappeared and was just vanishing in the thicket, "goes ahead and takes a look at the camp. It was Pie," he explained aside to me, "who located the outfit, and he knows just how to reach it."

Half an hour later the Indian returned with the information that the outlaws were still encamped where he had previously found them, which was in a small valley, distant about a mile ahead. Upon receiving this intelligence the Sheriff commanded his party to fall in, single file, behind the guide, then gave the order to advance. Thus we proceeded with the utmost caution, up the narrow trail, through the tangled brushwood, until at length a silent signal, passed from one to another down the line, warned us of our approach to the bandit stronghold. At almost the same instant a shot rang out, and, throwing aside all caution, we dashed forward to the attack. Though taken completely by surprise, the outlaws appeared to keep their heads, and as they could reach their horses, sprang upon their backs, and desperately essayed to repulse us. In the next moment we were in their midst, firing rapidly and constantly, for no shots could be wasted in the face of such superior numbers. At the height of the confusion I suddenly perceived a tall Mexican, wearing a blue-embroidered jacket, the description of which I had many times before seen in print, forcing his horse toward me. It was Jacquin Garcia. Instantly I leveled my revolver at his head, and pulled the trigger. There was no report, I had fired the last charge from my brace of pistols. The next moment my deliverer's horse was shot by me—and his rider was Sheriff Doyle of Yuma. Hardly had he vanished; however, before another horseback horseman bore down upon me. I can do him the glory of that long stiletto even yet as its owner's arm brandished it aloft in the moonlight. Then, the blade descended, my horse reared back on his hind legs, and the blow that was intended for me struck instead a glancing blow in the side of the head. In the next instant, with a frenzied scream, Mescal plunged forward, and catching the Mexican's leg in his teeth, threw him from his horse. Then, as the outlaw's body fell to the ground, the infuriated animal sprang upon me again and again with his powerful forefeet, before I could urge him to leave the spot and join the rest of our party. From this on the odds were in our favor, and one by one the surviving bandits gave up the contest and appealed for quarter.

At length, with the exception of a few who had taken cover of the darkness into the mountains, the whole band were either prisoners or numbered among the slain. Retracing our steps to the scene of the latest stage of the fight, we dismounted for the purpose of examining the bodies of the fallen bandits. Finding one that lay face downward in the sand, I went over him to find that the entire back of his head had been crushed in. From this I knew at once it was the man who had fallen a victim to Mescal's vengeance. Taking hold of his arm I turned the body over. As I started back in amazement, for the pale, ghastly shining fall upon his upturned face revealed the unmistakable features of the palmist of the Arizona highway.

"Mescal!" The stiletto had inflicted a deep slash across his right eye, which rendered him paralyzed. He was thus permanently ruined as a bandit, and to insure him against the possible fate of the "animal" I took him back to Los Angeles, where I had a leather collar made for him, attaching to which I fastened a silver plate taken from his headstall and on which I engraved the single word "Exempt." I set him free among the green pasture lands of the Fernandez ranch, where he will continue to be a menace for the remainder of his days.

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

[Copyright, 1901, by Jose de Olivares.]

American:] Among other things which William M. Evans in the hearts of his countrymen, the fact that he was a strong advocate of sleep in the morning.

THE PAPER NAUTILUS. RARE AND BEAUTIFUL SHELLS THAT HAVE COME TO CATALINA.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG the shells of the sea the nautilus is queen. There are no others so delicate or more beautiful. The models of the ancient ships seem to have been fashioned after the nautilus, with its beautifully-carved prow and graceful keel. The shell is a pure, translucent white, involuted, or corrugated, like iron roofing, which is remarkable for strength and lightness. The rounded prow is jet black, which marking extends well down the keel to the center of the shell where it fades away. It belongs to the order of cephalopoda, which are also represented by the common squid, the octopus and the ammonite, and possess a more complicated structure than any other group of mollusca.

The nautilus and argonaut of the living tribe have external shells. They have powerful jaws, similar to the mandibles of birds, and the tongue is round with recurved spines; the eyes are very large, and in all probability the animal possesses the faculty of both hearing and smelling. They have eight arms, studded with suckers, as has the octopus, and it is said that only the females are provided with shells. The shell is not molded on the body of the animal, nor is it attached by muscles, but can be cast off or taken up at will; and it is believed that with the incubation of the eggs the shell is discarded. The special function of the shell is thought to be for the protection and incubation of the eggs. A nautilus kept in the Avalon aquarium would invariably leave its shell when it was taken from the water, and when the shell was returned to the tank

and thus the search went on. They have ranged small in size, from two to four inches in length being about the average. The prices asked for these rare shells range from \$2 to \$10 for the sizes mentioned. At first only the shells were found, but as the flight proceeded it was found that most of the shells were inhabited when they reached the shore, the animal leaving its house and returning to the water when cast up.

Among the most enthusiastic of the shell-gatherers was Mrs. E. J. Plummer of Avalon, a photograph of whose collection, taken by herself, appears herewith.

S. J. M.

STEAMER ON A ROPE.

FOR TOWING BOATS THROUGH THE CURRENT OF THE IRON GATES.

[Philadelphia Record:] For centuries the navigation on the Danube, the largest river of Europe next to the Volga, was greatly hampered by the so-called Iron Gates, a celebrated defile in the river, at the confines of Hungary, Servia and Roumania. At this place the river is crossed from shore to shore on a length of about 8000 feet by rocky masses, and many a ship went aground in the Iron Gates, which always had been a terror to all navigators. It is the most magnificent and greatest river defile in the whole of Europe. During the years 1890 to 1896 a scheme was carried out here which involved immense difficulties. A canal 275 feet wide and 7 feet deep was cut through the rocks of the Iron Gates. No less than 14,000,000 cubic feet of rocky masses had to be blasted, and more than 50,000,000 cubic feet of stone and earth had to be excavated. A great number of dams, of a combined length of 35,000 feet, had to be built to protect the canal. The expenditure for this work amounted to about 12,000,000 florins. Since the completion of this canal the navigation on the river has steadily increased, and thousands of steamers and barks now sail every year down to the Black Sea.



SOME NAUTILUS SHELLS.

it would nestle back into it again. The motive power of the nautilus in swimming is a siphon from which it ejects a powerful stream of water, forcing shell and animal along, while the argonaut, without its boat, with its siphon turned toward the keel, its arms wrapped about the shell. When it crawls, the position is reversed and it then carries its shell on its back like the snail.

Respecting the habits of the nautilus very little is known. Rumphius, a Dutch naturalist, who wrote in 1705, says: "When the nautilus floats in the water he puts out his head and all his tentacles, and spreads them on the water, with the poop of the shell above water; but at the bottom he creeps in the reverse position, with his boat above him and his head and tentacles on the ground, making a tolerably quick progress. He keeps himself chiefly upon the ground, creeping also sometimes into the nets of the fishermen; but after a storm, as the weather becomes calm, they are seen in troops floating on the water, being driven up by the agitation of the waves. This sailing, however, is not of long duration, for having taken in all their tentacles they upset their boat and so return to the bottom."

Perhaps Rumphius's observation may explain the remarkable visitation of the nautilus to Santa Catalina Island in the past month. Immediately following a strong southeast wind, which continued for eight days, these rare shells began to come in. Previous storms from the same direction have failed to produce this effect, however, and it is perhaps only a coincidence. Never before in the history of the island had there been such a plight known. Some eight years ago, perhaps twenty or thirty were picked up one winter, but since that time scarcely half a dozen have been found until the present winter, when large numbers of them made their appearance, coming in with every tide. A fisherman at the Isthmus has a collection of sixty. One lady visitor at Avalon found fourteen in a single day. Many others have from two to a dozen. The search went on day and night. Late at night, like the glow of the will-o-the-wisp, the lights of the enthusiastic searchers could be seen flickering on the beaches, and long before daylight another relay of enthusiasts took their places,

One drawback, however, remained. The current in the Iron Gates is immense, it averaging from 14 to 18 feet per second, and it was especially difficult for the heavily-laden ships to steam upstream through the Gates or to tow the barges against the current.

It was therefore decided to build a special wire-rope steamer for the purpose of towing ships through the defile. This steamer was built at Budapest, and has recently been put on the river. The Vaskapu, as the steamer is named, is entirely built of steel. It has a length of 1836 feet, is 25½ feet broad, its draft being 5.44 feet. It is divided into nine watertight compartments, and has double bottom, so that even in the case of a serious accident the vessel will not sink. A wire rope 20,000 feet in length, and almost one foot in diameter, having a resistance of 85 tons, is strongly anchored to a rock at the upper end of the gates at the bottom of the river bed. This rope, or cable, runs over a drum installed on board the steamer. The vessels to be taken upstream are towed to the steamer, and the cable is then drawn around the drum by means of a steam engine of 300 horse-power. The wire-rope vessel has in addition two other engines, so as to enable her to run independent of the main engine. Each of these two engines has a capacity of 100 horse-power. The speed of the steamer, with two loaded vessels of 600 tons in tow, is 1.3 miles per hour, when sailing against the current, and between four and five miles per hour when going downstream. The steamer has also been equipped with a powerful dynamo, which furnishes electric light and feeds a searchlight.

[Indianapolis Journal:] None of our Presidents has been more a master of style than President McKinley. The power to state a proposition clearly and in good English is common enough, but President McKinley adds to this a sort of epigrammatic quality that makes his state papers unusually readable. He has what Macaulay called " terse, luminous and dignified eloquence." His inaugural address was not long, but it contained many sentences that expressed a completely-rounded thought in the best possible form.

By a Special Contributor.

THESE are the days when the enthusiastic amateur packs up his outfit and runs down to the beach for a brief outing. At no other time in the year can he secure such good surf pictures and moonlight effects, while he almost weeps with despair at being unable to catch the glorious colors in these gorgeous sunsets.

There are so many subjects for the camera that plates and films are soon exhausted, and then, perhaps, we find we have missed the best of all. A yacht is always a picture, whether lazily floating past with a gentle breeze, flying toward us with all sails set, or at anchor; every spar and rope outlined against the dark-blue sky and the graceful lines of the hull in bold relief. Then there is the stately ocean steamer, gliding smoothly along, and most fascinating of all, the weather-beaten ships from some foreign port, unloading strange cargoes at the dock. The photographer is in his element amid scenes such as this.

Marine photography is divided into three branches—yacht, sunset or "moonlight" effects and "seascapes." To secure pictures of the first, it is well to avoid the crowds which attend the regular yacht races. Time is always limited then, good positions scarce, and it is seldom one gets an opportunity to secure a really good picture. It is best to go alone or with a small party, each member of which is equally enthusiastic on the subject, when plenty of time is at your disposal, and you can study the composition. If you have an acquaintance with the owner or sailing master of one of the boats, you are fortunate, indeed, as no jockey is prouder of his horse or loves better to show it off than the master of a sailing vessel, though it be but the tiniest sailboat of the fleet, and it will be a joy to him to sail his boat so that you can get it in any position you may desire. In taking these pictures the best station is on the deck of another vessel, but the end of a pier is not a bad point from which to snap-shot the water craft, and you there have the advantage of a stationary support for your tripod. H. C. Delery writes on yacht photography as follows in the Photographic Times:

"A vessel viewed from different quarters presents an entirely different aspect. A three-quarter front usually shows life and spirit, a broadside depicts no character and seldom looks well, while a stern view suggests grace and ease of motion."

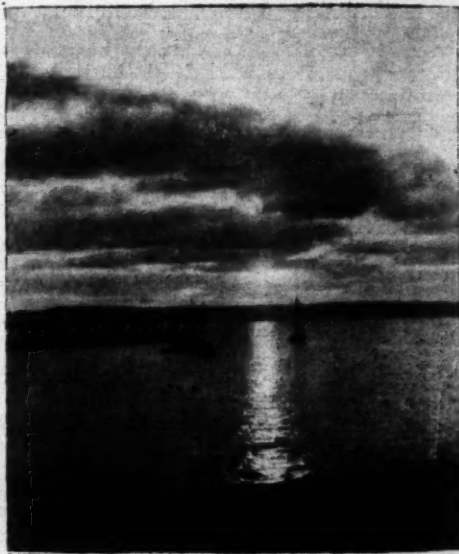
A pretty picture is that of a yacht, with free mainsail, coming directly toward the camera. This is a very difficult picture to secure, however, as it requires cool nerves and a steady hand to press the bulb at exactly the right moment. The boat will at first appear to be moving quite slowly in the finder, but will suddenly increase in size, until her sails fill the field ere we have opened the shutter. Continuing, Mr. Delery says:

"Morning and evening are the most suitable times for marine pictures. The rays of the sun, falling at a low angle, cause the waves to cast a shadow, giving life to the scene, which would be impossible if the sun were at its zenith. The lighting of the sails is also improved.

light, and as distances at sea are very deceptive, and the course of the vessel so erratic, all the depth of focus which the lens possess will be required.

"Regarding steamships, they look equally well when taken three-quarter front or full broadside, and a stern view should never be attempted. It is better to wait until she is well under way, and the effect is greatly improved when dark smoke issues from her smokestack, but we should remember that, while we are striving for grace and beauty in a yacht, a steamship should be given a very dignified appearance."

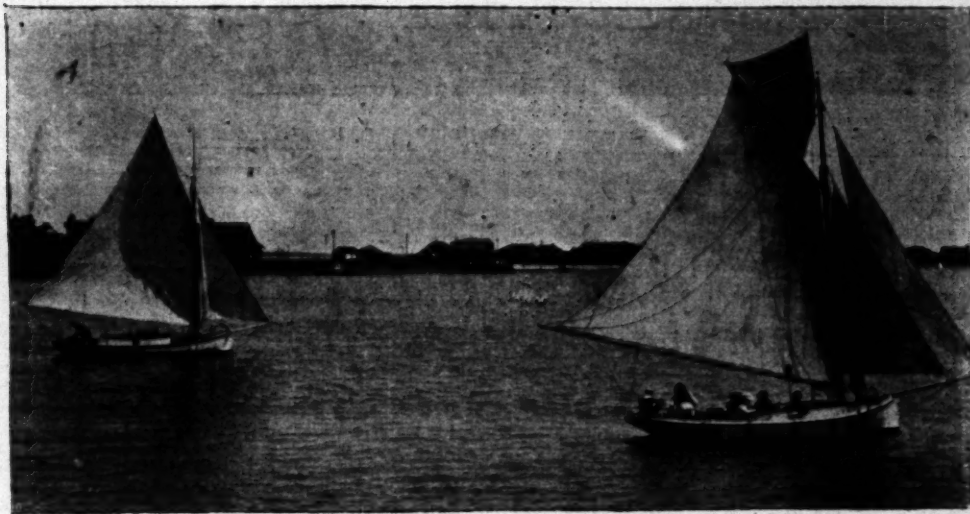
At the last meeting of the Camera Club some beautiful pictures of the racing yachts on the Atlantic were thrown on the screen, and members are anxiously awaiting an opportunity to secure similar pictures on our own Western Coast. The picture here given was made by



MOONLIGHT AT CORONADO.

C. O. Valentine, while on a photographic visit to Catalina last summer, and will serve to illustrate Mr. Delerey's suggestions.

Few people who are not themselves photographers understand how "moonlight" pictures are secured in the daytime, and many amateurs are puzzled when looking at the finished picture. The process is simple. To secure the best effect the sun must, of course, be near the horizon, and clouds more or less dense be present. Point your camera toward the sun, and watch until it is partially obscured by the clouds, pressing the bulb at the instant when the light strikes the water in a long line. Should you be fortunate enough to have an old boat in the line of silvery light, your picture will be greatly improved. The "moonlight" picture presented with this article is from a negative taken by Mrs. Pearl E. Wotton during the Camera Club's outing at Coronado last fall.



YACHTING.

If no clouds are present, no exposure should be made with the sun shining directly on the sails—there will be no contrast with the sky. Better try to get the canvas a little in shadow. Excellent effects are produced in cloudy weather, with the nicely-rounded sails standing out against a dark-cloud bank."

In this country it is almost impossible to find such conditions as Mr. Delery mentions prevailing in the summer, hence the winter and early spring afford the best opportunities for beautiful pictures on the water, and Catalina's sheltered harbor usually contains fine material in the sailboat line.

"Shadow effects on the water," continues Mr. Delery, "can only be produced when the sea is perfectly calm. A ripple caused even by a passing boat may spoil the entire scheme. For this kind of picture a stern view of the boat gives the prettiest effect. For yacht pictures a fast brand of plates should be used, and the lens stopped down as much as possible; there is very little danger of underexposing. The glaring light of the sky reflected on the water, and further intensified by the white canvas of the vessel, furnish an abundance of

For this character of work Mr. Delery recommends a slow plate and a small diaphragm, with a quick exposure. The latter is important, as the plate must be underexposed. "So also in the development," says Mr. Delery, "the shadows should be well restrained, and be as near clear glass as is consistent, and yet retain a slight outline of whatever objects may be in view. Non-halation plates are a great help in this kind of work.

"Seascapes, being closely allied to landscapes, can be governed by the same rules of composition which apply to the latter. Great difficulty is generally experienced, owing to the unequal balance of the lights. The foreground here will need more study than on the open sea, and should contain some minor object to break the monotony too often seen in this kind of picture."

Some very pretty rock, surf and ocean views are to be found at Point Firmin, particularly when the ocean is rough. The surf there is very high at times, the spray reaching to the glass about the lantern during the wintry storms. On the occasion of the club's trip to the Point last year some beautiful photographs were secured.

As to the papers best suited for reproducing this class

of photographs, Mr. Delery says: "There is nothing which can equal the matchless beauty of the print. Platinum and other processes may be used, but carbon is truer to nature, which we wish to represent, and while it does not give the color as it will, in many instances, give the appearance, and especially so in marine work if a subject is secured, and it will give the picture a delicacy which no other process can rival."

Considering, more particularly, surf photography, the first requisites are a knowledge of the proper shutter and the relative sizes of your lens and aperture, then comparatively easy to determine the proper exposures. Osborne I. Yellott, in his article, "Hints in Surf Photography," gives much valuable information along this line. He advises that the meter be taken on all photographic trips to the beach, though exposure tables are of little use there, among other things, to the reflection of the sky. Mr. Yellott recommends a very rapid plate for the beach, but states that, as a general thing, isochromatic or ray filters are not necessary. He cautions the amateur to rub the metal parts of both camera and tripod with a rag slightly moistened with oil, and to expose portions of the shutter, and the screen, to guard against rust from the moisture prevailing at the seashore. It is also well to be provided with several large pins to fasten the focusing screw, as the wind is often troublesome. In general, usual care should also be exercised to keep the holders out of the brilliant light at the beach. A good plan to do as one of the club did, was to take the plates from the camera in a hurry to catch the reflection of a yacht, and then forget them and leave them on the pier in the brilliant sunshine the next morning. The day.

The lens should also be kept protected at all times except during the moment of exposure, and should be coated with moisture and spoil what would otherwise be a good photograph. Mr. Yellott also advises the beach photographer to array himself in a light suit before beginning operations in the surf line, and to take the advice given from his own experience in taking pictures. Be sure to get the horizon level on the glass, otherwise you may have to trim away the best part of your print.

Mr. Yellott says: "Before making an exposure decide what you are going to take. Study the subject. Determine beforehand whether you wish to take it as they rush in, just before beginning to break, or as the crest breaks, or on their downward slide after having struck the beach and rebounded, or on the glistening spray and foam. If you wait until the breaker until it is at its best, you will not get it. It is not at its best long enough for you to realize it. Press the bulb. It frequently happens that you get a better second after you take it, but this is one of the many disappointing features of surf photography."

"Having decided at what stage you are going to stop your breaker, notice the point in the water where the light is when it reaches that stage, and then focus the F-8 stop on the water at that point. Test the focusing by watching two or three breakers on the glass. If you think it is about right, adjust the diaphragm. When you have cut the light down to the proper amount for this connection it is well to remember that cutting down the lens does not serve, primarily, to reduce the amount of light entering the lens, it also gives a greater definition. Cutting it down to an F-32 stop will have the effect of bringing in focus a point that has not been actually focused upon, and while it has a tendency to bring objects in focus between the camera and the point focused on, yet that tendency is quite limited. Therefore, you want the water in the foreground to be in focus, the breaker in the middle distance sharply in focus, and it is well to focus on the former. Cutting down to an F-32 will then bring the breaker into focus. But there are two other facts to be taken into consideration in connection with this, first, that the tendency of motion picture photography to appear blurred in the negative is increased as the objects are nearer the lens, and the second is that the exposure, one-half more, is necessary for each stop. So fifteen or twenty feet of the camera."

HELEN L.

THE TOLSTOI SON WHO DIED

[St. James's Budget:] Luovitch Tolstai, Tolstai, whose death is announced from St. Petersburg, had little sympathy with his famous father. He was his father's favorite, and seemed to grow up with the same views, but his opinions changed with ripier years, and he not only lost sympathy with the religion of his father, but it was his duty to place himself in direct opposition to it. He wielded a gifted pen, and wrote a large number of certain aspects of his father's teachings. His work, apart from many excellent stories, was a "Kreutzer Sonata." Though it was of course a change of belief did not affect their relationship. Tolstai has the courage of his opinions and stands them in spite of the world, but he resists the man's right of freedom of thought and action.

HOW GEN. CORBIN SHOWED THEM HIS

[National Magazine:] There was a president at the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club in Washington that will be embalmed in the history of the organization. The club is composed of newspaper correspondents, and their annual dinners are always have a gorgeous array of distinguished guests and for once official dignities and exemptions aside. Secretary of War Root made a speech, speaking of Gen. Corbin reference was made to the well-known "backbone." An interruption occurred and the general was requested to rise and give his backbone to the guests. Quick as a flash he replied: "The General was never known to give his back on an enemy."

THE FERN FAMILY.

HOW SOME OF THE MEMBERS LOOK AND WHERE THEY ARE FOUND.

By a Special Contributor.

GO, LOOK under the edge of huge rocks, or back in the cool shade where the leaf mold is deepest, or crawling against the stem of a giant tree, or—well—almost any place that is secluded, cosy, retiring. There you will find treasures, such as Capt. Kidd did not even dream of. Ferns—ferns of all sizes and degrees of fineness.

Standing waist deep in the water which trickles down the narrow ravines, will be Woodwardias, great, graceful fellows, higher than your head, even when you stand on tiptoe. In the shyest spot, hiding in the grasses, look for the delicate lace fern. On the hillside, under the trees, or swaying gracefully from overhanging rocks, will be the favorite of all—need it be named?—the black-stemmed maidenhair.

But these first named are not all the woods and cañons boast. The rains have brought others so quickly, they are quickly than the first three, that a very patient hunter can almost see them unfold.

Sword ferns, rock ferns, bird's-foot, coffee, and whole host of the broad-branched bracken grow everywhere in goodly numbers.

The bracken is the only really-accommodating member of its family. It will grow where the most careless hunter may find, even beside the roadway. The other ferns hide away, refuse to thrive in the wagon track! and so it is, that the average person comes back from his hunt, quite convinced that there are none in the cañons, except great brakes and a few rock ferns. Eyes

begin to curl. The reason is this: The cell walls are very thin and give off moisture very readily, thus enabling the food material to be carried quickly where needed. The yellow, wax-like coating on the underside of the leaves protects the layer of cells against too much evaporation. Yet this is not the only duty of the yellow dust. The pores of ferns are always on the underside of the leaf. If evaporation is too great, these pores close; but most of the time they must be open to

perhaps four or five weeks, the young fern begins to look quite grown-up, for it has a little underground stem, roots, and new leaves.

The underground stem becomes a storehouse for the early growth of next season, but the little plant will not be fully grown and bear spores for several years.

The clusters of spore cases are arranged differently on different ferns. The coffee fern and bird-foot fern have a tidy way of turning back the leaf margin to protect their cases. This hem serves a triple purpose, as it prevents clogging of the pores by the water in the rainy season, and too great evaporation during the dry season. They are, perhaps, the hardiest of all our common ferns, and often survive a long, dry season in places exposed to the sun.

For the great, beautiful Woodwardias, or many lace ferns, you will have to go farther than Elysian Park.



TIP OF A WOODWARDIA, SHOWING SPORE CASES.

permit the plant to breathe, and as a passage for the water current. They must not be stopped up by water. Since the fern usually grows in moist and shady places, the wax-like powder acts as oil, collects the moisture in drops which roll off and leave the pores free to do their work.

As the golden back grows older, a brown powder appears on the yellow under side. At first it comes in fine lines, which spread, until nearly the whole surface is covered. Each grain of this fine powder is a spore case, similar to one in the clusters of cases which decorate the lace, sword, and other ferns.

These spore cases in themselves are very interesting. Long ago, before people knew the purpose of these brown specks, there were some odd beliefs about fern seeds. It was believed that they were formed in some mysterious way on midsummer nights. To find them, one must go alone at the witching midnight hour, and with magic words at his command. About half a century ago, the microscope and a keen-eyed observer found out the truth.

Each brown grain is a tiny, transparent case filled



BIRD'S-FOOT FERN.

with fine particles called spores. Around each case is a ring of strong elastic tissue, which has one weak place. When matured, the weak place gives way, the tissue acts as a spring, straightens out, tears open the case, and the spores are flung out. Millions of the spores simply die, but in damp, shady places a few begin to grow.

Oddly enough, this first growth from the spore does not look in the least like a fern. It is a thin, very delicate, light-green scale, about a quarter of an inch broad. It lies flat on the moist ground and is fastened to it by minute hair-like roots. In a short time a thin stem, bearing a tiny ball, appears. The ball unfolds into the first little leaf. A second leaf appears in the same way. The scale grows brown, and withers. In



BIT OF A COFFEE FERN.

But with a day and a dollar at your command places are plentiful enough. Even all of the dollar is not a necessity. Santa Monica can prove her claim to six cañons, close enough at hand to be easily reached with a horse, on a wheel, or, for a very good walker, on foot. By leaving the main road and exploring the little side cañons or clefts in the hills, long-stemmed maidenhair, with large, though delicate leaves, will be found in profusion. One day's trip into several of these cañons has brought the searcher home with eight different varieties of ferns.

The cañons above Pasadena are supplied in the same delighting way, and higher up in the mountains are found two or three more varieties. These mountain ferns are dainty, little ones, the underside usually cov-



POLYPODIUM, OR ROCK FERN.

ered with tiny, overlapping woolly or papery scales. When the weather is too hot or too cold, they have a very fascinating habit of snugly curling up and exposing only the protected side until more pleasing weather comes.

With the smiling, golden sunshine and bright, blue sky to beckon, surely all who care and can will hie away to the woodlands and meet the ferns upon their own ground.

JANE GRAY.

SHE WAS LORD FAUNTLEROY'S MAMMY.

[Knoxville (Tenn.) Correspondence Louisville Courier Journal:] Priscilla Whitson, a very aged colored woman, died here last week in an old colored woman's home. She was for years the family servant and nurse in the family of Dr. S. M. Burnett, husband of the authoress, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and nursed Vivian Burnett, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," during his babyhood and boyhood. The old woman was engaged as nurse and maid in Dr. Burnett's family immediately after his marriage to Frances Hodgson in this city, and she went to Europe with them in the year after Vivian's birth. She was born a slave. She grieved for several years over the parting of Mrs. Burnett and her husband, and it was the one great grief of her life that Mrs. Burnett did not mention her in her story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which she was always fond of reading.

Vivian Burnett is now a reporter on the Washington Post.



GOLDEN-BACK FERN.

ne and feet that wander are a necessity if ferns are to be found. The straight and narrow road will not lead to their hiding places.

For general suggestions as to how to find them, go early in order to have plenty of time. Take some box or basket to carry them home in, and if you wish roots and all, a strong, long-bladed knife or a saw.

Where? The nearest-by places are among the hills of Elysian Park. Follow the road from the main entrance until you find a path overlooking the so-called Angels River. Stay with this path until the hills offer an opportunity of scrambling up their sides.

There are sword ferns in plenty, already well provided with the spore cases which take the place of seeds. There is even a greater number of rock ferns, nearly all being supplied with its dainty but sturdy



SPORE CASES, MAGNIFIED FIFTY TIMES.

These rock ferns spring swiftly into life after the rains, for the last year's underground stem is a storehouse, and there is, besides, a tangle of thin roots to collect moisture. This moisture feeds the food supply and makes it ready for the young ferns which lie tightly curled along the underside of the leaf.

The fern works very fast, indeed, after the rain supply, and in a short time the leaves have their rows of brown seed cases.

There are not so many maidenhair and golden-back ferns as yet they are in numbers great enough to recognize the beauty of the hillside. The brown-stemmed coffee fern adds to the beauty of the hillside. Press one of its leaves against dark cloth, and yet they are in numbers great enough to recognize the golden imprint will be left. This yellow wax, which serves a mighty purpose. On a hot, dry day these ferns will curl up, and only the golden surface exposed. If the dry weather does not last too long, they will uncurl again. When picked, the edges of the leaf soon

Compiled for The Times.

IN the administration of President Harrison, Senator Clark of Wyoming, then a practicing lawyer in the Territory, as it was in those days, was appointed a Judge of the Territorial Court. He was not certain about accepting the position, and he went over to have a talk with Judge Corn, the Democratic incumbent.

"All right," said Judge Corn. "Come over and I will swear you in, but," he added, with a laugh, "while I can swear you in all creation cannot qualify you."—
[Washington Post.

"'Where did yez want to go, sir?' came the edifying answer."—[Washington Star.

"I HEARD of a broad hint that was amusingly given at Paris last summer," said M. H. Spooner of Philadelphia at the Hoffman House yesterday. "A party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—were just sitting down to a supper at one of the cafés, when to them came a third man. It was an attractive party, and the third man wanted to join it, but the others were not so keen; hence the joy of the meeting was principally confined to the interloper. Nothing abashed, however, he sat down and began to talk. He discussed the exposition and the latest scandal involving mutual friends. Then he paused for breath, but not one of that parti carré said a word, so he blithely started off again. This time he gave the Chinese question, trans-Atlantic travel and the coming elections in America the benefit of his views, until lack of breath brought him to another full stop. No comment from the four silent ones came to relieve the situation, and so, a trifle disheartened but still courageous, he set his mouth to work again. The Boer war and the Philippine situation he wore to a frizzle, and finally, in absolute desperation, he turned in and gave the weather a twist. Then, with bellows to mend, he lay back in his chair. The four remained as unresponsive as before, but he, alas! could do no more and simply sat there and panted for breath. One of the fair ones finally came to the rescue and relieved the situation. Leaning toward the exhausted conversationalist she sweetly said, 'I hope we don't tire you listening.'"—[New York Tribune.

In Debt All Around.

OWEN FINNEGAN, a right brave-hearted son of Erin, began life actively as a deck hand on an Alabama River steamer in the palmy days of steamboating.

The firm then sent Thomas to President Lincoln to

deadly precision with which the stones in some parts of New Guinea these trees are used as places of burial for persons of

March 17, 1901.]

...life is depicted, and the fact that man may ... and come sorrow to the Holy Spirit. A chapter ... is that of "The Spirit in Creation," in which ... showing thoughts.

... teaches that the power to see, whether it ... in poetry, art, music or research, comes ... and is the glorious proof of the touch of ... upon the mind of man.

... is the pastor of the New Court Church, ... He has published numerous works of ex- ... and devotional character, and all his books ... with devout suggestions for the best ideals of the ... life.

... By the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. ... H. Revell Company. For sale by Fowler Bros.]

HISTORY.

... of Royalties.

... edition of an old favorite collection of blag- ... of England's queens cannot but be acceptable at ... when attention is directed to royal influence ... of Queen Victoria. The present volume ... the reader from the time of the Norman con- ... to the reign of Her late Majesty. The style of ... has a kind of graphic elevation and pure senti- ... which is too familiar to the public to need ex- ... The book has been revised by Geneva Arm- ... The 13 mo. volume, which is cloth bound, with ... page, is illustrated with twenty-eight full-page ...

... By Mary Howitt. Revised ... Armstrong. B. S. Wason & Co., Chicago. ...

MISCELLANEOUS.

... questions of propriety which interest ... are answered in this sensible book of ... The dispenser of hospitalities will find these ... The work gives directions for dinner ... receptions, musicales, balls, garden parties, wed- ... and christenings.

... of funerals, correspondence, of visit- ... the use of cards are in the enumeration. The ... gives directions for the toilette, and what to wear ... various occasions. The directions are made ... by an excellent index. The illustrations in- ... clude decorations, photographs of table arrange- ... and the proper dress of maids in service.

... of Etiquette. What to Write, What to ... What to Do, What to Say. By Emily Holt. Mc- ... Phillips & Co.]

ENGINEERING.

... Business Men.

... states that Englishmen who come to this ... are impressed with their own want of knowl- ... of the growing manufacturing industries of Amer- ... The peculiar environment of the people is produc- ... ing people so versatile and so far-seeing and so en- ... that the very forces of nature seem to take more ... shape in their nervous hands. We find the United ... especially favored by nature in the distribution ... The keystones of a general manufacturing ... in engineering and this again is founded on ... There follows an account of the manufacture ... of machine tools, locomotives, the subject of ... and communication and closes with chapters on ... Whatever may be political opinion ... subject the recent organization of the United ... Steel Company, with a capitalization of \$1,100,- ... is a phenomenon which will interest Great ... still further, and Mr. Morgan has said to have ... the amalgamation in industrial shape as though it ... an everyday affair. This concentration of productive ... is one of the miracles of this time, and the con- ... will be watched with strong interest by in- ... and employe, both in this country and abroad.

... anonymous English engineer, who prepared these ... for a London newspaper, visited numerous ... plants, and obtained his conclusions by the ... of the managers and proprietors of this coun- ... His announcements from a comparison of figures and ... that the British iron industry is stagnating in ... with this country. The book is entertaining ... one who has the spirit of interest in watching ... ightly eye developing in the colossal purposes of ... science. Americans can but read such ... with honest pride in the national progress toward ... mental supremacy. It seems from this work that ... the trained engineer found much to surprise and ... him in the excellence of American methods of ...

... the new century's problems will be many ... connected with the title of this book.

... American Engineering Competition. Being a Series ... Resulting from an Investigation Made by the ... Times. Harper Bros. Price, \$1.]

Life in Old Vermont.

... friends of the books of this author, who enjoy ... of rural primitive life in Vermont, will follow the ... of "Sam." The family conclave, when the boy's ... finally passes from that of "Bub" to that of ... "Samuel," is one of the characteristic pictures. ... day at school when he is troubled to un- ... why a small kitten should have a longer name ... than an old cat, are among his first troubles. ... and hunting episodes, the wonderful tales ... the Canadian, are features of the boy's his- ... in which there are many humorous pages, which ... for their narrative skill.

... By Rowland E. Robinson. Hough- ... & Co. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Stoll & ... Company.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

... Atlantic Monthly for March contains its usual ... and literary table of contents. The political ... of the day are represented by the names of

Woodrow Wilson, Henry B. MacFarland, J. W. Root, and W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. One of the amusing sketches of the number is that of Charles Battel Loomis, "How to Write a Novel for the Masses." Sarah Orne Jewett furnishes a chapter of her popular serial, "The Tory Lover." Edith M. Thomas contributes a lyrical poem on "The Flutes of the God."

The Book-Lover for March and April contains nearly three hundred pages of book reviews, sketches and accounts of famous books, libraries, and matter pertaining to book lore. The present issue, which is an edition-de-luxe, contains numerous chronicles of authors, with characteristics of their work, with typical selections from classic and modern literature. The publication is one of esthetic interest and literary entertainment.

Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Criterion, tells of the causes which contributed to "The Greatness of Queen Victoria." "One Century of Drama" begins a series of articles by Charles Henry Meltzer. F. W. Coburn writes of "American Art in the Nineteenth Century."

S. W. Shufeldt writes of "Bird Haunts of Norway" for the current number of Frank Leslie's Monthly. "Scientific Child Study" is contributed by Edward Marshall. Fiction is abundantly in evidence. The important contribution of this issue is Montenegro's account of the expedition of the "Stella Polare," entitled "Farther North Than Nansen."

The Book World contains four short stories among its special March features. "The Literary Side of Our Presidents" is a sketch by John De Morgan. "Glimpses of Japan" is contributed by Robert Stuart MacArthur.

An important contribution in the current issue of The Critic is R. Heber Newton's review of "Phillips Brooks; the Preacher and the Man." N. S. Shaler has an earnest review of Huxley's "Life and Letters." Edward Dowden writes of "The Poetry of Mr. Kipling." The number is entertaining and timely, containing a collection of fine illustrations.

Camera Craft for March contains numerous illustrations. "Typical Mexico and Its Opportunities" is a sketch of pictorial interest written and illustrated by F. M. Stendman. Among other sketches of value is that of O. V. Lange, "Photographing by Lamplight." "The California Camera Club Outing to Shasta" is a page of entertainment.

Sports Afield for March contains an illustrated sketch on "New York's Zoological Park," by Idah Meacham Strobbridge. Morris Browning Rice continues his sketches on "Our Common Birds."

One of the graphic contributions of the Home Magazine for March is that of Arthur Inkersley, "How the Railroads Fight the Snow." Eugene Wood writes on "The Knack of Singing." Galusha A. Grow tells of "A Forgotten Page of American History."

Good Health for March is a magazine with suggestions in diet and dress, with chapters of physiological import. "Brook Farm," by William Pen Alcott, in this number, contains a number of portraits.

The leading article in the International Monthly for March is that on "National Expression in American Art," by Will H. Low. Mr. Low considers that art has arrived at its maturity in the Old World and further advance is problematical. He thinks that, although American artists have not reached the same degree of technical expression, they are not wanting in temperamental artistic qualities. M. Andre Lebon, Minister of Commerce, under President Faure, contributes to this number a study of "France's Present Place in International Commerce." He considers the equilibrium of public safety greater where there is no one single source of prosperity as the wheat crop in this country. Thomas H. Morgan writes of "The Problem of Development." James Sully of "Child-Study and Education." E. R. L. Gould of "Civic Reform and Social Progress."

Harper's Weekly (No. 2305) contains William McLennan's "Old Clubs of Quebec." "The Voice of the People on the Philippine Problem" is represented by numerous letters, the result of the Mark Twain and John Kendrick Bangs dissertations.

Cassell's National Library (No. 392.) edited by Prof. Henry Morley, in its weekly edition publishes Paul Hentzner's "Travels in England." The number also contains Sir Robert Naunton's "Fragments Regalia," first published in 1641.

The present issue completes the first year of Impressions, a San Francisco publication which, it is stated, receives generous support not only at home, but in the East and in the Hawaiian Islands. The present number has a table of contents which are principally literary estimates of books. Among the contributions of interest is "A Peep Into the Vatican Library," by J. C. Powell, which is illustrated by a reproduction from a photograph. Among the names of the contributors are Thomas R. Bacon, Elizabeth W. Putnam, Howard V. Sutherland, Dorothea Moore and Adeline Knapp.

Morgan Robertson writes of "Masters of Men, a Romance of the New Navy," for the Saturday Evening Post (February 23.) "Our Cities of the Twentieth Century" contains an account of the growth of California, as illustrated by San Francisco.

The American Queen, in its March number, contains Mrs. Frank Tremper's illustrated sketch, "Some Pet Dogs of Social Favorites." The number abounds with helpful home suggestions and directions in the realm of domestic science.

Success for March offers an abundance of entertaining material. Miss Gould writes, it is said, her first signed magazine article for this issue, devoted to the work of the ladies among the enlisted men of the army.

"The Instruments of Tycho Brahe and the Prague Observatory," by H. C. Wilson, and "The Attraction and Figure of the Earth," by W. W. Payne, are contributions of general interest to Popular Astronomy for March. The editors have also added other sketches which make this number valuable to the student of astronomy. Sir Norman Lockyer's "The Sun and His System" and "Scientific Progress During the Nineteenth Century" are important chapters in this number. "Nature in Literature" is to be the subject of the April number of Impressions—to include articles by

George Hamlin Fitch, Charles Warren Stoddard, Adeline Knapp, A. L. E. H., and others. The supplement will be a careful reproduction of some beautiful photograph of nature. May, the fairy month, will be devoted to fairy literature, folk lore and the child mind.

The Popular Science Monthly concludes Prof. Simon Newcomb's "Chapter on the Stars." Havelock Ellis continues "A Study of British Genius." "The Geologist Awheel" is a contribution of general interest. The magazine, with its extended table of contents, maintains its high authority in recent scientific progress.

The Century Magazine for March contains the initial number of Irving Bachelors' "D'ri and I, a Border Tale of 1812." The popularity of "Eben Holden" will lead the admirers of that novel to read this serial with interest. Lovers of music will find a contribution of importance in George Henschel's "Recollections of Johannes Brahms." Augustine Birrell continues his sketches, "Down the Rhine," which are pictorially illustrated. The fiction of the number contains among its representative names those of Bertha Runkle, Hamlin Garland, Flora Annie Steel, Olive Huc, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Jonas Stadling writes of "The People at the Top of the World." "The Topics of the Times" are presented with acceptable variety.

The Black Cat for March contains H. A. Fillmore's "How David Came Home," which is one of the prize stories of the number. Jessie Reno Odin, Henry Reed Taylor and Henry Adelbert Thompson are the other contributors of the number.

The Review of the Republic, among its notable articles, gives the opinion of Miles M. O'Brien on "Free Libraries in Public Education." Andrew Carnegie writes of "The Woman in the Queen." Subjects connected with philanthropic growth engage the pen of various eminent thinkers. "Our National Progress" is contributed by Maurice L. Muhleman.

The Sierra Club Bulletin for February is a publication of interest. "The Work of the Division of Forestry in the Redwoods," by R. T. Fisher, is one of the important contributions of the number. "Parks and Peaks of Colorado," by Vernon L. Kellogg, is the illustrated initial contribution and gives a noble impression of pictorial scenery in the West. John Muir is the president of the Sierra Club, the purpose of which is to explore, enjoy and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast and publish authentic information about them.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Cassell & Co. announce for early publication a new novel, entitled "The Wisdom of Esau," by R. L. Outhwaite and C. H. Chromley.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, are the publishers of "Rodari Sculptor; a Story of Pisa," by Virginia E. Pennoyer, and not Lee & Shepard, as misannounced by an exchange. Charles Mills Gayley, professor of English literature of the University of California, commends this story for its plot and style.

The Dodge Publishing Company, New York, announces as an ideal gift for Easter, "Thoughts," by the compilers of the famous "Borrowings."

"The Romance of the Heavens" is the title of a popular yet scientific book on astronomy by A. W. Bickerton, professor of chemistry at the New Zealand University, which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately.

Harper & Bros. announce with the March publications a new library edition of the books of Mark Twain, "The Progress of the Century," by eminent specialists, and the third novel in the American series, "Martin Brook," by Morgan Bates.

"The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages," by Henry Osborn Taylor, is on the list of recent announcements of the Macmillan Company, which is one of the Columbia University Studies in Literature.

D. Appleton & Co. announce that they are preparing an edition of Piere Didon's famous "Life of Jesus Christ," to be sold through the regular trade at \$5 for the two volumes. It has hitherto been sold only by subscription.

The Literary Outlook announces that "Mr. Trennell, Mate of the Ship Pirate," which was written by T. Jenkins Hains, and published in this country about a year ago, has been gone over and edited with annotations by Mr. Harmsworth for English publication. During the spring Mr. Hains's book "The Cruise of the Petrel," will be published.

"The Hosts of the Lord," by Flora Annie Steel (Macmillan Company), is announced as a dramatic and absorbing story.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce "A Journey to Nature," by J. P. Mowbray.

Not long ago, it was announced that Frederick R. Burton had written music to Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Freedom, Our Queen," for use at the second inaugural of President McKinley. It may not be generally known, but Mr. Burton is the author of several books of fiction. Speaking to a friend about his work, Mr. Burton recently remarked, "Once I counted nineteen of my books on a shelf in a bookstore, but not one of them would I acknowledge; a few are unavoidable, as they have my real name attached." Mr. Burton has contributed extensively to the various magazines, and has a new novel ready now which will be brought out this spring.

"The Solitary Summer," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," is announced, with numerous illustrations reproduced in photogravure. The author's exquisite humor is said by the London Times to make this sequel to "Elizabeth" "a happy inspiration, which has the charm of its predecessor." (The Macmillan Company.)

"The Black Gown," a historical novel by Miss Ruth Hall of Catskill, N. Y., has received a cordial welcome from readers and critics alike. The characters in this story by Miss Hall were prominent figures in Albany a century and a half ago, and the richness of the local history "up State" is again brought to attention. Miss Hall is a member of a literary family, and her father, the late Joseph B. Hall, was a politician and a newspaper editor of note.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

SEEN IN NEW YORK SHOPS.

STYLES THAT WILL BE FAVORITES WITH THE SUMMER GIRL THE "COMING" SEASON.

BOLEPO effects are likely to be as popular as ever with the early spring costumes, and will assert themselves in every conceivable shape—long and short, with or without sleeves, or merely elbow sleeves. Some of the smart costumes in light cloths will have little boleros of panne velvet, untrimmed, save perhaps with a tiny finish of silver soutache braid and an elaborate collar of lace. In fact, boleros are almost infinite in their variety. Some will be made of spangled nets, for which a proper finish is a narrow fringe of gold, silver or jet. Again will be seen boleros in the heavier laces, which are always stylish, besides the jaunty little affairs for foulards, or other soft materials, made from alternate bands of velvet ribbon and lace insertions.

That skirts will be more voluminous there is no question of doubt, as with the advent of warm weather and thin fabrics there comes the opportunity for shirring, smocking and ruffling in their make-up. Much shirring will be affected by slender women, on both bodices and sleeves, while occasionally the entire waist will be shirred over a lining in rows around the figure, or in perpendicular rows from neck to waistband, while the same idea is carried out in the sleeves.

The earliest designs in shirt waists are eliciting special attention, particularly those in cotton madras, in which the combination of colors is truly wonderful. These range from stripes of vivid greens and yellows, flaming reds and rich blues, to the most delicate of pastel shades. In the way of making they show distinct points of difference from last year's designs. Box pleats and yokes have disappeared from the backs, which are perfectly flat, with just enough fullness at the waistline to draw the material in closely to the figure. The cuff is narrower than formerly, and the box pleat down the center front is lessened in width. The favored long-waisted effect is obtained by stitching the fullness in a V well below the waistline. Long shoulders will prevail, and more fullness will be noticeable at the top of the sleeves.

The prettiest white waists are those made of Irish linen, hand embroidered. Some of the designs are polka dots, fleur-de-lis and tiny clover leaves, and to accompany such waists are all-white stocks with cravat bows, hemstitched and embroidered. Other linen waists are embroidered in colored figures on the same order as the all white, being most popular in bright red, emerald green, pink, light blue and violet. The stocks to be worn with these waists are in cheviot, in color matching the embroidered dot.

A novelty in waists for traveling or the cool days of spring is of fine Scotch flannel in pastel shades, but introduced in checked and plaid effects rather than stripes. The handkerchief waist in Persian patterns is almost exclusively devoted to negligee or house wear, to accompany taffeta petticoats.

Golf vests this season are rather new in shape as well as gorgeous in color, brilliant red being favored. Next to red is "golfer's green," which is a few shades lighter than the old-fashioned bottle green. After green comes the blues, white and yellow, the latter being used but sparingly in combination with other colors. Many of the knit golf vests for women show red groundwork with white or black figures. The shapes vary, and all are double breasted. There is a single pocket on the left breast, usually closed with a button flap, and, while the vests are designed without sleeves, these may be obtained in either flannel, silk or satin, in self or contrasting colors. The edges of these vests are bound with red, white or black silk, and the buttons are either in brass or nickel, or are self-covered.—[New York Tribune.]

WELLESLEY'S NEW DEAN.

[New York Tribune:] Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, the new dean of Wellesley, is the third woman to be honored by the Wellesley trustees with this office. Miss Pendleton, whose home is in Westerly, R. I., where she received her early education and her preparation for college, became a student at Wellesley in 1882, and was graduated with the degree of B. A. in 1886. For the two years following she acted as tutor in the mathematics department, and in 1888 was appointed instructor in mathematics, the same year in which Miss Ellen Hayes was made professor of that subject. In 1891 the degree of Master of Arts was granted to Miss Pendleton, who had studied in the mean time, during 1889 and 1890, at Newnham College, Eng.

On the resignation of Miss Mary E. Gorham, in May, 1897, Miss Pendleton was made secretary of the college, and on assuming this office retained her work as instructor in mathematics only until the close of that year. At the time of her appointment as secretary she was at the head of Stone Hall, the dormitory next largest to College Hall, but retired from that position at the conclusion of the year. Upon the resignation of Miss Mary E. Woolley to become the president of Mount Holyoke College, the charge of College Hall—the administrative building, where nearly three hundred students and members of the faculty live—was given to Miss Pendleton. Her appointment as dean will go into effect in June. In addition to the office of dean, she has also been honored with that of associate professor of mathematics.

With these three offices—secretary, dean and associate professor, though the latter will not call for much more than nominal work—Miss Pendleton will have a heavy burden of executive duties. But close continued acquaintance with Wellesley as student, instructor and officer has amply qualified her for these duties.

The president and the dean-elect are closely in sym-

pathy. Last April Miss Pendleton accompanied President Hazard on a journey through the West, visiting en route many colleges, schools and several Wellesley clubs.

WHEN ROYALTY DINES.

THE BRITISH KING EATS HIS FISH WITH TWO FORKS AND DRINKS LITTLE WINE.

By a Special Contributor.

If one wishes to be very Anglo-maniac in regard to table etiquette or rather table furnishings, fish knives must be dispensed with.

This is a peculiarity of the King of England's dinner table. His Majesty substitutes two forks, when upon the fish course he concentrates his attention. Nor does he eat bread with his fish; in fact, he eats no bread either at dinner or luncheon, but only a specially prepared toast, cut in small pieces. The King, it may be remarked, drinks but little wine with his meals, his abstemiousness in this respect being most marked.

Fine silver does not play an important part on the royal table, save on state occasions; crystal and fine porcelain being more in evidence. Simplicity in other respects as regards meals, has always been a characteristic of Sandringham and Marlborough House; both the King and Queen abhorring long or elaborate menus, and absolutely refusing to remain at dinner over an hour; forty minutes is the length of time preferred and often adhered to.

The menus for dinner are printed on prettily-illuminated cards, surmounted by the royal arms, and with a dainty view in sepia of Windsor Castle, or Buckingham Palace, whichever place the court may be. The menu is headed "His Majesty's Dinner." Then there comes the date, and after that the French names of the various dishes, including two kinds of soup, two kinds of fish, two entrees, two relevés, two roasts, three entremets, with a side table of various cold meats.

It is worthy of note that during Queen Victoria's time, the dinner provided for the ladies and gentlemen of Her Majesty's household, in another apartment, was an infinitely more elaborate affair than her own. The dinner hour is 9 o'clock.

Royalty takes its breakfast and luncheon in private, as a rule, that is, members of the royal family only are present; at dinner, are ladies and gentlemen of the household and guests.

Each royalty has his or her own servant. King Edward VII, as the Prince of Wales, traveled everywhere, with a footman to wait on him at meals; in addition, his valets always accompanied him, two gillies who took charge of his guns, and, of course, an equerry.

Queen Victoria was waited on at table by her two Indian servants, to whom she spoke in Hindoostani; if these servants made the mistake of becoming too proficient in the English language, they were returned to India, and new ones substituted.

Guests at Windsor rarely see their royal host and hostess until dinner time; it is usually arranged that guests arrive late in the afternoon; they are received possibly by the Princess Victoria, the King and Queen only receiving royalty in person. The next morning, guests breakfast in their own rooms. A visit usually extends to the second day; one is seldom invited for more than two days, very often only to dine and sleep.

In striking contrast to the comparative simplicity of English royalty at table are the marvelous epicurean feasts of the Austrian court. There the menus are nearly a yard long, and everything else in proportion. An army of flunkies bears rare gold and silver dishes, which they deftly balance on three fingers. The dish placed before one, however, is scarcely tasted before the court marshal has tapped his golden cane on the marble floor, and the dish is removed to make place for the next. This is a state dinner. Upon ordinary occasions, the Emperor of Austria takes all his meals alone, even his dinner; each course being brought in on a tray. His dinner consists of four courses, his luncheon of two. Neither butter nor sugar are ever allowed on his private table.

Another potentate who takes all his meals alone is the Pope; this is a papal traditional custom. The Sultan, too, dines alone, and wherever he may happen to be at the moment.

When their royalties of Russia dine without guests, the dishes are of the most simple and even bourgeois description, the Czar, although a hearty eater, preferring simple food. Whenever the repast assumes a ceremonial form, the cuisine is of the most elaborate character. The chef's staff numbers over 1200 persons, these include twenty-four "officers of the mouth," fifty yeomen of the buffet, and 120 chefs of first, second and third rank.

A custom observed in all countries in respect to the ruler of the land, is that he is always helped first. Even in our democratic country, when the President of the United States sits at table, even as host, and there are ladies present, he is served first. His place is at the center of the north side of the table, the length of which extends from east to west.

PRETTY LINEN GOWNS FOR SPRING.

[New York Tribune:] Among the spring novelties there is nothing more attractive than linen gowns. They appear in rose, blue, écar, lilac and green, and are trimmed simply with lace and embroidery. A rose-red linen seen lately had a pleated bodice and groups of fine pleats on the skirt. A sailor collar with appliqué embroidery was the only trimming. A blue linen gown has a blouse front of cream-colored batiste and revers of white piqué. The skirts of the gowns are nearly plain and the bodices are the semi-fitting blouse or jacket type.

THE BROWNING'S FRIEND.

WITTY, CHARMING MRS. BRONSON'S DEATH BE MUCH MOURNED IN VENICE.

[New York Times:] A cable from Venice announces the passing away of Katharine de Kay, widow of Arthur Bronson, and daughter of the late Commodore George Coleman de Kay, and Janet Halleck, only daughter of Joseph Halleck, all of New York.

The death of Mrs. Arthur Bronson leaves in the ranks of those who gave the American home to travelers in Italy. She lived so long at Venice in the Casa Alvisi, home on the Grand Canal, opposite the Salute, that her memory will be always associated with the city of the lagoons. Here she displayed a wit that became proverbial, not for any connection with it, but for its quality of humor. The wit and charm of the hostess were due for her friends eminent in letters and John Ruskin, Robert Browning, Whistler, Henry James, Mark Twain, and their like, high in rank, such as Don Carlos, the Prince of the Princes and Princesses Windischgratz, Montenegro, Georgia, Odessa, and others, lighted just as much obscure artists and those of her fellow-countrymen and friends who had a letter of introduction from any of her friends. More than that, the common people, the gondoliers on the canals, their wives and found her sympathetic and helpful. From the beggar, no one in Venice but reverenced her.

To the world at large she was best known person to whom Robert Browning dedicated a volume of poems, his "Asolando." For the annual visit of Robert Browning and Miss Browning, to Venice began with the Casa Alvisi. In summer they would stay at Asolo itself, Mrs. Bronson's retreat in the there Browning bought land and made a villa for a villa just before he died. Mrs. Bronson's story of these visits of the Brownings in the Magazine of last April, in an article called "Asolo." Browning, his sister and his with her an admiration for the charming that looks toward Venice across the plain of Bassano and Padua.

It would be long to chronicle the good Mrs. Bronson to the industries and the poor of Venice more than one season of famine she helped from her modest resources and stimulated help. She founded beds in the hospital, and she saw one of the little shrines erected by men at the chief ferries across the waters of Venice falling into ruin, she had it restored, placing valuable old carvings in wood where modern images had been. To the museum she gave very valuable articles, including carved marble well-coping, found on an outlying industry on one of the minor islands of Venice to Dr. Salvati, the reviver of the glass industry, many artistic designs which he was eager to acknowledge as due to her clever taste.

This granddaughter of Joseph Rodman was ready to the pen at an early age. The late Mrs. de Kay was delighted to find that an anonymous "Letters from New York" was no other than a brilliant and beautiful girl in her teens who was New York society with her quips and jollies her inclination to letters nor her liking for was carried far, owing to an early marriage, unsettled nature of her life in Paris, London, R. I., Spain and Italy. She had but one married to Count Cosimo Rucellai of Florence, officer, but her latter years were not without the pleasures of grandsons and granddaughters. She was the late Col. Drake de Kay and Maj. de Kay. Of her immediate family there are a brother, Charles de Kay, and two sisters, Mrs. Watson Gilder and Miss Julia de Kay.

A MONUMENT FOR MRS. ELLIS.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are now their attention toward the erection of a monument to Mrs. Lizzie Rutherford Ellis of Columbus, Ga. Mrs. Ellis was an army nurse during the Civil War, the originator of the custom of decorating the soldiers upon Memorial day. It was due to her that this custom became national. The custom has been disputed many times, but the Daughters of the Confederacy have spent three years in litigation, and have secured affidavits proving her claim to the honor. For years she has been buried in Linwood Cemetery, with only a simple stone to mark her grave. There are said to be members of her family alive. The Lizzie Rutherford of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Georgia, therefore, undertaken to raise the money for some monument, and it is hoped that sufficient interest will be aroused to enable it to fulfill its effort creditably.

[Chicago Post:] We had our suspicions of an alleged fatal French duel. It did not seem could have resulted in death except through carelessness.

SOME NOTED NUGGETS. INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THEIR DISCOVERY.

THOMAS JEFFERSON HURLEY, member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers and of the American Geographical Society, has just published a little book of sixty-four pages, which, in a condensed form, gives not only very valuable statistics concerning the world's gold production, past and present, but also the exact facts, so far as they could be obtained, about nearly all of the great nugget findings of the last century.

The largest nugget of which the world has any record, says Mr. Hurley, "was found at Hill End, South Wales, by Messrs. Byer and Haltman. It measured four feet nine inches in length, three feet six inches in width, and averaged four inches in thickness. It sold for \$148,000. At the time of finding it, Byer and Haltman had exhausted their capital and were practically living on charity. It is said that the discovery so unnerved one of the partners, that he went out for work or business for a long period.

Another part of the world has been so prolific in the yield of gold as Victoria. Of many discovered in the early years of the gold rush, the most valuable was a record has been preserved, but prior to 1896 a nugget was compiled by William Birkmyre, an Australian miner of high standing. Among the most valuable recorded is that of Welcome Stranger, which was found about a mile west of the village of Moliagul, in the neighborhood of Dunolly, on February 15, 1869.

This world-famed nugget was found by two puddlers, James W. Wattle and Richard Oates, on the extreme margin of a patch of auriferous alluvium, within two feet of the surface (sandstone), in a loose, gravelly loam. It measured about 28 inches in length and ten inches in thickness, and was composed of pure gold. It was covered with a thin layer of red clay and was barely covered with soil. In fact, it was in the rut made by the puddler's wheel that the treasure was noticed. It measured about 28 inches in length and ten inches in thickness, and was composed of pure gold. It was covered with a thin layer of red clay and was barely covered with soil.

The nugget was found in solid gold. The lucky finders conveyed it to their hut and heated it in order to get rid of the adherent quartz. They reduced its weight before taking it to the bank. They also detached and gave to their family a number of specimens and pieces of gold before the nugget got into the hands of the bank managers. The nugget weighed 2268 oz. 10 dwt. 14 gr., and was only 1-75 of alloy, which was composed chiefly of silver and iron, so that 98.66 per cent. of the nugget was pure gold. Including the pieces given away to the friends by the finders, the nugget yielded 2280 ounces, equivalent to 2248 ounces of pure gold, its value at the Bank of England being \$47,670. The neighborhood of Hill End was at that time almost unprospected country. Heavy gold was characteristic of the locality, many nuggets being found there, and near the spot where the Welcome Stranger was discovered two nuggets of 111 ounces and 36 ounces, respectively, were unearthed soon afterward.

The Welcome nugget found by a party of twenty-four men at Hill End, Ballarat, on June 15, 1858, was sold by the finders in Ballarat for \$52,500, and, after being sold for a season in Melbourne, it was again sold for \$46,625. It then weighed 2159 ounces, so that the price obtained was \$21 per ounce. This nugget was found at a depth of 180 feet. It was apparently composed of about ten pounds of quartz, clay, and iron and measured twenty inches in length, ten inches in breadth and seven inches in depth. Welcome was melted in London in November, 1859, and contained 99.30 per cent. of pure gold. The other two nuggets, one weighing 480 ounces and the other 360 ounces, were unearthed in the immediate vicinity of Hill End soon afterward.

The Blanche Barkley nugget (1743 oz. 13 dwt.) of value of \$34,525, was found by a party of four at a depth of thirteen feet and within five feet of holes that were dug three years before. Prior to its being melted the nugget was exhibited at Melbourne and at the Crystal Palace, London, where it was an object of great interest, owing to its bulk, its purity and solidity, and for some time the fortunate finders netted an average of \$250 a week gate receipts. It yielded 95.58 per cent. of pure gold.

Another party of four in the Canadian gully, Ballarat, at a depth of sixty feet, found a nugget weighing 1815 ounces, just after unearthing a nugget of 76 oz. Two of the party had been in the colony more than three months when they returned to England with their prize, which yielded them \$27,660. Near the same gully, on September 8, 1854, a nugget of gold weighing 1177 oz., 17 dwt., was found, and from the hole upward of 220 pounds of smaller nuggets were obtained, so that the value of gold taken from this claim was not less than \$65,000.

The Heron nugget, found by two men near Old Point, Freyer's Creek, Mount Alexander, was a lump of gold which drew the scale at 1008 ounces, valued at \$20,400. The lucky finders had been only three months in the colony.

There is an exciting incident connected with the discovery of the Oliver Martin nugget, the largest ever found in California, which sold for \$22,700 after it had realized \$10,000 from exhibition in various parts of the country. Although a young man, Oliver Martin was little better than a tramp. He spent his time in doing odd jobs and drinking whisky around the mining camps of Tuolumne, El Dorado and Calaveras counties. He had even owned a pan, much less a rocker or long tom. One of his boon companions was John Fowler, who was a shrewd and shrewd man. On the night in November, 1854, the two were on their

way from Benton's Bar, over the Grizzly Mountains to Camp Corona, the spot made famous in literature by Bret Harte. The fall rains had begun and the streams were running high. On the night of the 17th, almost stupid with drink, the two sought refuge in a deserted miner's hut. During the night a heavy rain, peculiar to the mountain ranges, set in. The water fell in torrents and came pouring down the precipitous mountain sides. The narrow cañon where Martin and Fowler lay asleep and drunk was soon filled with rushing waters, which threatened to sweep away the old shack of a building. They were awakened by the water pouring into the cabin, and sought to escape by climbing the steep sides of the cañon. Both men were swept back into the flood, and were carried down the stream into the darkness. Martin was washed into a clump of live oaks and managed to lodge, clinging to the branches until morning, but Fowler was drowned.

Next day, November 18, toward noon, when the waters had subsided, Martin secured a pick and shovel and started to bury his dead companion. He selected a sandy spot at the base of the cliff and had not dug two feet when he came upon the nugget. He made several tests before he could convince himself that it was really gold. The chunk was bigger than a bull's head and too heavy for Martin to carry. He hurried to Camp Corona to secure help. He had some difficulty in persuading any one to go with him. At last a miner consented, but carefully made the statement that he was going to help bury Fowler and not to carry nuggets, as he, like others in the camp, placed no confidence in Martin's story. The chunk weighed eighty pounds, and required the combined efforts of Oliver and his assistant to get it to the camp.

Before starting, both men staked claims, Martin, of course, claiming his where he had unearthed the big nugget. As soon as the news of the great find spread, miners flocked in by hundreds, but although the stream was carefully prospected for miles nothing of great value was found. Martin considered that his find, in view of the peculiar circumstances attending it, was an act of Providence, and he never touched intoxicants thereafter. With the money he got from the sale of his nugget he went to mining in a business-like manner. Later he was attracted to Yucatan, where he made over a half a million in quartz mining. He died in New Orleans a few years ago, leaving a fortune of over \$1,000,000.

To a poor half-breed Indian belongs the credit of the second-largest find in California. The scene of this discovery was a spot that had been gone over time and again by experienced prospectors and miners. In 1861 a firm of young men from St. Louis had been induced to invest in a big placer claim in Nevada county. Old miners laughed in their sleeves when they heard of the deal. The claim had never yielded more than colors and promises, and they regarded it as a moribund proposition.

But the new firm took hold with all the energy of young blood and abiding faith in their judgment and fortune. Sluices were built and the hunt for gold instituted with great vigor. Among the employees was the young half-breed Indian. One evening when the men had gone to their tents for supper, he went down to the creek to wash his overalls. The sluice and creek were so dirty that he could not see clearly beneath the surface. After spreading his overalls on the sluice boards to dry, the Indian's eyes were attracted by a big yellow rock in the muddy stream. He got down into the water and rolled the rock over several times. He had never seen gold in any other form than tiny flakes, or bits the size of pinheads, and it never occurred to him that gold could be found in any such mass as that he was rolling in the stream. He concluded that he had discovered some new kind of rock, and went to his tent to sleep in peace.

Next morning when he returned for his overalls he examined the curious rock again. There was something about it he could neither understand nor define, and he called the foreman to inspect it. The trained eye of the experienced miner at once recognized the precious nugget, and the camp went crazy over the find. As the story spreads hundreds came long distances just to feast their eyes on the lump of gold and to poise it in their hands. It weighed sixty-five pounds and filled a peck measure. The firm sold the nugget to the Adams Express Company for \$17,400, and presented each of their employees in the camp with \$100, giving the half-breed \$300 extra for his luck in making the find. The claim was afterwards worked over carefully, but while it yielded a moderate amount of dust, no other nugget larger than a pea was found, which is another proof of the miners' axiom that 'gold is where you find it.'

Two years ago a man was literally kicked into a fortune. Louis Roderigo was discharged by the superintendent of the Mistle Shaft mine. Every day for weeks he hung around the mine imploring to be taken back. Finally he was kicked off the grounds. He procured a pick and shovel and grub enough to last him for a week or two, and started off prospecting in Bear Creek, on the Pine Ridge, some seventy-five miles northeast of Frisco. Three weeks later he returned with \$9000 in gold dust, which was panned out in less than a fortnight's actual work.

Among the mining exhibits in the mining department of the World's Fair at Chicago was a nugget of pure gold found in Alpine county by a young woman. The history of the discovery of this chunk is cherished by every woman in the gold-mining regions in California. Harry E. Ellis and his wife went to the State in 1874 from Philadelphia because of Ellis's serious lung trouble. They went to live up in the mountains of Alpine county, miles from any neighbor. They got their livelihood by hunting and cultivating a few acres of land about their lonely cabin. Grizzled old gold miners, with their jackasses laden with grimy camp outfits and blankets, came by the Ellis cabin frequently. One of the men lay ill there for several weeks, while he was nursed to health and vigor by the Ellises. The miner told them how they might find recreation and

profit in hunting through the cañons and foothills in that region for pay dirt, and showed them where he believed there were indications of gold-bearing gravel.

"For days at a time the young husband and wife tramped up and down the gulches in Alpine county looking for specks of gold but all without avail. They abandoned seeking riches in the placers and confined their attention to their little ranch. One afternoon as Mrs. Ellis was driving home the family cow, she was seeking stones to throw for the amusement of the dog. She saw in the coarse gravel a dark, dull yellow stone and picked it up.

"I knew from the moment I picked it up," says she, "that I had found gold, because it was so heavy; but as I had never seen a real nugget, I was afraid my husband would laugh at me."

"The nugget has never been utilized in gold working, and is still kept for exhibition purposes. It is phenomenally clear, and the size of a croquet ball, but very rough and battered by rolling and tumbling in water for ages. Mrs. Ellis got \$2250 for this find.

"The biggest nugget found in California in the last thirty years was picked up in Sierra county. It was melted less than twelve years ago by a New York goldsmith after it had been used far and wide for exhibition purposes. In August, 1869, W. A. Farish, A. Wood, J. Winstead, F. N. L. Clevering and Harry Warner were partners in the Monumental Claim, near Sierra Buttes in Sierra county. In the last week of that month they discovered a gold nugget which weighed 1593 ounces, troy. It was sold to R. B. Woodward of San Francisco, who paid for it \$13,500 for exhibition purposes. When it was melted, about \$9800 was realized.

"Although Plumas county, away up toward the Oregon line and near the Modoc lava bed, is one of the richest counties in California in minerals and has made a dozen millionaires of several degrees, it has yielded few valuable nuggets. The largest was found by a Chinaman, near the mouth of Nelson Creek. It was worth \$2800. A miner in Elizabethtown, Archie Little, discovered a \$2600 nugget, and Hays and Steadman found one above Mohawk Valley, near the county line, that weighed 420 ounces and was worth \$6700.

"Eldorado county, where gold was first found in California, yielded the first big nugget found in that State. In 1850 a 121-ounce chunk of gold was dug out with a common spade from the bank of the American River, near Lawson's Bar. It brought \$19,400. Another was found near Kelsey, in the same county, and it sold for \$4700 in 1867. Pilot Hill, a boulder of quartz gold, yielded \$8000. This, with several small nuggets, was taken from the Bouled Gravel Claim, near Pilot Hill postoffice. Several large and valuable gold nuggets were discovered in Tuolumne county. In 1853 a mass of gold weighing 360 ounces was found at Columbus. This was valued at \$5625. At Gold Hill in the same county a man named Virgin found one weighing 380 ounces and valued at \$6500. A Frenchman in Spring Gulch, near Columbia, in the same county, found one of almost pure gold which was worth \$5000. The discovery made the miner insane on the following day, and he was sent to the Stockton asylum. The nugget was sold and the money for it sent to his family in France."

KENTUCKY'S LOYALTY.

[Leigh Gordon Giltner in International Magazine:] A visit to a Kentucky stock farm is essentially a feature of a visit to Kentucky and it is a part of the Kentuckian's code of hospitality to see that the stranger within his gates is not denied this privilege. An introduction to Kentucky's royalty, the sire of a famous line, the head of a noted herd, is offered in the same spirit which would prompt the loyal monarchial subject to proffer his guest a presentation at court. Even the least enthusiastic of visitors could scarcely fail to find a certain homely interest and pleasure in the inspection of a well-kept stock barn, with its long rows of carefully-groomed blooded cattle (haltered by day, but allowed to graze by night;) or a clean, airy, well-ordered stable, with every stall occupied by a Kentucky aristocrat with a pedigree as long as that of a Spanish noble.

But it is in early October, when the first crimson shows on the leaf and the purple haze of Indian summer dims the distant horizon, when the air is like wine and the days are veritably golden, that the horse comes into his kingdom. At the county fair he performs divided honors with cattle, sheep and swine, but now he is monarch absolute. The fall trots are on! Above the entrance to the quarters of the Horse Breeders' Association appears a transparency—an equine head set in a blaze of vari-colored electric lights, forming the word "Welcome." The same sentiment is on every lip and in every heart, gleaming from the shining black faces of the waiters in the hotels, making itself felt in the hearty handclasp of the cordial citizen who welcomes you to the domain of his majesty the trotter.

Horse owners and horse lovers (and this includes the major part of Kentucky's masculine contingent) now throng the streets of the city. Out at the track all is bustle and activity. The stalls in the stables for the housing of the animals entered for the races fill rapidly. Blanketed beauties are led out for a daily airing, or, booted, weighted and strapped until it is a marvel they can move a limb, are gently "jogged" on the level training track. Trainers, grooms and owners are everywhere in evidence and the horse is the topic of the hour.

[Facts:] (Papa:) I hear you were a bad girl today, and had to be spanked.

(Small Daughter:) Mamma is awful strict. If I'd known she used to be a school teacher I'd a-told you not to marry her.

[Columbus Journal:] (Willie:) I think I could die listening to Miss Triller sing.

(Cy Nick:) Oh! you may feel like dying, but you'll pull through; I've been through it often.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls

BOB, THE BABOON.

ANOTHER OF HIS INTERESTING ADVENTURES,
AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

By a Special Contributor.

I had been in Central Park about a year when I began to get very homesick. You see, a baboon is used to roaming around a good deal in his wild state, while now they had me shut up in a cage so small that I could jump from end to end of it. In my home in Africa we had all kinds of fruits and nuts to eat, and I used to run races with other young baboons and climb the tallest trees and have lots of fun. The keepers were kind to me and tried to get me such food as I was used to, but by and by I found myself pining for home. One day when the monkey saw me shedding tears he came and cuddled up to me and said:

"It's too bad, Uncle Bob, but even if you got out of your cage and the monkey-house you couldn't get back to Africa. It is thousands and thousands of miles away, and no ship would take a baboon without a master. You must give it up and try to be content."

"But I want to race through the woods and climb trees," I said as I was near crying.

"Well, perhaps the day will come when you can do that, but don't make yourself sick by worrying. I'll keep watch of things, and any time I think you can escape I'll tell you. Cheer up, old boy, and have a race with me."

I felt better after that, and it was not more than two weeks later, when one afternoon, as I was sound asleep, the monkey came and woke me up and said:

"Now is your time, Uncle Bob. The keeper has left the cage door open, and both doors of the house are also wide open. You can get out and have all the climbing you wish for. It was dark when they brought you off the steamer, and you have never seen the park, but I tell you it is a beautiful place. There are hundreds of big trees, and you can run for miles over the grass and through the bushes."

"But I want you to come, too," I said.

"I cannot go. My feet are sore, and I could do no running or climbing. I am also getting old, and my teeth are dull, and I'm afraid I'd starve to death if I got away. No, uncle, you'll have to go alone, and I hope you'll have a good time before they get hold of you again."

I coaxed him for a long time, but he decided to stay. When I saw that he wouldn't come with me I walked around for a spell and then made for the door. I was out of it like a flash, and I jumped on a man's back and down to the floor, and was outdoors before anyone knew what had happened. It wasn't long, however, before a great shout went up, and I had scarcely climbed a tree before a dozen keepers and police were after me. They at first tried to coax me down, and when I wouldn't come a keeper climbed the tree after me. I let him get almost up to me, and then ran along a branch and leaped into another tree. When they put a long ladder against that I leaped into a third tree, slipped down to the ground, and away I went, with a crowd of a hundred after me. Several dogs took after me, but, bless your soul, I could outrun them and not half try. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I got out, and when night fell I was still free. There must have been a thousand people in the crowd following me, but it was easy enough to escape them all. Only one dog came near me. He was a pug out walking with a young woman, and he broke away from her and came barking and growling as if he meant to eat me up in a minute. I waited for him, and as he drew near I seized him and shook him till he cried like a baby, and I then gave him one bite and flung him into the bushes. After that the dogs kept clear of me, but the men and boys followed along with nets and ropes, and hoped to capture me. I did not mean that they should take me back to my cage again. I had got my liberty, and meant to keep it. Just at dark, as I was crossing the promenade called the Mall, a nurse-girl came along with a baby in a carriage. I didn't feel mad or ugly, but I thought I would have some fun with that crowd. The nurse-girl gave a great shout at sight of me and ran away, but the baby only looked at me and smiled.

In my next I will tell you how I turned nurse-girl myself and took very good care of that little kid, for the next hour or so.

It was just growing daylight when I woke up, and I descended the tree and galloped about a bit to stretch my legs, and then climbed a very tall tree that I might get a good look around. I ran up until I could look down on thousands of houses and see a big river on each side of the city. Beyond one of the rivers I could see the hills and woods, and I made up my mind to reach the trees if I could. Down I scrambled and was soon at the edge of the park. It was so early that only a few people were moving about, and I took the middle of the street and ran as hard as I could.

I had gone about half a mile when a street-car came along. I had never seen one before, but the monkey had told me about them. There were no passengers in this car and the conductor was half asleep. It was going past me with a whizz, but I made one long leap and landed on the roof. We went along as much as a mile before any one noticed me up there. Then a policeman on a corner shouted and threw up his arms, and when the car stopped he said to the conductor:

"Where are your eyes that you can't see that passenger on the roof? Bob, the baboon, who escaped from the Zoo yesterday, is riding up there!"

Then the conductor, motorman, policeman and three

or four others set out to capture me, but I leaped to the ground and was off, while they stood there telling each other what to do. After turning two or three corners I came upon a fruit stand. The Italian owner had just spread out his fruit, and I was hungry for my breakfast. I jumped right in among the oranges and bananas and began to eat, but the first thing I knew the man cuffed my ears and shouted to me:

"Hey, you bob-tailed doggy—you eat up all my bananas, eh?"

He took me for a dog, but after I had given him a bite on the arm he ran away screaming, and for ten minutes I ate as fast as I could. I had about finished my breakfast when the Italian and two policemen and seven or eight other men came running, and one of the men had a bulldog. If they thought I was going to sit there and be captured they were mistaken. I ran across the street into a doorway, and then the man with the dog cried out:

"Hold on, now, and let my dog tackle him and hold him down while we put a chain on him!"

I had heard about bulldogs and knew how savage they were, but I was not afraid. They let this dog loose, and he came rushing for me, but as he came up I dodged him and then jumped on his back. After I had given him two bites he began to yelp, but I knocked him around and put my teeth into him until the men thought him dead. If there had been two dogs I could have licked them both as easy as grease. You may believe there was great excitement on that corner. It was no time at all before a big crowd had gathered, but no one dared come near me. They were wondering how they could capture me, when I made a sudden rush through the crowd and was away again. Hundreds came running after me, but I galloped along for awhile and then saw two women on the stoop of a house with the door open behind them. They had scarcely seen me before I was up the steps and into the house, and as I went upstairs the women were screaming and the crowd yelling. I met a man at the head of the stairs, who kicked at me, but I nipped him in the leg and passed on into a bedroom and shut the door behind me. When I looked out of the window I saw that the street was full of people, all of them dancing around in excitement, and I heard a boy yelling:

"It's a boarding-house, and Bob is going to become a star boarder and not pay a cent!"

Being afraid that they would capture me in the room, I ran out into the hall and down the back stairs to the basement. There were three women down there, and at once they rushed out into the street in wild alarm. I found the table set for breakfast, and as I was still hungry I leaped upon the table and began helping myself to whatever I liked.

In my next I will tell you how I got out of the house and visited a dentist's parlors, and then rode round in a coupé without paying for the ride.

SOURCES OF SILK.

THE YELLOW-SPIDER SILK OF PARAGUAY WHICH
IS WOVEN INTO SHAWLS.

By a Special Contributor.

Almost every worm of aerial habits is more or less a silk-worm. Witness the caterpillars' nests so frequent in orchards and shrubberies. Each of them is no more than a big unkempt and composite cocoon, spun by all the caterpillar swarm as a collective refuge. Solitary creepers have the same power of silk production. In fact, many of them emulate those gentlewomen, the spiders, in letting themselves up or down, or round about with threads of their own spinning. These aerial roadways, indeed, fairly criss-cross the summer air. They are invisible save when a glancing sunray strikes across them, notwithstanding their use is often made only too palpable by a big, hairy, wriggly something slipping adown or along them to deposit itself upon an unsuspecting head or arm.

After the caterpillars one must reckon the genuine silk-spinning spiders. These are distinguished from the common web spinners by the nature of their product. It is a true silk, strong, elastic, beautifully lustrous. It is produced, too, more abundantly in proportion to food than the regular worm filament. Stockings, mittens, many such small deer, have been knitted of the spider silk. The only bar to its production in commercial quantities is the warlike habits of the insects. Wherever three encounter there is a battle royal, which ends only with the death or disabling of all the fighters. Down in Paraguay there is a spider which spins a brilliant yellow silk in such profusion the natives and the Spaniards collect it, and manufacture it, on rude native looms, into shawls, ribbons and short lengths for jackets. The color deepens and brightens with use, and is said to be imitable—a glowing golden hue no dyer can produce.

The silk-worm proper is an embodied appetite. Unlike the leopard, he can cast his skin. He does cast it, indeed, five times betwixt hatching and maturity. Between moults he eats, eats, never fasting, never resting. He has been commercialized to such a degree that it is possible to estimate beforehand just how much silk he will turn out from a given weight of fresh mulberry leaves. They are white mulberry leaves—to be exact, *Morus multicaulis*. The botanical name suggests one of the most curious and irrational crazes which ever laid hold upon the American public mind. In the late thirties and early forties of the century just past, the whole country went wild over potential silk production. Facts (?) so called, were adduced to prove that there were millions in the business—not only all the millions

that America spent for silk, but would flow in for the silk. Indeed, there were to dominate the silk market as the cotton market. Even thus early there was slogan to the effect that "Cotton was the past, silk was the future."

Men dealt in silk-worm eggs and they now deal in futures. It was a village or neighborhood that could not do without a company, including every man of substance. Farmers, planters, artisans, made their precious mulberry, convinced by the figures that their leaves would turn into silk-worms were to be home bred. They were ready to furnish leaves for them, things that But money was rashly invested in the mills to use up the silk from worms and black mulberry leaves.

How the bubble burst is a matter of result was something like 200 yards of rather raggy and scraggy, a general silk worm moth throughout the rural home manufacture by various ingenious ing silk for home use, throughout the Still here and there in the Southern worms are sparsely scattered. They hang high, but seldom on mulberry trees. clumps are favorite refuges for them. feed upon many other than mulberry berry is chosen by silk raisers because food, at the best time of the spring, and the silk from it is more glossy and more

It is worth while to carry home one cocoons, hang it high and dry, and come out of it. A warm room will quicken in a fortnight. Left to itself it would before mid-May, but in the house it will before an early Easter. Care must be the cocoon grow dry. The moth has to the encompassing wall of silk—if the will die without unfolding its wings. When fold them, it usually sails away to the and clings there, balancing and stretching let after another, as though testing their trustworthiness. Then, if it is cold outside, thing is to chloroform the bright-head mount it before one bit of down color is its wings. But with May weather let it a mate and wanton in the sun, through in

Italy and China furnish the best silk silk-worm eggs, though Japan is coming with in the matter of silk supply. Everywhere how the first silk-worm eggs were from China, then a closed and forbidden missionaries, who concealed the eggs in their bamboo walking sticks, and thus the lance of the watchful Chinese. China from time immemorial, and wished to keep of the stuff. Until very lately she still silk production. This mainly from the special painstaking labor required in cheaper there than anywhere else. Chinese women feel opulent with daily wages of withstanding Italian women run them where it is women who do most of the the worms. Men bring in the fresh leaves, the trees which supply them, but in the watch over the worms, from the egg to the

To keep the eggs dormant requires a above freezing. Even a light freeze They must not be laid in the hatching regard to the season. If it is cold and hatch must be postponed to wait the leaves. When first the worms hatch they finely shredded, in bits suited to their After the first moult the leaves are only forward they are fed whole, but must not get hard and woody. They are stripped from shoots, just before they reach full size. has given all its early leaves to the silk is so weakened it may die. Consequently, fully stripped unless under great stress, than half denuded, get later a special fertilizing to help them make up lost vitality are plant lungs where the blood, otherwise elaborated, enriched and made fit for time

After the fifth moult the worms, fat, rolls, refuse to eat, and begin moving tidly from side to side. This is the sign of ning, so those in watch supply the trays of clean short twigs. Upon these the worms tach themselves, and begin spinning. finished in twelve to twenty-four hours. or badness of it is judged less by the weight and symmetry. A percentage of coons are set apart to hatch out, and produce eggs. The rest are baked at steady heat the chrysalid without injuring the silk, doubled, reeled, scoured, and sent to market. tricks in the trade of silk spinning, also of Thread can be loaded—that is, weighted or earthy salts, to weigh half as much again raw silk. But dealers are alert for such have, besides, tricks of their own to gull the

A curious industry is the manufacture of gut for fishing tackle. The best of it comes Spanish silk fields. A silk-worm ready to cocoon has within a long, much-convoluted with pure fluid silk. The gutmakers take a snip off both ends, then deftly draw out the testine, straighten it, pass it through solutions to cleanse and strengthen it, and tie it in bunches. The result is a fine yards long, strong, fine, elastic, and in water

This is the "gut leader" attached to the end of the fishing line, to hold the hook. Sometimes it is made of two hooks, one at each end. Of course, it can be made of the mad rash of a big fish, but if the fisherman knows his business and the hook is well baited and properly fastened, he is likely to land his fish, in spite of rushes or sulking.

The gut is also useful in surgery. Sterilized, it is a suture that can be left to be absorbed with no harm whatever to the patient. It has possibly the greatest tensile strength proportioned to size, of any material known, hence is among the special silk products of the textile making cannot touch. Chemistry has found a way to do in tanks what the worm does in nature, that is, how to dissolve woody fiber into a soft, ropey liquid. This is spun by forcing it through a fine hole in a brass cylinder. Then the threads are chemically treated, washed, dried, hot pressed and variously tortured. The result is thread of fine silk. It is used for wool, in many mills of fine silk warp. Thus does time's whirling bring a new material. Moreau mulcaulis failed us—still America found a way to make much of her own raw silk.

MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

ROYALTY AT PLAY.

AND STRANGE AMUSEMENTS OF KINGS AND OTHER MIGHTY PERSONAGES.

By a Special Contributor.

High and mighty personages are easily amused, or, rather, they easily entertain themselves when a leisure moment occurs.

For example, the Grand Duke of Hesse is never so happy as when he can snatch a moment from affairs to devote to his embroidery. He is very skillful with his needle, and his work is said to be beautiful. He takes a great interest in it, and is particularly clever in the management of colors. Besides embroidery, he is fond of music, dancing and also acting.

"I can sing as well as any of them," says the Czar of Russia, who has a fine tenor voice, which is his chief hobby to use. Indeed, he is quite proud of his voice. He sometimes says many harsh and unkind things about his subjects, when, in gay spirits, he had been singing a family party with lively arias, "and acting out of being destitute of any accomplishments, but then to say I cannot sing as well as the best of them."

Another fine royal tenor is that of King Oscar of Sweden, who is the most musical of monarchs. In his days he was regarded as possessing the most accurate voice in Europe, and he could have made a silk, heard him out of it on the stage.

Equally unusual was the late King of Italy, on the throne, and an amusing story was once told regarding his lack of ear and voice for music, by the present King, Prince Victor. The insight into royal doings is delightful. King Humbert disliked to be asked in any way that the Queen was growing old, and he had a particular antipathy to seeing her wear a wig.

One of the domestic scenes thus: "Mamma, you saw the glasses going up to mamma's eyes, didn't you, Margherita, put down those glasses!" Mamma said, "Margherita, if you don't take off those glasses, I shall sing." And mamma had such a dread of singing that she obeyed at once, to save her from torment.

However, is not the only pet amusement of the Emperor. He has a passion for collecting caricatures of his subjects, and they amuse him vastly, so much so, indeed, that he is having a room papered with pictures of which he is the victim. Before commencing the work he gave orders that all caricatures of himself that had appeared in the press should be procured, and the scheme was carried out. Only a phenomenal tolerance of humor, and a sturdy self-respect, flavored with a tolerance of other men's views, could enable a man to be happy in a room papered with caricatures of himself.

As a March hare, on the other hand, does the Emperor of Germany become at the sight of a caricature of himself. A caricature room has been suggested as a good way of taking a little vanity out of the Emperor. All his palaces, both inside and outside, are adorned with those amusing presentments of himself, for he has supplied the caricaturists of two continents with bread ever since he appeared on the public stage.

The caricatures published in Paris and London the Emperor reads; that is, they are collected and pasted in a book for his inspection, as well as everything that is said about him in the foreign press, be it complimentary or unpleasant, polite or cynical. In this respect, he is something like his grandfather, William I, who had a similar collection of the most ridiculous caricatures of himself printed in France from 1866 onward. Although not fond of caricatures, for photographs of the present German Emperor has a positive dislike to his favorite pastime is posing for the camera. At present is the biograph. There is no request made to take pictures which the biograph company is constantly sending word to the biograph company of military and other events and offering the Emperor of making photographs. He prefers himself to be the central figure of every picture, when possible, where the other fellows may be.

BUZZARDS AS SCAVENGERS.

At New York, S. C., enlists the cooperation of a colony of buzzards in the scavenging of the town. In order to work unmolested, a fine of \$5 is imposed for killing any member of this active scavenging department. Their favorite resort is the old market-house on Meeting street.

A TRUE CAT STORY.

AN IRISH CAT OF COUNTY CORK, IRELAND, IS THE HEROINE OF IT.

By a Special Contributor.

I cannot be sure of the date, but it was early in the sixties. I was staying with a cousin, the late Gen. Bird, who was then living near Macroom, county Cork, Ireland. I was over from England for the salmon fishing in the River Lee; and on the evening of my arrival we two were sitting alone, having a smoke and a glass of toddy, somewhere about 9 p.m., when the door knocker gave one decided rap. I must state that the house was detached, and at some distance from any other. There had been a good deal of a scare about "Fenians," just at that time, and my heart came into my mouth as I said: "What's that, Henry?" "Och," said he, "it's only the cat; I must go and let her in. She's been out hunting, and she has kittens inside." I laughed, but seeing him rise and cross the room, begged him not to go to the door. "Oh, it's all right," said he, and with that I followed him into the hall. He opened the door, and in walked a big tabby cat, who purred and rubbed herself against his legs.

"There!" said he. "Now, don't ye believe me?" "Not much I didn't, and I told him so. 'Are you going to tell me,'" said I, "that the cat gave that knock at the door?" "To be sure, she did," said he. "She comes every night for me to let her in."

I first began to fear for my cousin's sanity. "Well," said he, "if ye don't believe it, I'll put her out again, and shut the door, while we return to our smoke." He did so, and in a few minutes again, in the silence of the night, that ominous "bang" occurred. We both went into the hall, and Henry opened the door, and in came pussy as before. "Now, will ye believe me?" asked my cousin. I need hardly say that I was as incredulous as ever as to the cat's knock.

As we again seated ourselves by the fire, my cousin proposed that next day I should hide behind some of the trees in the shrubbery, just opposite the front door, and he would put the cat out, and I could see for myself.

We soon retired, and I think my dreams were a mixture of cats and Fenians.

Next morning, after breakfast, I broached the subject of the cat. "To be sure," said my cousin. "The cat's with her kittens now, but I'll put her out, and you can hide behind the bushes; only don't let her see you." So I got behind a big laurel; the cat was put out, and the door shut. For a time, she mewed at the door, walking about and occasionally looking up at the knocker. After a while she made a sudden spring, put one hind foot on the big door handle, the other on the bell-pull at the side, and with one front paw, aimed to lift the knocker. It was the act of a moment, but she missed it, and dropped down again, mewing as before.

I can scarcely describe my sensations; I was never so astonished. I waited in silence, and presently the cat made another spring, and this time was successful, for she tipped up the knocker, which, returning, gave a bang that sounded through the hall. My cousin opened the door, as he was waiting behind it, and, with a laugh, inquired: "Will ye believe it, now?"

I confess I felt like one of Dickens's characters—"a little obfuscated in the upper story." I thought the cat must be "possessed." Then I thought of Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

My cousin treated the affair very lightly, but I was full of confusing thought; I could hardly believe my senses.

When I returned to England, I gave a full account of the occurrence to The Field, the famous sporting paper, for which I used to write occasionally. I was particular about giving the exact distances of the handle, bell-pull and knocker from the ground, which, by the way, was rather less than usual. I requested that, if any reader had met with a similar experience, he would relate it. The only replies contained wonderful feats performed by dogs and horses; no one had a "cat story." Probably no one believed my tale, and I do not wonder, for if I had not seen the performance, I should not have believed it. It comes the nearest to reasoning powers in animal life of any occurrence that I ever heard of or witnessed.

WALTER H. MARRIOTT.

A PLAYMATE OF THE QUEEN.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE COOK OF CALIFORNIA KNEW VICTORIA WHEN A CHILD.

[Washington Times:] Ex-Justice of the Peace Cook of San Francisco was once a playmate of the now deceased Queen of England.

"I am at least three years older than the lamented Queen," said Justice Cook, "and since her death I have been recounting the little incidents of my earlier life when she and I were playmates together in the old commons at Tunbridge Wells, in Kent and Sussex."

"We were, of course, cared for by our respective servants, and were not chummy in the sense in which the word is understood in this country; nevertheless, we saw each other frequently and became quite well acquainted. At that time no one suspected that she would one day become the Queen of England; there were so many before her. As a child, she was the most spirited little thing in the community, giving her maids a great deal of anxiety and always cutting up childish tricks. But when she developed into womanhood, and finally became Queen, the characteristics which made her the most beloved of sovereigns became the more pronounced."

"I remember once when she was crossing a field near Windsor, the wife of a plain workingman met her and the two started up a conversation. 'Oh,' said the former, 'have you ever seen the Queen?' How I would

like to kiss her hand!" The young sovereign modestly confessed that she was the Queen, and extended her hand to the plain woman, who covered it with kisses and went her way.

"There is a good story told of the present King when he was a lad of 10 years. His father brought him to the seaside on one occasion, and the little fellow scampered off one afternoon to play in the sand with another boy of about the same age. But the little fellows did not take to each other, and a quarrel was soon under way. The father of the Prince saw the trouble and quietly approached the boys, who by this time were warmed up and pummeling each other in fine fashion. The little Prince was getting the worst of it, and was finally vanquished right before the eyes of his father. He was carried home on the latter's back, and the other boy told to come along, too. When they reached the royal mansion, the whipped Prince was informed that for his defeat he would be deprived of his pin money for three years and it would be given to the lad who thrashed him. And it was. The story is perfectly true, and was common talk at the time."

THE GLYCERINE PROCESS.

HOW TO DEVELOP PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS WITH A PAINT BRUSH.

[Tacoma Ledger:] How many of our young amateur photographers know about the new process of developing a print with a paint brush?

Fascinating is the only word with which to describe it. To begin with, a heavy grade of platinotype paper is required. Those who have never used it will want to experiment, developing the print in the ordinary way before attempting the glycerine process.

A 15-cent package of the developing salts, dissolved according to directions in sixteen ounces of hot water, is the first thing to get ready. After the print is toned (or developed, as it is called, when you use platinotype paper,) you must wash it in three baths of a weak solution of muriatic acid—one part acid to sixty parts water; use only chemically-pure acid. Now as to the glycerine process, you must work only in dull daylight or gaslight. When you have taken the paper out of the printing frame, lay it face upward on a sheet of plain glass—an old negative previously cleaned off will answer. If the paper curls, coat the glass thinly with glycerine. Next coat the face of the print with glycerine. Now you are ready to begin. In a couple of deep saucers or old teacups you should have first a solution of half developer and half glycerine; in the other, pure developer. Also you should have a flat water-color brush about half an inch in width; a round brush the thickness of a lead pencil, and a broad, flat, two-inch brush, such as is used for dusting negatives. This last is used for coating with glycerine, and should never be used for any other purpose.

Now dip your half-inch brush in the half-and-half solution, and work over the glycerine-coated print. Slowly the picture will come up from the faint image discernible when you took the paper out of the frame. You will now find that the developer, as applied by the brush, does not spread over the print, but is held in check by the coating of glycerine. Thus you may leave undeveloped portions of the background, for example, or any portion of the print that mars the picture or seems out of place. Then, too, the edges of the picture may shade off to blank paper, giving that sketchy effect of drawing done in black and white. Another point: You can brush in clouds in a bald-headed sky by using strong or pure developer on that portion of the print, holding back the rest of the picture until the cloud effect has been produced. This process is especially effective in the treating of portraits, particularly when only the head and shoulders appear.

The expense of experimenting in this new process is about as follows: One dozen sheets of 5x7 platinotype paper, 80 cents; developing salts, 15 cents; muriatic acid, c. p., 16 cents; glycerine, concentrated, c. p., 16 cents; brushes, about 75 cents.

A REGULAR LITTLE HERO.

[Philadelphia Record:] The Scotsman gives the following account of an ice accident and a gallant rescue that took place recently at Wellshot Quarry, Cambuslang. In the afternoon a group of lads were sliding on the ice, when suddenly it gave way, and five lads were left struggling in the water. Their cries drew the attention of a boy named Thomas Martin. He pluckily threw off his boots and succeeded in dragging half after him to the bank. One youth still remained in the middle of the pool, a lad named William Chalmers. Martin managed to secure several mufflers and cravats, which, tied together, reached the drowning youth, but he was unable to make use of them. Martin, now much exhausted, again entered the water, and with much difficulty brought the last boy ashore. Both were much exhausted, and Martin had to be carried home. The brave lad is only 11 years of age, and not too robust in health. The quarry at the spot mentioned is said to be fully twenty feet deep.

EDITOR AT TEN.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] Karl Keffer, Jr., of Charlestown, is the youngest managing editor in Pennsylvania. He is but 10 years old. His paper is The Bubble, a four-page monthly publication, which has become one of the most popular of local journals. Under the title appears the motto, "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble." This youthful journalist is not lacking in the enterprise and energy which characterizes the up-to-date city newspaper man. In his January issue he proudly claimed that his paper "scooped" all local competitors in the matter of the news of McKinley's election. That he can paddle his own canoe is proven by the following editorial note, which appears in a recent issue of his paper:

"If we had as many quarters in our pocket as there are people who give us advice on how The Bubble should be run, we would have to get a larger pocket."

The Development of the Great Southwest.

A Remarkable Railroad.

THE completion of the Morenci Southern Railroad, in Arizona, by the contractors, Messrs. Streeter & Lusk, is said to mark an epoch in railroad building which is unequalled in America. The road is only a few miles in length, but is constructed through such a rough and rugged country as to require the highest engineering skill and the expenditure of a vast sum of money. For many years it was considered an impossibility to construct a road to Morenci, but the vast volume of business of the Detroit Copper Company, which was increasing rapidly from year to year, was sufficient to justify its management in seriously considering the construction of the road. The Clifton Copper Era says:

"It is the 'corkscrew route of America,' and is well worth a trip of a thousand miles to see and enjoy. It must be seen to be fully appreciated, and even then one needs the figures of an engineer or contractor to realize what a wonder of engineering triumph it is. Some one long ago very correctly stated that 'Necessity was the Mother of Invention,' which is fully confirmed by the construction of this road. Were it not an absolute necessity to have a railroad at Morenci, it is safe to say that the boldest engineer never would have conceived the idea of building a road under such appalling disadvantages. But it has been built. It is in operation and it is a success, and will ever remain as a monument to the intellect which conceived it, to engineers who laid out the plans, and to the contractors who so faithfully carried them out."

"The engineers found they had an elevation of some 1350 feet to overcome in a direct line of less than seven miles. They also had to cross a divide between the San Francisco and Gila rivers very nearly 350 feet high. The elevation at the Gila River, where the Morenci Southern joins the Arizona and New Mexico, is 3655 feet; at the San Francisco River the elevation at the top of the bridge is 3700 feet; at Morenci the elevation is 5060 feet, which would be steep climbing for an ordinary mountain wagon road."

"The bridge at the Gila River has two short approaches and one span 185 feet long. The deck of this bridge is 102 feet above the river bed. At the San Francisco River the bridge and approaches are longer, but the elevation is about the same, 100 feet. Owl Cañon, which is a box cañon, is crossed by a single girder eighty feet long, over 100 feet in the air. All of the piers and abutments are of modern concrete construction, and these bridges all rest on concrete foundations. Altogether there are seven steel bridges on the line, constructed or erected by the Phoenix Bridge Company."

"There are three tunnels and five complete loops, four of which are in the Morenci Cañon in less than two miles' distance. A gain in altitude of 100 feet and 6 inches is made by the first loop, which will give the reader an idea of some of the difficulties which the engineers had to surmount in the construction of the road."

"Thousands of yards of masonry were made to hold the roadbed in the cañons and on the steep mountain sides. In some places these walls of masonry are from fifty to seventy-five feet in height, and along a considerable portion of the distance the roadbed is cut through the solid formation of the mountains."

"The construction is practically all through solid rock, most of it being of volcanic conglomerate or malpais, although red sandstone, lime and quartzite were found in places. No mineral was developed. One small cave was found, but not explored, and was quickly filled up with debris."

"An average of about 600 men and 100 teams were engaged in the construction of the road. Miners will better appreciate the immense amount of work necessary to create the roadbed by the simple statement that there were 450,000 pounds of giant powder used in blasting out the rock on the line."

"The old town of 'Slag Town,' in Morenci Cañon, which for years had been the homes of many people, was completely wiped off the face of the earth in order that the road might have room to wind its way up the narrow cañon. The topography and geography of the cañon were entirely changed."

"Over one million feet of lumber were used in trestling, in addition to the steel bridging."

"The maximum grade of the road is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per centum, and the maximum curvature is 40."

"The construction between the Gila and San Francisco rivers is all standard gauge and equipment, the bridges, trestles, tunnels and excavations being made full standard. Between Morenci and the San Francisco River the construction is narrow gauge."

"It has been announced by a number of papers that this road will be extended on from its junction with the Arizona and New Mexico to Lordsburg or Separ, in order to join the road now being built eastward from Nacosari and Bisbee, where the same company is also operating extensive copper mines."

Prices for Sugar Beets.

THE Chino Champion announces that for the season of 1901 the Union Sugar Company will offer six competitive cash prizes to all growers as follows:

"First—One cash prize of \$600 for the greatest tonnage delivered from any twenty-five acres; one cash prize of \$400 for the next largest tonnage delivered from any twenty-five acres."

"Second—One cash prize of \$400 for the greatest tonnage delivered from any fifteen acres; one cash prize of \$250 for the next largest tonnage delivered from any fifteen acres."

"Third—One cash prize of \$250 for the greatest tonnage delivered from any ten acres; one cash prize of \$150 for the next largest tonnage delivered from any ten acres."

"These prizes are in addition to the contract price for beets delivered at the factory, and are offered as an en-

couragement to growers to do their best in the care of the crop; also as a compensation to those who make an extra effort, select the best land and who will give the beets attention in preference to their other crops."

"The following rules will govern the competition:

"First, the Union Sugar Company and its employees are excluded from the contest; second, no prize will be given for a tonnage of less than ten tons per acre; third, all beets will be grown under the conditions of the regular contract; fourth, the measurement of the ground will be made by an employee of the company with the owner; fifth, in case of a tie, the grower delivering the richest beets will be awarded the prize; sixth, at the end of the season a committee of disinterested citizens will be appointed, who will examine the delivery books of the company and will announce the awards."

A New Tool.

A NEW device, in the shape of a tool for the use of carpenters, is being manufactured by the Los Angeles Automatic Tool Company, of this city. It is called "Smith's automatic frame square," and is a square constructed upon new and scientific principles, which it is claimed gives the correct bevel for rafters and work of that kind. The handle of the frame is made of aluminum and the blades of steel.

Arizona Forests.

FEW of those who travel through the Territory by rail realize the extent of the Arizona forests. Following is from the report of Gov. Murphy:

"Arizona has the largest unbroken pine forest in the United States, covering an area of over six thousand square miles. This timber is usually found at an altitude of between 5500 and 7500 feet. The total quantity of pine timber fit for sawing purposes within the boundaries of the Territory amounts to 10,000,000,000 feet, which can supply the needs of a populous State for more than a century. The principal forest area is in Coconino county and borders the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, although Gila, Apache and Yavapai counties have considerable timber. In the Mogollon Mountains, in Yavapai, Coconino and Gila counties, there are large bodies of oak timber suitable for the manufacture of farm machinery, wagons, etc., and for furnishing lumber, but at present it is too inaccessible to be of great commercial value. The government has created some large forest reserves in Northern Arizona and promulgated rules for their regulation, with a view to their preservation from spoliation and to prevent destruction by fire. The principal lumber mills of Arizona are situated at Flagstaff and Williams, in Coconino county, on the line of the Santa Fé and Pacific Railway, and their equipment is modern in every way. The Arizona Lumber and Timber Company at Flagstaff and the Saginaw Lumber Company at Williams, have as complete plants for the manufacture of lumber, boxes, etc., as can be found in the United States."

The Grand Canyon Country.

THE section of country in which is located the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in Arizona, is known to comparatively few people, owing to the lack of transportation facilities which has existed until recently. The completion of the Santa Fé and Grand Cañon Railroad will change all this.

The Grand Cañon country possesses something besides scenery. The Williams (Ariz.) News says:

"The country north of the Grand Cañon of Arizona is, to the average Arizonan, less known than the land of the Aztecs. A shrewd move was once made by a few progressionists—for self-interests only—to get Utah to receive, either as a gift or by purchase, the territory north of the Grand Cañon and to annex the same under the government of Utah."

"Rumors regarding the richness of that portion of Arizona began to filter among the Arizonans and an objection went up forthwith that put an end to all further procedure on that line."

"Later knowledge has revealed the fact that that portion of Arizona—which is of area sufficient for a good-sized State—is the richest portion of the Territory in grazing lands, timber and minerals."

"Few, if any, outside people, have any idea of the mining development now going on on the north side of the Grand Cañon. Of this fact the News has for a long time been cognizant, but for reasons best known to itself it has remained silent until now, the proper time to publish a few facts to the world."

"In commencing these items of information it might be well to state that across the cañon in this county there are at present between five and six hundred men at work for one company. This company at present has one smelter completed and a second under construction. These smelters are situated twenty-four miles due south of Fredonia, in this county, and about thirty miles from the head of the Bass trail, where it crosses the cañon. This company has a pipe line nine miles in length completed, which supplies an unlimited quantity of pure spring water from Stewart's Cañon. They have ten coking kilns completed and in operation, also a complete laboratory and laboratory building, besides a number of residences for officers and employees. They have lately purchased from the government two townships of timber and have their own sawmill now in operation. They possess a number of lime kilns now in operation and a number of stone quarries. They own seventeen claims and are working thirteen under bond. As they possess an abundant water power, arrangements are now under way for the construction of an electric line for the handling of their manganese for flux, which they are at present hauling forty miles. This company now has an estimated amount of high-grade ore on the dumps sufficient to run the two smelters for a year."

"These being facts, as given to the News, it places this company in a position where they must have a

quicker and better means of communication with the outside world. No one interested in the development of the Southwest, especially in favor of an outlet north, can fail to appreciate the length of this article forbidding the distance is so much less. Upon the Santa Fé and Grand Cañon Railroad the haul to its terminal is about 100 miles. It is proposed to cover by a distance it is proposed to cover by a distance they have plenty of power. A proposition these lines will be made to the proposition the interests of the Santa Fé and Grand Cañon Railroad just as soon as the present company that property are definitely settled. time it takes seven days to get mail out back from Williams or Flagstaff. A foot to have the government extend the putting a government road across the territory feasible. Such an improvement, with the railroad, will enable the sending mail in thirty hours."

On the Colorado Desert.

WORK is steadily progressing on the development cut on the Colorado River country. A recent issue of the gives some information regarding the from which the following is condensed:

"The work of developing the New Imperial settlement, as it is now called, in a satisfactory manner, although delivered at as early a date as was expected."

"The town of Imperial has been established 18, about ten miles northeast of Blue Lake, for the town is at present hauled to the use of the inhabitants. The canal will at this point, however, very soon, when abundance will be easily obtained."

"W. F. Holt has contracted to construct a line from Flowing Wells to Imperial, and be completed before the first of March. poles are now mostly dug."

"A petition is in circulation for the new school district in the Imperial valley known as Imperial. There are a ready children in that settlement to authorize of the district, and it is possible that a petition is to be presented to the Board of San Diego county, at their regular next, it may be desirable and even necessary the formation of two such districts—one in townsite section and the other for the Imperial valley."

"Until water reaches the international east of Cameron Lake, it will be very constructing the distributing system of ditches. C. R. Rockwood, the company's has charge of this work. The force of writing is not very large, but it is now large. The main canal, as being constructed, is width, and over a mile of this work has completed. Hereafter the work will proceed."

"It will not be best for the average man to get water on his land this season in such crops as wheat, barley or alfalfa, will be there in time to put in corn, sorghum, summer crops. In a few localities only will for persons having claims near the border the water first comes into California in barley. During the winter of 1901-2, the ready for delivery in good shape to all—New River and the Salton River, but to east side of the Salton River."

"On account of the low stage of the Colorado River, it has been necessary to throw the head of the canal where the temporary connects with the river just above the boundary means of an engine and a centrifugal pump pumped from the river into the canal in the water in the canal up to the proper dredge that is at work extending the lower canal toward the Salton River channel. As work of construction is completed, the machinery will be removed, the dam will be a stream of water six feet in depth will flow canal into the Salton River channel, and find its way to the Imperial settlement. Colorado River rise a couple of feet, as before the work of the dredge is completed, works will be removed, together with the dam, as they would not longer be needed."

"Steps have been taken for the erection of building at Imperial. It is a good sign to take steps to secure a church and in advance of a saloon. This programme characteristic of the development of Southern California."

"G. W. Bothwell has again returned to the settlement to arrange for the examination side tract by settlers. A well will be put miles to the southeast of Fifteen Mile is expected to get good water for domestic a depth of about forty feet. In fact, the government survey show that water of it was found in that vicinity at a much water is found, as is expected, a camp will be stages will then be run between that Flowing Wells."

"The San Diego Union says: 'It is expected to soon take an excursion Yuma in a steamboat down the Colorado River's Heading, and thence down the canal boat. This will be the first time in the form when an irrigation canal will be steam craft, but that is considered entirely this instance, so great a body of water carry.'

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Controlling Sex of Offspring.

THE question of the possibility for the parent to control the sex of her offspring has again been brought to the front by Dr. Schenk of Vienna, whose theories on the subject created a world-wide sensation a year ago. Dr. Schenk has now written a book in which he claims that the usual sex distribution of 105 males to 100 females is only the result of the difference of assimilation of food by men and women. In order to secure male children, which most parents at least in Europe—are anxious for, Dr. Schenk recommends a liberal diet of albuminous food for a period of four months. According to a dispatch from Vienna, the following is a diet which Dr. Schenk recommends to women in the last months of pregnancy:

Breakfast, a cup of milk without sugar, and biscuits. Lunch, lean ham, underdone, and a roll. Dinner, a little soup, a quantity of roast meat, with potatoes, peas, and asparagus or vegetables; no pudding or fruit, and no cheese, tea or milk, eggs and biscuits. Supper, roast meat, cheese, a little bread and an apple.

Now, it may or may not be that such a diet as this would insure a male child, but it is very certain that the adoption of such a diet would be an exceedingly hard time for the mother at birth and not infrequently the loss of her life, and perhaps also to that of the child. It is a well-recognized fact among those who have devoted any attention to the subject that one of the most sure and simple means of procuring parturition is by the use of a diet of albuminous food.

Dr. Schenk's plan—or comparatively so—is for the mother to abstain almost entirely from foods which form bone and muscle for a period of several months before confinement. Now, it is just such foods as these, which do go to form bone and muscle, that Dr. Schenk recommends in large quantities. On the other hand, by confining the diet chiefly to a diet of fruit and watery vegetables, such as little rice or potatoes—all non-albuminous foods—there is plenty of distilled water, and especially avoiding meat, peas and beans, while taking moderate exercise, women may be reasonably sure of passing through the critical period with a modicum of pain and inconvenience.

According to Dr. Schenk's theory, this plan of diet would result in nothing but female children. On the other hand, in such countries as India, where the diet of the natives contains very little albuminous food, the sex is not, so far as the writer is aware, more male than in other countries of the world where people rely on wheat bread and meat.

It may be observed that in nine cases out of ten, insomnia is caused primarily by some disorder of the digestive organs, which, again, arises generally from some error of diet. The nerves are affected by the stomach, and sleeplessness follows, as a matter of course. The remedy should try a very light meal of simple, easily-digested food, not less than three hours before retiring, and then, just before going to bed, should take a cup of some simple herb tea, as hot as can be borne.

Some medicines may temporarily alleviate insomnia, but they will inevitably react, and leave the patient worse than before. The same is true of morphine and other similar drugs.

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sympathetic nerve fibers which are closely connected with Auerbach's and Meissner's sympathetic plexuses, and the kidneys were kept active by mechanical stimulation to the nerves controlling them.

"Twenty hours after the first treatment the temperature was down to about normal and did not again rise throughout the sickness. The progress from the start was remarkable and seven days from the time of the first treatment the child was well."

Too Much Doctoring.

IT IS often asserted by outsiders that there is too much doctoring nowadays, but such an admission seldom comes from within the ranks of the physicians themselves. The following sensible remarks on this subject are from the Philadelphia Medical Journal:

"There is less work today for the average doctor than there was twenty years ago. Preventive medicine is still further lessening the amount of routine work for the general practitioner. Typhoid fever was formerly the standby for steady income in many communities. Four or five cases of that disease continually on hand made a very fair bulk of the general practitioner's outside work. The prevalence of this illness is constantly decreasing. Some day it will be practically eradicated. So it is with diphtheria. So it is in some parts of the country with malarial diseases. Altruistic medicine is lessening its own work and diminishing its own income.

"With these and kindred facts in mind, is there not some legitimate way to lessen the number of doctors who have to do the work? No young man should be encouraged to take up the study of medicine unless he possesses natural qualifications of an exceptionally high order. Good drug clerks, good barbers, good carpenters and good school teachers should not be urged to abandon occupations for which they are suited and in which they probably make as fair an income as they will make in medicine for at least ten years.

"We plead for more care in the selection of medical students; we plead for less enthusiasm in urging young men to take up the study of a science for whose practice their personal qualifications do not fit them; we plead for a less crowded profession by raising the standards of admission into that profession."

Coughing as a Fine Art.

IN AN article on tuberculosis, contributed to the annual report of the Maine State Board of Health by Dr. A. G. Young, he treats of the above subject and says:

"There are reasons affecting both the patient and those associated with him why cough should be suppressed by the voluntary effort of the patient, so far as is practicable. How far this is possible has often been noted with surprise by visitors to properly conducted sanatoriums for consumptives. At the dinner table or anywhere else where large numbers of patients are found together, hardly a cough is heard. Unnecessary coughing is bad for the patient; loud and open-mouthed coughing subjects other persons in the same room to the possibility of infection. When obliged to cough, the patient should do so as lightly as possible, and with lips closed as much as he can. Even when the cough is hard, experiments have shown that the diffusion of particles of infectious sputum into the air can be easily prevented by holding something before the mouth. The open hand will quite effectually arrest all particles, but the rule to keep the hand as clean and as free from infection as possible forbids the use of the hand for this purpose. A suitable object is a paper napkin or a square of muslin, to be burned after it has been in use for a short time. Prof. Leube of Wurzburg has his patients, when confined to the house, keep upon their table, in a suitable dish, a bunch of cotton twice as large as the fist, to be held before the mouth while coughing. A handkerchief may be used for this purpose and for no other, but when so used it presents the same danger in a minor degree as when the handkerchief is used as a receptacle for the sputum."

A Simple Rule.

WHEN, after his death, a sale was made of the effects of Boerhaave of Leiden, a book was offered as containing in it a synopsis of his medical learning. The eager purchaser found in it simply these words: "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the body open, the digestion regular, and a fig for doctors."

Hot Water Drinking.

COMPARATIVELY little has been heard lately in regard to the regular drinking of hot water, which practice was widely advocated several years ago as a remedy for dyspepsia and other troubles. The practice is an excellent one when it is not overdone, and should not be allowed to go out of use. Many persons have profited greatly by the regular use of hot water in this manner.

In the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, Dr. Ephraim Cutter of New York has an article on the therapeutical drinking of hot water, in which he gives some valuable information as to the use and origin of the practice. The water, he says, should be about the same temperature as that at which tea and coffee are taken. He advises that it should be taken one hour before each meal, and half an hour before retiring to bed. It should be sipped, not drunk fast. The use of hot water in this way for six months will generally result in thoroughly washing out the liver and intestines. To make the water palatable, in case it is desired, Dr. Cutter suggests the addition of aromatic spirits of ammonia, clover tea blossoms, ginger, lemon juice, sage salt or sulphate of magnesia. When there is diarrhoea, cinnamon, ginger and pepper may be added in the water and the quantity drunk lessened.

Dr. Cutter gives the following summary on the advantages of this practice:

- "(a) Foundation for all treatment of chronic diseases.
- "(b) Excited downward peristalsis.
- "(c) Relieves spasm or colic of the bowels by applying the relaxing influences inside the alimentary canal, just as heat applied outside the abdomen relieves.

ing the relaxing influences inside the alimentary canal, just as heat applied outside the abdomen relieves.

"(d) Dilutes theropy secretions of the whole body and renders them less adhesive, sticky and tenacious.

"(e) Inside bath.

"(f) Dissolves the abnormal crystalline substances that may be in the blood and urine.

"(g) Necessary to have the hot water out of the stomach before meals.

"(h) Use is to wash down the bile, slime, yeast and waste, and have stomach fresh and clean for eating.

"(i) Promotes elimination everywhere.

"(j) If objection is made, it must be remembered that we are 75 per cent. water.

"(k) The gas sometimes eructated after drinking hot water is not produced by the hot water, but was present before and the contractions of peristalsis eject it, or, sometimes, it is that air is swallowed in sipping, as horses suck air. The amount of gas contained in the alimentary canal is larger than most are aware of."

Typhoid Fever Germs in Water.

THE danger of infection from typhoid fever germs in water is shown by the following:

"The Medical Journal reports an outbreak of typhoid fever, attributed to the infection of a well by a convalescent soldier from South Africa. In two houses taking their water supply from the same well, the inmates and their friends are known to have been for twelve months at least drinking water highly contaminated with sewage. No one suffered until the arrival of a trooper invalided home from South Africa, convalescent from typhoid fever. Immediately after his arrival the well became infected with the typhoid bacillus, as was proved by the fact that between September 4 (the seventeenth day after the arrival of the trooper) and September 18, twelve individuals were laid up with typhoid fever, the only link between these twelve individuals being that each one of them had partaken of water from the polluted well."

Contagious Disease in Childhood.

A WRITER in Harper's Bazar has the following in regard to domestic arrangements for the care of children suffering from contagious diseases:

"The first step to be taken in scarlet fever, as in other contagious diseases, is prompt isolation, in a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room. The room should be on a top floor, as far removed from the rest of the house as possible, and if it could be so arranged, this floor or part of the house should be shut off from the rest. Carpets, curtains, pictures, upholstered furniture, ornaments, etc., should be removed; in fact, anything that cannot be burned, washed, or thoroughly fumigated when the sickness is over. In order that the room may not be utterly bare or desolate, strips of old carpet may be laid on the floor, bright pictures from an illustrated paper or magazine can be pinned on the wall. It is best not to use a mattress; heavy blankets or comforters folded and laid on the wire mattress make a soft and most comfortable bed to lie on. If this bed proves cold, layers of newspapers or heavy brown paper placed next to the wire spring, between it and the blanket, will overcome this difficulty. This kind of bed has a great advantage over a mattress, as it is much more clean and sanitary."

KING VICTOR WILL PUBLISH BOOK ON COINS.

[New York Journal:] For years King Victor of Italy has been collecting rare coins and writing a history about them, and now he proposes to publish this history. The reason why he has decided not to postpone publication any longer is because he has just acquired one of the most splendid collections of coins in the entire world, and he desires that other collectors should know all about the treasures which it contains.

About three weeks ago Signor Vitalini, the king's confidential secretary, informed him that he had succeeded in purchasing the magnificent collection of coins which formerly belonged to Senator Marignoli, Marquis of Montecorona, who died a year ago.

In this collection there are 35,000 specimens, of which 3000 are gold coins and gold medals, and, as Marignoli had purchased the Kolbe, Acquari and Vergara del Baruffi collections shortly before his death, he was able to boast that he possessed the most complete collection of Italian coins in the world, most notable among them being the papal coins from the earliest times down to the twelfth century, those coined by the Roman Senators of the middle ages and those that came from the Venetian mints during the era of the Doges.

The King's collection, before he acquired these treasures, contained 15,000 coins, not including, duplicates, and now it contains 50,000, and is not only the largest collection in Italy, but also, so far as Italian coins are concerned, the most complete in the world.

In his forthcoming history, which will consist of sixteen parts, the King will fully describe the Marignoli collection, and, as he has a thorough knowledge of the subject, it is safe to say that his account of these old relics many of which are unique, will prove of rare interest.

The King keeps his collection in a large room on the fourth story of the Quirinal palace, and he spends from two to three hours daily in examining it, making notes and deciphering inscriptions.

HOW THE PRESIDENT'S WORK IS EXPANDING.

[National Magazine:] On the same day that M. Legarda, the Philippine representative, called at the White House, there were visitors present from Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico and Cuba, as well as a large delegation of Indians in paint and feathers. Each of these callers represented a late addition to the territory under the old flag. On some days the secretary is compelled to report to the President that he saw only one-half of the callers; next day a third; next day a fourth; next day a sixth; until the geometrical recession reaches a fraction of less than one-tenth, during the rush. Some inventive Yankee will have to invent a presidential automaton to keep up with the necessary demands for hand-shakers—especially if this spirit of expansion keeps right on expanding.

FRAUDS ON DOCTORS.

THE SCHEMES USED BY IMPOSTORS
TO SWINDLE PHYSICIANS.

From New York Tribune.

IMPOSTORS and their methods were being discussed, when the physician in the company said: "The men who live by their wits seem to take particular delight in 'doing' physicians, and, although this is generally known, we are continually victimized. The season makes no difference to the impostor whose specialty is the doctor. He comes at all times of the year, and his call usually costs the doctor something. One of the all-year-round impostors is the man who is a sure-enough doctor. He was graduated from a medical school, but is one of the men who discover soon after their shingles have been put up that a diploma, an office, and a sign on which the office hours are noted are not all that is requisite for the practice of medicine. These men move several times, each office being a little cheaper than the last, then they complain to their friends about the number of physicians, the lack of sympathy for young men on the part of the older practitioners, and the difficulty in holding patients against established competitors. Finally they disappear from the scene, and in many instances where they do not begin work in some field for which they are better suited they appear again as 'bum doctors.' They come to physicians with their tales of woe, and will take anything, from sympathy to a quarter.

"Then we have the man who has a smattering of medical knowledge, who knows the names of instruments, remedies, and a few medical terms, and can speak of specialists in other parts of the country, but who is no physician at all. This man usually wants a few dollars to help him along while he and his large family must remain in town. He comes from a distant part of the country, he usually says. He came to New York to begin the practice of his profession, but learned that he must have a Regents' license, and can earn nothing until he has appeared before the board, which does not meet for some time. He goes from one doctor's office to another, and often collects considerable money for his mythical family before the fraud is discovered.

"People representing themselves as widows, sons or daughters of doctors also form an important contingent in the army of impostors, and the strangest thing about these is that they often come again after they have been turned away as swindlers, because they think a doctor 'easy' and slow to report them.

"Besides these impostors, whose stock in trade is a knowledge of medicine and the ways of medical men, we have to stand off an army of every-day swindlers. The sneak thief who comes to a physician's office an hour before the doctor's consultation time and says he will wait—too ill to leave, or too nervous about his wife's condition, or too anxious to report about a sick child—often carries away an overcoat or a case of instruments; or, if these are beyond his reach, a cane, an umbrella, or the magazines on the center table will do."

Another doctor in the party said: "I had an experience the other day which I thought a brand-new thing in the impostor line until I related it to some of my friends in the profession, who laughed at me and told me it was an old, old trick. A young, well-dressed man called just as my consultation hour was over, excused himself for disturbing me, but said he felt justified because his uncle, Dr. Illwill, in the same street a few doors away, was my intimate friend. His uncle had been called out of town, he said, and he had to pay a C.O.D. bill. There was no one at home, and would I accommodate him with \$10 for a few hours? Awfully sorry to bother me, and so kind of me, and so on. Well, I looked him over, said all right, told him to sit down till I got my pocketbook from the next room. I closed the door, and telephoned to Dr. Illwill's office, and learned that he had not gone out of town. The polite nephew must have heard the telephone bell or suspected something, for he was gone when I came back to the waiting-room, and I felt that I had been spared when I found everything safe on the hatrack."

"Yes, they go a long way around to beat a doctor," said the man who had started the conversation, "and what makes me angry is that they take us for fools. Last summer, when there was horseracing somewhere near New York, a man came to me one evening and said that he was deeply interested in a jockey who was ill, but whose ailment did not necessitate confinement to the house. 'He's got to be in good trim to ride well,' he said, 'and I'd like to have him fixed up. Will you attend to him if I send him in?' 'Certainly,' I said, 'send him along, and I will see what can be done for the young man.' Then the man told me a lot of stuff about horseracing, and when it was about time to go he said: 'By the way, that lad rides to win tomorrow. He's got a dead-sure thing, and if you want to get in on the game I can put you on.' He insinuated that a few hundred dollars invested with him would bring a quick and handsome return. I told him that I preferred to make my living by my profession, and he went away without any of my money.

"I remembered the name of the horse, and looked the thing up, and, sure enough, that horse won the race and paid something like ten or fifteen to one in the betting circle. But the jockey who was to be my patient never came, and I have no doubt that the whole story was manufactured for the purpose of getting my money, which might have been used at the racetrack, but not for my account."

Then the doctors told stories about persons who masquerade as instrument makers, inventors of operating chairs, new remedies, men and people who want information on scientific subjects for the purpose of swindling the unsuspecting doctor, and the stories were so numerous that it was agreed that the doctor in a large city is the particular prey of the impostor.

SOME GROTESQUE FISHES.

STRANGE HUMAN RESEMBLANCES FOUND AMONG
INHABITANTS OF THE SEA.

[Washington Times:] The Smithsonian Institution is in receipt of a very curious fish caught in Nassau Sound, near Fernandia, Fla. The specimen has been anxiously expected by the authorities at the institution from the fact of its having been mistakenly represented beforehand as belonging to the peropthalmus family, a group that is regarded as being confined solely to Africa. The fact, however, that an ocean current sweeps in a circular direction along the African coast and around into the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Florida coast offered the plausible hypothesis that some of the species of fish in question might have been carried along this stream from its African habitat to Florida.

As a matter of fact, however, such a contingency could only be looked for in the case of deep-water fishes, while the species to which the actual specimen received belongs (Antennarius,) as well as that to which it was incorrectly ascribed, both inhabit shallow water, and live either upon the surface or upon land. Both are provided with pectoral fins which resemble to an extraordinary degree, human arms, the elbows, and even five-fingered hands, with the exception that the latter are webbed, curiously resembling those of man.

The specimen received by the Smithsonian Institution is what is popularly known as a mud fish, and its peculiar fins or rather short arms are evidently given it for the purpose of assisting its locomotion upon mildly or sandy banks. It makes its nest in seaweed. It is provided with what may be described as a natural fishing rod, like the angler fish and many other of the same genus, which is really an elongation of the first spine of the anterior dorsal fin. This terminates in a lappet, and is movable in every direction, so as to serve as a bait for other fish, which are thus attracted and speedily devoured by the wily creature.

The African species known as the peropthalmus resembles the Antennarius in many respects. Its pectoral fin is also in the nature of a human limb, and serves it for walking upon the shore in search of insects, which it devours. It further enables it to climb small twigs or bushes in search of prey. A cast in the National Museum represents one of the species in the act of climbing a branch or twig, which it is enabled to do by means of its very strong fins, or rather arms, and also its prehensile anal fin. The African goby, however, is larger and more muscular than the Florida mud fish, and possesses the power of making short leaps when in pursuit of its prey upon land.

The scientific mind would appear to be strangely callous to those features which render odd fish attractive in the minds of the wonder-loving public. Bent upon the classification of well-known species according to the number and disposition of their scales, fins, etc., the mention of the sea-serpent, sea-bishop, sea-monk, or even mermaid awakens in their breasts no responsive enthusiasm, and, indeed, but little interest. It is to dime museums and side shows that such monsters are relegated, and the curious visitor looks in vain among the specimens at the National Museum for anything in the fish line that may truly be described as startling. Nevertheless, that there are inhabitants of the sea that resemble humanity much in the manner of grotesque masqueraders at a fancy ball is attested in many old descriptions and engravings which certainly bear every evidence of authenticity.

When Trinculo (in Shakespeare's "Tempest") mistakes Caliban for "a strange fish," he at once exclaims: "Were I in England now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man—when they will not give a dolt to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." It is probably owing to the exuberance of popular imagination in bygone days that those remote human resemblances which are noted in some kinds of fish were magnified until they found veritable monstrosities which old engravers and scribes have perpetuated to modern times. Occasionally the "monster" is a very mild form of monster, indeed. A shark or a porpoise was, by dint of rhetorical flourishes, converted into a very alarming creature, of which instances occur in Halliwell's folio edition of "Shakespeare." The artists of the continental countries of Europe went far beyond all this. Inland people, particularly from their inexperience of the sea, appear to have been thought capable of believing anything. Gesner, Rondeletius, and other authors of the sixteenth century narrate the capture of marine monsters of a very "strange" order, and among them one that was "taken in Polonia in 1531," which bore a general resemblance to a bishop! In the rare and curious little volume on "Costume," by Johannes Sluper, published at Antwerp in 1572, is a picture of this fish.

The "quatrain" appended to this cut affirms that bishops are not confined to land alone, but that the sea also has the full advantage of their presence, and that, though they may not speak, they wear a mitre. This creature is said to have been brought before the king, "and after a while seemed very much to express to him that his mind was to return to his own element again, which the king perceiving commanded that it should be so; and the bishop was carried back to the sea, and cast himself into it immediately." The existence of the bishop once established, it naturally became necessary to invest him with clergy and diocese, and accordingly one finds descriptions and portraits of sea-monks, priests and laymen, who are easily to be distinguished by their respective garb.

In the office book of the master of the revels, Sir Henry Harbet, is the entry of "a license to James Leale to shew a strange fish for half a year, the 3d of September, 1632." The records of London, England, exhibitions, and the chronicles of Bartholomew and other fairs supply a constant succession of these favorite shows. A most amusing underplot in Jasper Mayne's comedy, "The City Match," 1659, is founded on this popular credulity. A silly young Cockney is intoxicated



GEO. C. PITZER, M.D.

Late of St. Louis, where he has practiced for the past twenty-eight years, is now in Los Angeles. Dr. Pitzer successfully treats patients from all kinds of acute, chronic, nervous diseases, by SUGGESTION alone, and without the use of drugs.

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and Cabinet
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ESTABLISHED 1901.

by revelers, upon whom he forces his sake of learning fashionable follies, and exhibited at a tavern as "a strange sightseers at a shilling a head.

One asks, if it is a whale, that the clown and another declares, "We gave but a last fish." The showman replies

"Gentlemen, that was but an Irish came from the ladies, and eats 5 ox livers, and brown paste!"

However, it will not do to laugh at Even at the present day there are people shows whereat are advertised merman, ing fish, and the like; and it is not that New Yorkers were thrilled by the itable sea-serpent (a large box con- bursed their dimes freely for a view of

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FOR SHAKESPEAREANS.

NEW LIST OF QUESTIONS WHICH WILL TEST ONE'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE DRAMATIST.

London Academy:] Gentle reader, you know a great deal about Shakespeare. You know all the readings of "The Blessed Damosel" and you possess facsimiles of R. L. S.'s Damosel booklets. You have read the poems of "A. E." and you are quite sympathetically from Pater's "Gaston de Launay." Your Kiplingiana would fill a number of the shelves, and your theory of the authorship of "An Old Woman's Love Letters" would astonish Mr. Murdstone. You have hopes that you will one day publicly denounce Dr. Robertson Nicoll on the weight of Brown's watch chain, and Mr. Watts-Dunton on the color of George Borrow's hair. But do you—we ask, hat in hand—do you know your Shakespeare? If so, you will find the following questions very easy indeed?

1. What was the name of Hamlet's uncle?

2. Who was Falstaff's tailor?

3. What was the story that Imogen read in bed?

4. How many times, as far as you can, the menu for the banquet of Paris and Juliet.

5. What Shakespearean characters suffered from—

(a) Toothache?

(b) Corns?

(c) Any critical opinions you can remember on the subject of—

(a) Hamlet.

(b) Rosaline.

6. How many Rosalines are there in Shakespeare?

7. How many Angelos? How many Polixeneses? How many Hells?

8. Who played billiards, who chess, and who (it is said) both?

9. What was the maiden name of Petruchio's wife?

10. Describe the tragedy of Mariana's brother.

11. Which of the plays has the fewest female characters?

12. Mention the three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare.

13. In which play is "young Dixey" mentioned?

14. Give the Shakespearean pronunciation of—

(a) Alonzo.

(b) Fido.

(c) Jago.

(d) Gonsalo.

(e) Philstrate.

15. What is the longest word in Shakespeare?

16. Who had a statue of pure gold?

17. How long did Leontes take to woo and win Hermione?

18. Give the Shakespearean derivation of "mulier."

19. Describe in as much detail as you can the following things:

(a) Prospero's.

(b) Falstaff's.

(c) Bottom's.

20. Where does Shakespeare mention Machiavelli?

21. Give notes on Shakespeare's acquaintance with—

(a) The rhinoceros.

(b) The hyena.

22. What characters were born respectively under the following constellations:

(a) Mars?

(b) Mercury?

(c) Uranus?

(d) The Moon?

23. How many years had Falstaff known Poins before he met Mrs. Quickly?

24. Mention Falstaff as a poet, and give a bibliography of his works in verse, realized and projected.

25. Describe the Duchess of Milan's wedding gown.

26. Where is breach of promise mentioned in Shakespeare?

27. Two comparatively unknown characters in Shakespeare are Bridget and Biddy. Who are they?

28. On what day of the week and at what hour did Irish stepdancing begin?

29. Give a brief history of Mother Pratt of Brentford.

30. "What was a month old at Cain's birth that's four weeks old yet?" Give the answer to this riddle.

31. Tell what you know of Lyander's aunt.

32. Mention Gloucester's fish story.

33. Give the name of Mrs. Quickly's spiritual adviser.

34. What was Shakespeare's favorite name for a dog?

35. What did Shakespeare know of—

(a) Lapland?

(b) Guiana?

(c) Arabia?

36. How many instances of second marriages occur in Shakespeare? Who were the parties?

37. Who was Julius Caesar's comrade at school?

38. Where does Shakespeare mention Glasgow?

39. What was Falstaff's waist measurement?

40. "[Jupiter ascends.]

Sic: He came in thunder; his celestial breath was sulphurous to smell."

Annotate this passage from "Cymbeline."

41. From which of the plays did Charles Kingsley derive the title "Westward Ho!"?

42. Give the arguments in the case of William Visor of Wincot vs. Clement Perkes of the hill.

43. How many children had Mr. Justice Shallow? What were their names?

44. Where does Shakespeare mention the brick as an instrument of correction?

45. "What the dickens!" is one of the Shakespearean ejaculations. Who used it?

46. What was the color of Orlando's hair?

47. In which play does "Honi soit qui mal y pense" appear?

48. On what occasions did Falstaff refer to the story of the Prodigal Son?

49. Mention any instances of bearded women in Shakespeare.

50. Give any items you can from Perdita's menu for the sheep shearing.

51. There is a larger than Falstaff in Shakespeare? What was his name?

52. Who made Desdemona's handkerchief?

53. What was the name of Poins's sister?

54. Mention any Shakespearean instances of seasickness.

55. Give reasons for believing that the story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid was a favorite with Shakespeare.

56. Mention any Shakespearean views on the spelling of the word "abominable."

57. Recount the circumstances in which Orsino's nephew lost his leg.

58. Where was the stuffed alligator?

59. Who said:

"Base is the slave that pays?"

"Curses not loud, but deep?"

"Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it!"

A MODERN MARTYR.

[Harper's Bazaar:] A woman lost consciousness in a dry-goods store in Washington recently, and was carried to Emergency Hospital. Looking for means of identifying the woman, the nurse came across a visit-

ing card in her shopping-bag, on which was the following memoranda:

"Chloride of lime; one spool pale-blue sewing-silk; two nursing bottles; shoes for Clarence; Jevon's Logic; garden hose; board meeting 11 o'clock; market; telephone caterer dinner Saturday; dressmaker's; church."

The first words the victim spoke were an apology for having collapsed. She was certain it was indication of want of will power, for she was a firm convert to the notion that mind has supreme control over any matter that might seem to the uninitiated, reason for a woman's strength failing. She insisted, moreover, that she must get up and go back to her shopping where she had left it off. The chloride of lime was needed in the cellar at once. If the spool of blue silk was not at the house by one o'clock the sewing-girl would not be able to finish Margaret's dress for the party that afternoon. Clarence must have his shoes for the same occasion, and if baby did not get his new bottles, nurse would probably feed him from a sour one, and that would undoubtedly mean death. All the marketing was yet to be ordered. If she did not keep the appointment with the dressmaker she would not have her new dress for the little dinner she was giving on Saturday, of which the caterer had not yet been informed. Besides, she had gone on a civic board in order not to lose touch with the larger duties of life outside her home, and she was studying logic so that her mind should not grow rusty through the autumn, and she did, therefore, not want to miss her meeting or fail to get to the book store before it closed that day. She had meant to drop into church a few minutes, too, before going home; the restfulness of just sitting there a bit she had found was a great good to her soul. But she could let that go till another day, if the nurse and doctors really thought she was doing too much. The nurse and doctors found opposition useless, and as soon as the poor woman was able to draw a deep breath, out she went again to finish her self-inflicted task.

The doctor, at the suggestion of the nurse, corrected the entry he had made on the hospital books. He recorded,

"General collapse; cause, too much conscience and not enough common sense."

In the course of a paper the doctor has read since before the medical society, he recited this case as melancholy evidence of the direction in which some good women of the day are tending.

STATE PAWNSHOPS A SUCCESS.

[Municipal Journal and Engineer:] The municipal pawnshop is not an American institution by right of discovery, for it has been in existence on the other side of the Atlantic for many years. For more than a century the municipal pawnshop has been one of the recognized features of Paris, Berlin and later at Leipzig. The Leipzig pawnshop was started for the benefit of the laboring people, and it has loaned hundreds of millions of marks. In connection with and as a part of the city pawnshop is carried on a savings institution, which is guaranteed by the city, and naturally conducts an enormous business. Now that the idea has taken root in American soil, its rapid adoption, in some form or another, may be looked for in all the leading cities of the United States within the next decade.



makes a dark skin lighter, clearer, purer. It is a medicinal preparation which cures, it actually coaxes a new skin to the surface. The

removing of tan is the least important of its accomplishments. It removes Blisters, Pimples, Moth and Liver Patches, and restores the clear, transparent beauty of youth.

ANITA CREAM AND TOILET CO., Los Angeles, Cal.

EDGARTON, Kan., Jan. 1, 1900.

Dear Sirs—After spending six weeks at the beach I was advised by a friend to use your "Anita Cream" to remove the tan. I came East the same day I bought it and so did not use it until the first week here, said, "How black you are." In ten days the same people remarked how white and lovely was my complexion. I feel that I cannot do without it. I send you amount for two more boxes. Do you have any agents? I have not had a pimple on my face since using it, and before I was troubled all the time.

Yours truly, MISS FANNIE COLLINS.

Full particulars, instructions and a sample will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents.

ANITA CREAM & TOILET CO., 205 Franklin St., Los Angeles, Cal.

OUR NAME IS ON THE CRACK

Ye Grandmother's Ginger Cookies, Golf Tea Wafers, Bishop's Soda Crackers, Cheese Waferettes, Milk Biscuits and a host of other good things go direct from the Bishop ovens to your grocer's fresh, toothsome and all you can ask for in cracker quality. Wherever and whenever you see the name

BISHOP

on a package or on a cracker you can count on spending your money for something that you won't be sorry you bought.

Sometimes some grocers will try to sell you some other brand of crackers because other crackers pay Mr. Grocer a bigger profit—be honest with yourself; say "I want Bishop's" and take no other.

CRACKERS,
CANDIES,

BISHOP & COMPANY,

JELLIES,
JAMS

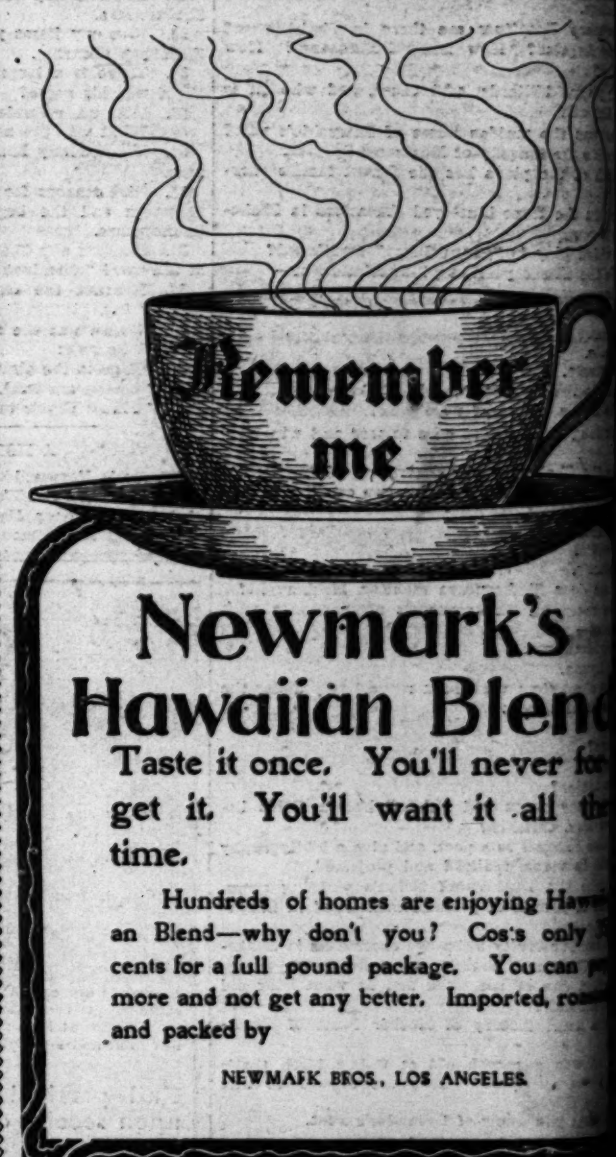


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When we say you must use Capitol Flour in order to have the best bread, there's a host of housekeepers who echo it after us. If they can make the best bread with Capitol Flour then that's the flour YOU want. Try it next time you bake.

EVERY SACK GUARANTEED. CAPITOL MILLING CO.



Remember me

Newmark's Hawaiian Blend

Taste it once. You'll never forget it. You'll want it all the time.

Hundreds of homes are enjoying Hawaiian Blend—why don't you? Cost only 10 cents for a full pound package. You can get more and not get any better. Imported, roasted and packed by

NEWMARK BROS., LOS ANGELES

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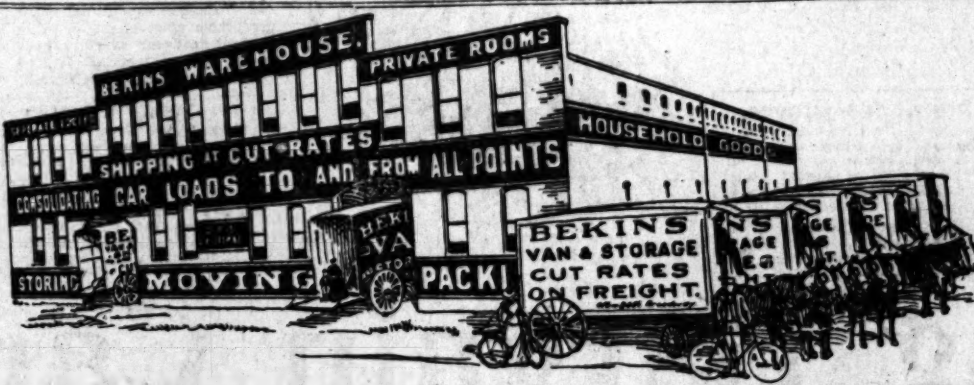
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Best Brick Warehouse on

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Send 2 ct. Stamp for City Map of Los Angeles

MILITARY TOPICS.

Articles of Present Interest on Current Army and
Navy Subjects.

COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.]

OREGON'S \$3000 PILOT.

A GRAPH which has started in the New York Press, and has become embelished in his- tory, attributes to an Oregonian the successful navigation of the straits of Magellan during the Spanish war. The pilot, so the story goes, was the employ- ee of R. R. O'Connell & Co. of New York. The story is a fiction, as the Oregonian's com- mand of the straits was a mere day's work, and the pilot was not even a pilot.

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THE MAP OF FRANCE.

A recent issue of the French Militaire gives some par- ticulars concerning the contemplated map of France, which is to be a large work, and will be published under the direction of the War Office. One-half of the map is to be a large work, and will be published under the direction of the War Office.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS IN THE TRANS-VAAL.

The Swiss Consul at Pretoria has taken occasion to specifically deny stories circulated in the Swiss papers to the effect that the British soldiers in South Africa have laid waste happy and virtuous Boer homes, outraged

GRAVE OF NATHANIEL GREENE FOUND.

[Savannah Correspondence Wash- ington Times.] After having been buried and lost 115 years, the remains of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, the hero of the American Revolution, were discovered in Savannah, recently. They were found through the efforts of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati.

GUN TESTS AT SANDY HOOK.

The powder tests of the 10-inch Brown segmental wire-wound gun which began on February 21, at the Sandy Hook proving grounds, were completed on Thursday, March 7. Gen. Miles, Gen. John M. Wilson, Gen. Thomas J. Henderson and Col. John I. Rodgers, members of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications, and Capt. Isaac N. Newton, the recorder of the board, were present. Six shots were fired, using up the 550 pounds of smokeless powder on hand for the test. A slight defect in the welding of the "field shield," or outer sheath, of the gun tube developed after the first shot had been fired on February 21, and the test was postponed in consequence. This outer sheath, which had been welded at a steel plant without necessary facilities, the better equipped plants being unable to undertake the work on account of press of orders.

CONDENSED BEER FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS.

[New York Sun.] A curious experiment was made during the campaign in South Africa, with apparently successful results. Tommy Atkins loves his beer, and would severely feel the deprivation if he could not get it. Some ingenious person in England conceived the idea of condensing beer and making a jelly of it. In this form a considerable quantity was sent to South Africa and distributed among the British troops.

NAVIES OF ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

The London Graphic, speaking of the rapid growth of the German navy, which has of late attracted much attention throughout the world, ob- serves that the German "Flottenve- rein," founded in imitation of the

PARAGRAPHS.

The cadets of the Military Academy and those of the Naval Academy will cross bats on the baseball diamond at Annapolis May 15. The rivalry will not stop at baseball and football. A broadsword contest has been arranged to take place, it is said, in Madison Square Garden some time in April.

The U.S.S. Hartford will be at Boston, Mass., March 18, to take part in the celebration of the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the evacuation of that place by the British. From Boston the Hartford has been ordered to New York, where she will land a force of bluejackets to participate in the tournament of the Military Athletic League at Madison Square Garden.

All sorts of duties fall to our officers in Peking. Visitors to the Chinese capital may, for instance, see remnants of street names in what is now the American section. Lieut. Hanson, en- gineer officer under Capt. Tiltson, has had the task of naming the streets. A neatly-stenciled signboard is nailed at every corner bearing an inscription such as "Sixteenth street" or "G street." Long, snaky passageways that could hardly be called alleyways in our land bear these titles.

The British Admiralty has issued an order forbidding the practice common among British sailors of wearing steel stretchers in their caps. It appears that instances have been reported of these stretchers becoming so mag- netized and when worn close to the ship's compasses, deflecting the needle to a dangerous extent. The United Service Gazette suggests that this may give a hint toward an explanation of those mysterious cases in which ships have unaccountably got out of their course and come to disaster.

The report of Maj. W. C. Gorgas, U.S.A., Chief Sanitary Officer of Havana, for January, 1901, shows that the sanitary condition of the city con- tinues to improve. The number of deaths, 476, is the smallest that has occurred in any January in the last twelve years. The death rate for last month, 22.75, is considerably less than the lowest for the same period. The rate for last year was 22.48. Yellow fever has decreased from 62 to 24, and the deaths from this cause from 29 to 7. The increase among the deaths from tuberculosis about balances the de- crease in deaths from fevers. While there has been a considerable decrease in the immigration compared with December, it is about the same as during last January. Compared with De- cember, 1900, the number of births is greatly decreased. This is apparent, however, as the larger number was due to the fact that a great many children born in the previous months and during the war were registered to comply with the law.

Following the recently-reported experiments with a service ration for men in the field, Col. H. G. Sharpe of the Subsistence Department of the Army, has concluded contracts with a firm in the West for the manufacture of some 50,000 rations for distribution among the troops in the field, and in this way a full trial can be given of the real value of the ration in actual service. Some attempts have been

made to introduce the well-known Ger- man emergency ration into our service, but the previous training of the Amer- ican trooper does not offer much induc- ment for the use of pea sausage and black bread on this side of the Atlan- tic. One of the most important ques- tions which has come up for the possi- bility of the food experimentalist is the subject of variety. Simply so much in- teresting matter with a certain per- centage of seasoning is not sufficient, but beyond those requirements there

must be variety. Simply so much in- teresting matter with a certain per- centage of seasoning is not sufficient, but beyond those requirements there

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GUNNER MORGAN GETS MANY LETTERS.



Naval Hero Who Seeks Promotion Has Numerous Evidences of Public Sympathy.

[Photograph by staff photographer.] Gunner Charles Morgan, whose application for promotion called forth the statement from Rear Admiral Sampson that an enlisted man is socially unqualified for advancement to the line, is deluged with letters from perfect strangers who wish to express their sympathy. Many promise to do all in their power to see that he gets the desired promotion.

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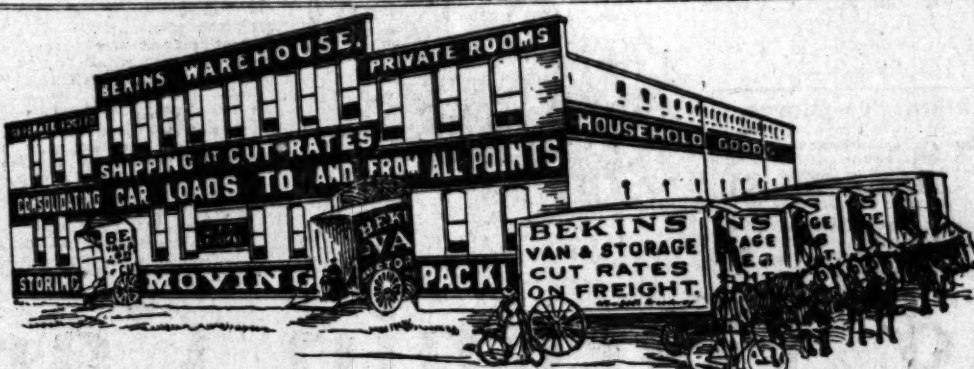
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MILITARY TOPICS.

Articles of Present Interest on Current Army and
Navy Subjects.

COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.

OREGON'S \$5000 PILOT.
MAGLAPH which has started in the newspaper, having its in the New York Press, and become embroiled in his corrected, attributes to an the successful navigation ship Oregon through the the Magellan on her famous the Horn during the Span- war. The pilot, so the was in the employ of the R. Grace & Co. of New from his services the firm from Uncle Sam. Capt. Clark, the Oregon's com- that historic voyage, au- to say that there is no any such story. No one is entirely right in not of the credit due to the excellent performance of be taken from it. The day she ran to Sandy area reached just after four days were spent. The coal was taken from party with wood, and he moved to get at the coaling job long and early daylight, after the named, the Oregon got that day ran out of Capt. Clark never saw a the Oregon from the and her at San Francisco Key West, where Rear- would better refund it to the Lieutenant-Commander in charge of the deck watches, while it would well to bear in mind during that the captain of himself had no small part in on the long run.

GUN TESTS AT SANDY HOOK.
The powder tests of the 10-inch Brown segmental wire-wound gun which began on February 21, at the Sandy Hook proving grounds, were completed on Thursday, March 7. Gen. Miles, Gen. John M. Wilson, Gen. Thomas J. Henderson and Col. John Isaac N. Newton, the members of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications, and Capt. R. H. Rogers, members of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications, were present. Six shots were fired, using up the 550 pounds of smokeless powder on hand for the test. A slight defect in the welding of the "field shield" or outer sheath of the gun tube developed after the first shot had been fired on February 21, and the test was postponed in consequence. This outer wrapping had been welded at a steel plant without necessary facilities, the better equipped plants being unable to undertake the work on account of press of orders. While the members of the board naturally did not express an opinion as to the merits of the gun in advance of their report, the gun company report that the six shots left the gun un- strained. A maximum pressure of 27, 300 pounds to the square inch was developed, with a velocity of 2800 feet a second. No United States army gun of the same or greater caliber has it is said, ever attained such velocity before. The coming tests of the gun on March 20, to finally determine upon a gun for adoption by our army, bid fair to be extremely interesting. About twelve ordinance concerns have signified their intention to compete in the tests, and among these there are several from Europe. The gun from which much is expected is that now being built by the Bethlehem Steel Company, under the supervision of Capt. T. M. Lewis, recorder of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications. It will be remembered that this gun is said to be modeled after the French gun, but an improvement in many respects. The gun is now nearing completion, and will undergo its first firing on March 20. The recoil features of the gun are practically the same as those of the French piece. Both the American Ordnance Company and the Driggs-Seabury and Ammunition Company have signified their intention to enter guns in the forthcoming test.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS IN THE TRANS-VAAL.
The Swiss Consul at Pretoria has taken occasion to specifically deny stories circulated in the Swiss papers to the effect that the British soldiers in South Africa have laid waste to happy and virtuous Boer homes, outraged

Boer women, robbing and burning everything within their reach. The Consul says: "Since the entrance of the English troops into the Transvaal I have traveled a good deal, and have often put up at Boer farms at night, where I found only women and children. These have never uttered a single word in blame of the English troops. In fact, the women have been unanimous in their praise of 'Tommy' for the last six months. I have seen only two cases of drunkenness. When the British enter a town or village, guards are placed over every house and farm, with strict orders to protect the lives and property of the occupants and allow no one to pass in."

GRAVE OF NATHANIEL GREENE FOUND.

[Savannah Correspondence Washington Times.] After having been buried and lost 113 years, the remains of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, the hero of the American Revolution, were discovered in Savannah recently. They were found through the effort of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati. For a week Col. Asa Bird Gardner of New York and a local contractor have been at work in Colonial Park, formerly used for a cemetery, searching for some trace of the remains of the friend of Washington. There we many who thought the remains would never be found. How true a saying was found that contained a plate bearing the name of Gen. Greene, and there were also found three buttons of the colonial period that are supposed to have been on the uniform of the general when buried. The Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, of which Gen. Greene was the first president, and many Americans have always thought it a pity that no one knew where he was buried, and an effort was made to clear up this mystery. There are two or three monuments to Gen. Greene since 1860, as the Germans have nothing to compare with her magnificent fleet of destroyers.

CONDENSED BEER FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS.

[New York Sun.] A curious experiment was made during the campaign in South Africa, with apparently successful results. Tommy Atkins loves his beer, and would severely feel the deprivation if he could not get it. Some ingenious person in England conceived the idea of condensing beer and making a jelly of it. In this form a considerable quantity was sent to South Africa and distributed among the British troops. All they had to do when they wished to wet their whistles was to add a sufficient quantity of water to a portion of the jelly, which dissolved and turned the liquid into very palatable beer. In fact, Tommy declared that he could not detect the slightest difference between this beer and that found in the tap-rooms he is accustomed to patronize. The buttons and the plate were found in a vault that had recently been bricked up by the city authorities as one of no special value.

NAVIES OF ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

The London Graphic, speaking of the rapid growth of the German navy, which has of late attracted much attention throughout the world, observes that the German "Flottenzeitung," founded in imitation of the

British Navy League, and exercising extraordinary influence from its enormous membership of 600,000, and from its hardly-veiled connection with the naval authorities, is already hinting that even the Navy Bill of 1900 is insufficient. At the end of 1898, when both powers were entering upon the era of naval expansion, the German and British fleets stood thus:

	Great Britain.	Germany.
First-class battleships	11	11
Second-class battleships	11	11
Armored cruisers	11	11
Unarmored cruisers	11	11
Destroyers	11	11

At that date, Germany had no really sea-going battleships. In 1900, reckoning only ships which are actually built and building, and excluding the ships projected in England, which are now not likely to be begun much before the spring of 1901. The fleets stand:

	Great Britain.	Germany.
First-class battleships	11	11
Second-class battleships	11	11
Armored cruisers	11	11
Unarmored cruisers	11	11
Destroyers	11	11

The German programme of 1900 was to be completed by 1904; for that of 1900 no date of completion is fixed, though it is understood that at the latest it will be carried out by 1920. Careful, methodical and scientific preparation, never hurrying and never de- laying, has always marked German military and naval policy. In the years 1860-1870, when Prussia was building up her magnificent army, she went to work in precisely the same way. Flitting of purpose behind all German schemes. The standards laid down in 1860 and 1900 are as follows:

	1860.	1900.
Battleships	20	20
Armored cruisers	12	12
Unarmored cruisers	12	12
Destroyers	12	12

The Reichstag cut down the 1900 programme by six large and seven small cruisers, which should be deducted from the figures above. But ultimately the Kaiser and his admiralty will get what they want. Each year from 1901 to 1905 two first-class battleships are to be laid down.

The German navy estimates have risen rapidly of late years. In 1873 they were only £1,300,000; in 1889, £2,500,000; in 1898, £3,700,000, and in 1900, £7,400,000. England's figures were, in 1873, £10,550,000; in 1889, £12,650,000, and in 1900, with the supplementary estimate, £28,770,000. "Germany," says the Graphic, "confidently assumes that we have reached or neared the latter of our financial resources, and looks forward to an increased outlay on the army in England and to a diminished or stationary outlay on the navy. It is upon the army in Germany. It may be right or wrong, but its contention is at least plausible. It is in the army which view finds support in the delays which have marked the completion of our recent warship, that the engineering resources of England are already taxed

to the utmost and that German construction should gain upon us in the near future. To the personnel of the German navy the greatest attention is being given. In 1895 it stood at 23,751 officers and men, with a trained reserve at least equal in number. In the next twenty years it is to be increased by 38,551 officers and men. German interest in the navy is immense, and fast growing. In three years the "Flottenverein" has obtained 600,000 members. In double the same period the British Navy League has obtained 39,000.

PARAGRAPHS.

The cadets of the Military Academy and those of the Naval Academy will cross hats on the baseball diamond at Annapolis May 15. The rivalry will not stop at baseball and football. A broadsword contest has been arranged to take place, it is said, in Madison Square Garden some time in April.

The U.S.S. Hartford will be at Boston, Mass., March 18, to take part in the celebration of the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the evacuation of that place by the British. From Boston the Hartford has been ordered to New York, where she will land a number of the military and naval cadets of the Military Academy.

All sorts of duties fall to our officers in Peking. Visitors to the Chinese capital may, years hence, see remains of street names in what is now the American section. Lieut. Hanson, engineer officer under Capt. Tilton, has had the task naming the streets. A neatly-stenciled signboard is nailed every corner bearing an inscription such as "Sixteenth street" or "Q street." Long, snaky passageways that could hardly be called alleyways in the West are named "Long street."

The British Admiralty has issued an order forbidding the practice common among British sailors of wearing steel stretchers in their caps. It appears that instances have been reported of these stretchers becoming strongly magnetized and while on close to the ship's compasses, deflecting the needle to a dangerous extent. The United Service Gazette suggests that this may give a hint toward an explanation of those mysterious cases in which ships have unaccountably got out of their course and come to disaster.

The report of Maj. W. C. Gorman, U.S.A., Chief Sanitary Officer of Havana, for January, 1901, shows that the sanitary condition of the city continues to improve. The number of deaths, 476, is the smallest that has occurred in any January in the last twelve years. The death rate for this month, 22.75, is considerably less than the lowest for the same period. The rate for last year was 22.46. Yellow fever has decreased from 62 to 24, and the deaths from this cause from 20 to 7. The increase among the deaths from tuberculosis about balance the decrease in deaths from fever. While there has been a considerable decrease in the immigration as compared with December, it is about the same as during last January. Compared with December, 1900, the number of births is greatly decreased. This is apparent, however, as the larger number was due to the fact that a great many children born the previous month and during the war were registered to comply with the law.

made to introduce the well-known German emergency ration into our service, but the previous training of the American trooper does not offer much inducement for the use of pea sausage and black bread on this side of the Atlantic. One of the most important questions which has come up for the consideration of the food experimentalist in this subject of variety. Simply so much nutritious matter with a certain percentage of seasoning is not sufficient, but beyond those requirements there

NOTE.—Articles denoted by a star (*) in the headlines are original with that standard authority, the Army and Navy, New York.

GUNNER MORGAN GETS MANY LETTERS.



Naval Hero Who Seeks Promotion Has Numerous Evidences of Public Sympathy.

Gunner Charles Morgan, whose application for promotion called forth the statement from Rear Admiral Sampson that an enlisted man is socially unqualified for advancement to the line, is deluged with letters from perfect strangers who wish to express their sympathy. Many promise to do all in their power to see that he gets the desired promotion.

DAY, MARCH 17.
CH US GROW

PICTORIAL SHEET.
Timely Illustrations.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

IN FOUR PARTS.
Part Four—8 Pages.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1917.

PRICE 5 CENTS

SUNDAY-SCHOOL THAT BEATS ALL.

Today's Anniversary of First
Methodist Sabbath-school of Los
Angeles, Largest on Pacific Coast.

Spring Corsets.
Every lady concedes the fact that no part of her wardrobe is of more importance to a good appearance in dress than her corset. We have the exclusive agency for the American Lady Corsets, so well known that it requires no word of praise or introduction from us. Perfect in fit and form, absolutely correct in style. We have them to fit all figures, in all styles, sizes for everybody at the uniform price of, per pair, \$1.

Lining Offerings.
Mercerized Satine in black and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Figured Satines.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Linen Canvas.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Collar Canvas.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Double Faced Selling.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

7½c Crinoline.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Book Department.
"String Town on the..."

Suits \$1.48.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Suits \$1.98.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Suits \$2.48.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Suits \$3.50.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Can Sombrero 48c.
In black, white and all the prevailing colors, worth \$1.50; \$1.00.

Furnishings.
Spring Golf Shirts, Madras Golf Shirts, Unadorned Shirts.

Ladies' \$2.50.
Tan shoes in desirable styles, momentary very latest including calf, hand-made.

\$3.00 Shoes.
Tan shoes in desirable styles, momentary very latest including calf, hand-made.

\$2.50 Oxford.
Tan shoes in desirable styles, momentary very latest including calf, hand-made.

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tracted more than ordinary attention in the manner in which its classes of older pupils are held together. The superintendent, the teachers of these classes, and others who have been spoken to upon the subject, agree that class organization is a leading factor. They are organized with a full board of officers and standing committees for the promotion of social intercourse and the general well-being of the members. They hold monthly socials, and look out for each other with marked fidelity in times of sickness or trouble of any kind and help each other into positions when necessary. The leaders among these phenomenal classes, with their February enrollment, are as follows: The "J. O. C." class, Mrs. H. C. Bryant, 48 young women; "Our Boys," Mrs. J. D. Burch, 71 young men; E. L. Redding, 46 girls; "Our Yoke Fellows," Miss Mattie Duncan, 41 boys. There are number of others ranging between 20 and 30. There is a home department composed of persons who cannot attend the school, but who study the lessons at home, and hold weekly meetings at the homes of the members.

SOME NOVEL METHODS.
GRADUATING THE WISE ONES.
Under the skillful management of Mrs. W. H. Brodbeck, during the past nine years, the primary department, which occupies two rooms in the basement, has grown from a handful of little folks to an enrollment of 200 children below ten years. Mrs. Brodbeck had been a teacher in the public schools and one of the first steps taken was to divide her Sunday-school into four grades corresponding as nearly as possible to the first four grades in the public schools and prescribe a fixed course of study to be pursued by children between the ages of six and ten years, at which point they are graduated into the intermediate department and each given a diploma. The graduating work is in the hands of Mrs. James M. Walter, one of the assistants. Another shrewd step which Mrs. Brodbeck found of the greatest value was the appointment of a tactful and enterprising young lady in the person of Miss Bertha Oliver whose sole duty is to take in hand visitors to the school. Many expedients are resorted to that good records may be made for the thoroughness in Bible study, for punctuality, and good conduct. There is a comprehensive system of star-rewards for both individual pupils and for classes, but no prizes are given.

A POSTOFFICE.
Mrs. Brodbeck announces the special efficiency of a novel innovation of a postoffice in her department. Each class is a box-holder, and when the school breaks up into classes, after the opening exercises, a representative of each calls at the postoffice to see if there is any mail, and before the lesson is taken up, the letters are read. Instead of inflicting an open proof upon a pupil or class for carelessness, unbecoming conduct, or anything that might deserve a correction, the superintendent makes a note of it, and during the succeeding week writes a letter to the offender and leaves it at the postoffice on the following Sunday morning. In order that receiving a letter from the postoffice may not always mean a reproof, many things deserving special commendation are likewise rewarded through the postoffice. Mrs. Brodbeck bears testimony that ill-behaved classes have been totally reformed by this method.

CLASS ORGANIZATION.
A feature in the school that has attracted more than ordinary attention

CHILDREN'S CIRCLE.
All the children in the primary department under the age of six years are placed in the Children's Circle. This section of the school requires special tact, and Miss Minnie Taylor, and Miss Lillian Clark, the latter a trained kindergarten teacher, have it in charge. They use a system of study known as "Life and Light for God's Little Ones." The primary department graduating class, in charge of Mrs. J. M. Walters, now numbers 44.

THE OFFICIAL CORPS.
OF OFFICERS AND TEACHERS.
The official corps of a Sunday-school of this magnitude, is of itself a comprehensive body of the most efficient men and women in the First Church.

OFFICERS OF SCHOOL PROPER.
Superintendent, H. W. Brodbeck; assistant superintendents—senior department, B. C. Bryant; advance department, L. R. Hewitt; intermediate department, Miss E. B. Oliver; secretary, J. M. Walters; assistant secretaries, H. P. Miller, Joseph Wannop, H. A. Cooper; treasurer, C. A. Bradley; librarians, J. A. Gallup; assistant librarians, Miss Ethel Hardy, Miss Mammie Bennett, Mrs. J. A. Gallup; chorister, Miss E. B. Oliver; orchestra conductor, Earl E. Valentine; pianist, Mrs. R. W. Carter; superintendent of temperance, Mrs. S. J. Oliver; superintendent of home department, Dr. E. S. Northrup; teachers normal department, Mrs. N. F. W. Pond; president Sunday-school Missionary Society, W. E. Kimmell; secretary and treasury S.S.M.S., W. H. Herman; Sunday-school committee, S. P. Mulford, A. E. Pomeroy, E. R. Bradley.

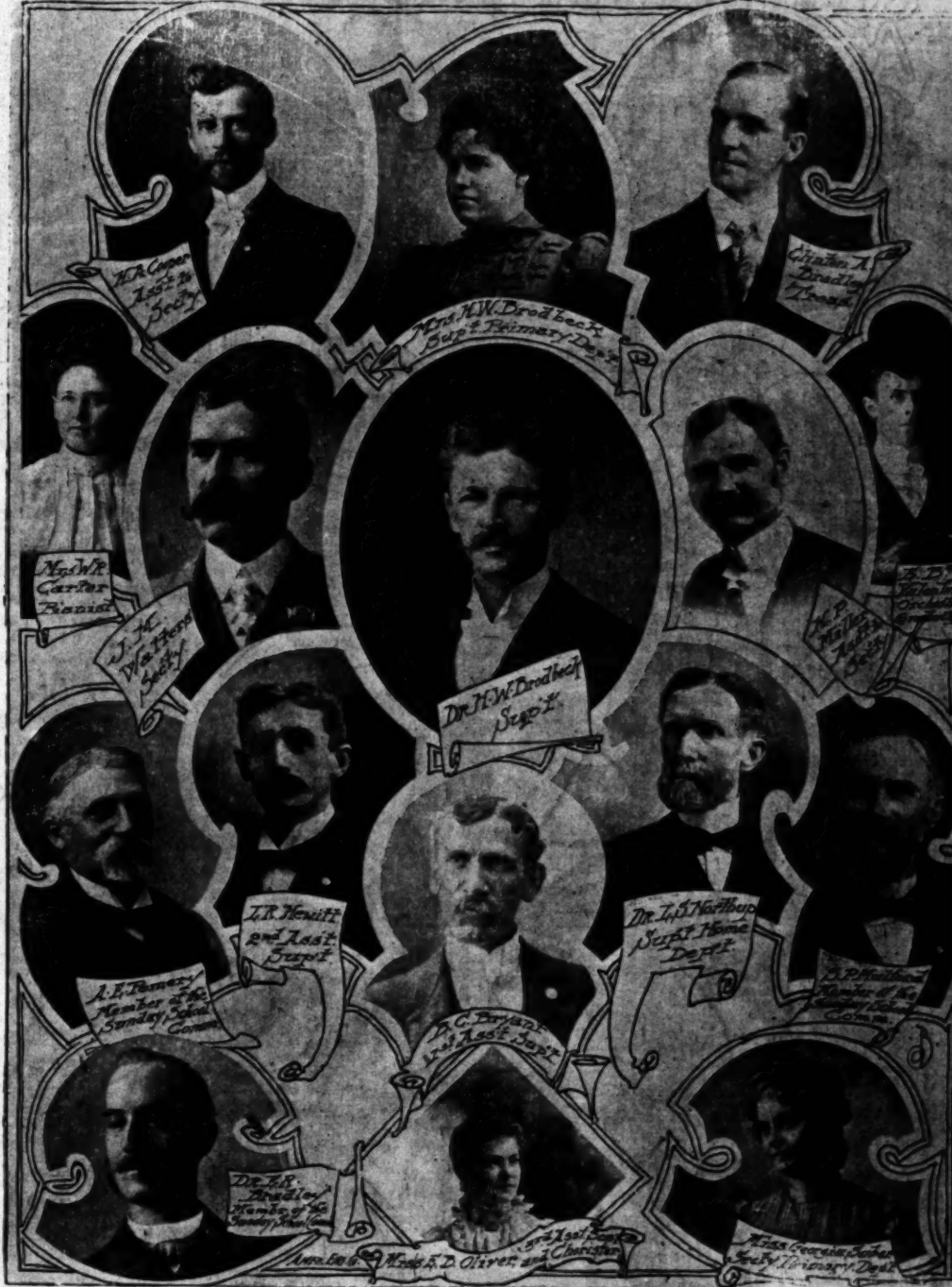
TEACHERS. G. R. Crow, J. H. Blanchard, J. W. Stringfield, J. D. Burch, R. H. Goode, Mrs. N. F. W. Pond, F. M. Porter, Mrs. J. D. Burch, Mrs. B. C. Bryant, W. R. Carter, O. D. Gidley, Mrs. S. J. Oliver, Mrs. E. M. Crow, Miss Mattie Duncan, Mrs. W. F. Crommiller, Burton Hamlin, Mrs. G. A. Hough, W. E. Kimmell, Mrs. E. Dugger, Miss Laura Painter, Harry J. Kenniston, Miss Carrie Elwood, J. J. Walter, Chase, F. Seymour, Miss G. H. Painter, E. L. Redding, W. H. Herman, Miss Hope Washburn, Mrs. J. H. Grah, Miss Mary Bennett, Mrs. A. E. Hillis.

PRIMARY OFFICERS. Superintendent, Mrs. H. W. Brodbeck; assistant superintendents, Miss Bertha Oliver, Miss Florence Dodge; secretaries, Miss Georgia Ruber, Miss Birdie Diamond; organizer, Miss E. C. Seymour.

TEACHERS. Mrs. E. S. Chase, Miss Bessie Davis, Mrs. A. E. Glass, Miss Fannie Kanaya, Mrs. W. E. Kimmell, Mrs. H. P. Miller, Miss Grace Mettler, Mrs. L. J. Rogers, Miss Emma Simon, Mrs. J. M. Walters.

CHILDREN'S CIRCLE. Teacher, Miss Minnie Taylor; assistants, Mrs. Ancl Stump, Miss Lillian Clark; secretary, Miss Florence Taylor; organizer, Miss Bessie Yonkin.

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.
The programme for today will include addresses by Mrs. J. T. Bovard and Rev. Dr. Cantine. A history of the school has been prepared for delivery by Master Francis Rider, a remarkable young orator of seven years.



OFFICERS OF THE LARGEST SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN THE GOLDEN WEST.



THE BRIGADE OF TEACHERS OF THE FIRST METHODIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL OF LOS ANGELES.

The Social World. Men and Women in Society. Personal Intelligence.

EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

Jessie-Boller.

Albert T. Jessie-Boller and Miss Emille Boller were married Thursday evening at the residence of G. A. Thiele, 1129 Tenth street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. H. Haas, presiding elder of the German E. Church. The bride was given in marriage by her father, Mr. Thiele, and the groom was escorted by his brother, Mr. Jessie-Boller. The bride wore a gown of white tulle and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The ceremony was attended by a large number of guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Thiele, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie-Boller, and many friends. The reception was held at the residence of Mr. Thiele, where a large number of guests were entertained. The wedding was a very successful one, and the bride and groom were very happy.

Supper Party.

Miss Lloyd Morgan was pleasantly surprised by a party of friends Friday evening at her home on West Tenth street. The evening was spent with music and dancing. The Virginia reel was the favorite dance of the evening. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. C. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Vieta, Mr. and Mrs. C. Stoss, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ferrier, Miss Betty, Miss Marion, Miss Ella, Miss O'Brien, Miss Judd, Miss Gertrude, Miss Adelaide, Miss Artie, Miss Sadie, Miss Leo, Miss Lillian, Miss Davis, Miss Mary, Miss William, Miss Maxwell, Miss Harold, Miss Charles, Miss Lewis, Miss F. L. Morgan, and Miss Morgan.

Progressive Games.

Miss Gibson, residing at No. 104 South Flower street, entertained a few of her friends Friday in honor of Miss Blanche Gane of Boston. Progressive games were played, after which refreshments were served. Those present were Misses Blanche Gane, Annie Donovan, Lillian Donovan, Annie Gibson, Elsie Gibson, Messrs. Harry Hartwell, Will Walker, George C. O'Brien, William Wallace Connon, Hugh Walker, Will Gibson.

Birthday Celebrated.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cross of No. 207 East Third street entertained a number of young people Monday evening in honor of the sixteenth birthday anniversary of their daughter, Miss Bella Cross. The house was decorated with calla lilies and poppies. The evening was devoted to games and dancing. The guests were Misses Helen Dale, Dolly Rhodes, Gertrude Crove, Helena Parker, Annabell Mitchell, Fieda Blanchard, Lee Morrison, Margaret Emery, May Swartwout, Mabel and Belle Cross, Messrs. Ed Turner, Henry Strubbing, Harry Elfinger, Clyde Dick, Jay Hedeen, Harry Cleland, Herbert Keenan, Walter Greening, Archie Bundy, Rome Raligh, Will and Clarence Seares.

Schmutzler-Hollman.

Miss Minnie Hollman and Albert E. Schmutzler were married Thursday evening at 6 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hollman, in University. The house was handsomely decorated with white carnations, roses and greenery. The bay window was filled with fragrant blossoms, forming a beautiful background for the bride and groom. The ceremony was attended by a large number of guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Hollman, Mr. and Mrs. Schmutzler, and many friends. The reception was held at the residence of Mr. Hollman, where a large number of guests were entertained. The wedding was a very successful one, and the bride and groom were very happy.

House Party.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Blume and son, Donald, of Butte, Montana, and Mrs. Mary E. St. Claire of Woodstock, Ill., mother of Mrs. Blume, all of whom are spending the winter months in Southern California, were the guests of the week of the Rev. and Mrs. M. H. Plumb of Hoover street. Mrs. Plumb, who is a prominent and influential business woman, is one of the club members of the L.O.T.M. Thimble Club, which she has been identified with for many years from the time when it was a small misanthropic club of the present city of substantial business blocks and imposing public buildings. They are all greatly enjoying the beauties and life in this summerland.

L.O.T.M. Thimble Club.

The L.O.T.M. Thimble Club of Los Angeles, No. 1, gave an entertainment Thursday evening to add to their sick-benefit fund. The rooms were beautifully decorated. The programme was as follows: Piano duet, Misses Carey and Fowler; vocal selection, Miss Addie Mullen; vocal selection, Miss Stella Gonzalez; vocal selection, Miss little three-year-old baby Gonzalez; reading, E. R. Longley; solo, selected.

Mrs. Alice Morley; reading, humorous. Mr. Judge; song, Ray Stevenson; cake walk, the Misses Gonzales; song, Mrs. Gonzales; piano solo, Miss Edith Hueston. After the programme the guests were entertained with games and dancing. At the afternoon meeting Mrs. Sophia Keyne was unanimously elected delegate to the State convention to be held in San Francisco in April, with Mrs. Mary A. Terry as alternate.

Thimble Club Meeting.

Thimble Club No. 7 was entertained by Mrs. N. G. Ledgerwood at her home, No. 1577 Tenth street, last Thursday. Those present were: Mrs. Burdick, Claudius, Greenleaf, Glaze, Martin, Ely, Dodd, Simmons, Little, Sturges, Smith, Taylor, Horne, Lindsay, Walters, Hela, Wilson, Led, Perwood, Cullen, Washer, De Witt, Graves, Drowat, Burley and Baker. Misses Hollo, Jucken, Ledgerwood and Miss Mary Grebe of Springfield, Ill.

L.A.H.T. Club.

The L.A.H.T. Club entertained Thursday evening at No. 245 South Spring street. Those who assisted on the programme were: Misses Muller, Wilber, and Hutton; Messrs. Stevenson, Long, and Hutton; Mrs. Gonzales and her children; Card, dancing and light refreshments closed the festivities of the evening.

Informal Luncheon.

Mrs. Lon Beveridge entertained with an informal luncheon Friday at her home in Hollywood. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Frank P. Cranston of Evanston, Ill., and the other guests were: Mrs. H. Church of Los Angeles, Mrs. O. Jackson and her daughter, Mrs. Patton of Evanston, Ill.

Philotheta Club.

Harry V. Baxter entertained the members of the Philotheta Club on Wednesday evening at his home, No. 1100 Santee street. After the regular business meeting of the club the evening was spent with cards and songs. The next dance of the club will be given April 12.

Bowling and Dancing Party.

A bowling party of seven couples spent Thursday evening very enjoyably at Kramer's Hall. After a few games of bowling, dancing was participated in. Those present were Misses Anna Bell, Chase, Blanche and Agnes Nast, Lydia Browning, Olive A. Smith, Cora Miller, Lillian Saybe, Miss Mary Thornton, Adele Charbonat, Messrs. Edward C. Chase, J. W. Thompson, Gail Moon, Charles Schwab, Lewis, Leach and Charles L. Moon.

Durfee-Noble.

Miss Emma Noble of Los Angeles and Charles H. Durfee of Honolulu were married in Honolulu February 21 by the Rev. V. H. Kitcher, of St. Andrew's church. Both Mr. and Mrs. Durfee formerly resided in Los Angeles. Mr. Durfee now has held the position as customs-house inspector. He made the trip to the island recently from Ventura.

Surprise Party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harry Wholmes were pleasantly surprised at their new home on Thirty-third street, Thursday evening, the surprise being given by Mr. Holmes's father and mother. The evening was passed with music and conversation, after which refreshments were served. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Wholmes, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Edith Calvin, Miss Mamie Brakeshuler, Miss Lillie White and Mr. George Guenther.

Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Denmore pleasantly entertained a company at dinner Wednesday evening at their home on West Thirty-fifth street. Dinner was served at six o'clock and the evening was spent in recalling bygone days in old Vermont. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs, Miss Mary Jacobs and John Jacobs, Jr. of Pasadena, Mrs. G. E. Ellis of this city and Henry Pillsbury of Boston, Vt.

Whist Club Entertained.

L'Amitie Whist Club was delightfully entertained Monday evening by Miss M. Hall at her home on Colton street. First prizes were awarded Miss Ford and Mr. Birmbaum. Miss Lillian Welles will entertain the club at a regular meeting at her home in Angeleno Heights. The club members present were: Misses Worn, Bendickson, Nolte, Ford, Hull, Reed, McKinnle and Birmbaum, Hall, Hopecraft, Ford and Bodkin.

Birthday Party.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Utiger of No. 223 North Olive street entertained on Tuesday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Nola Utiger. The game of hearts was the chief feature of the evening's entertainment, the scheme being charmingly carried out by the bride. The house was filled with calla lilies and carnations, and the bride wore a gown of white pleated chiffon with ribbon and chenille trimmings, and carried a white carnation. She was attended by her sister, Miss Tittle Hollman, as maid of honor, attired in pink organza and carrying pink carnations. The groom was attended by his brother, Charles C. Meyer, as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. C. Schmutzler of San Francisco, assisted by Rev. Meyer and Rev. Wilke. After the friends had extended congratulations, a dinner was served. Several solos were rendered during the evening by Rev. Worth, and an instrumental duet was given by Mrs. J. E. Hollman and Oscar Smith. The happy couple departed at 10:30 for their new home, prepared at No. 1603 Cherry street. Mr. and Mrs. March 21.

Ethical Club Entertained.

Mrs. Burton Williamson very pleasantly entertained the University Ethical club at her home on West Jefferson streets last Monday evening. On account of the illness of Rev. Dr. Cockran, the president, Prof. E. R. Shrader presided at the meeting. The paper of the evening was read by Dr. George F. James of the State Normal school on the "Economic Basis of Ethics." Among other ideas advanced by Dr. James he said: "We need a new system of ethics, for without this we cannot have an unconscious adherence to complex standards." The utilitarian system of ethics was briefly outlined and Mill's principle was shown to be defective if taken alone, but this system could be complemented by economic science. Man is progressive and his happiness is dependent upon successive consummations. Intense animal pleasure could not be considered in the category of happiness, as such pleasures do not fit readily with varied enjoyments, and that is why the sensible man rejects whisky, fighting and gambling. The paper was discussed by Rev. E. A. Healy, C. B. Woodhead, T. W. Robinson, Dr. E. R. Shrader and Mrs. Burton Williamson. As the annual election of officers had been deferred from February, the following were elected at this meeting: President, Dr. Milbank Johnson; vice-president, Prof. E. R. Shrader; secretary, T. W. Robinson; treasurer, Miss Lillian A. Williamson. The guests of the club were Dr. and Mrs. George F. James, Prof. E. T. Pierce, president

of the State Normal school and Mrs. Shoals of Chicago, Ill. Refreshments were served in the dining room by Miss Lillian Williamson and Miss Edith Shuler. The next meeting of the club will be on the second Monday evening in April at the same place.

Day's Outing.

Rev. and Mrs. George M. Smith of No. 956 West Thirty-second street, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Brackett and daughter of Kansas City, Mo., last Wednesday. The day was pleasantly spent driving about the city. A dainty picnic lunch was served in East Lake Park at noon. Mr. Brackett is a member of the well-known firm of Ryndor & Baker of Kansas City.

Rag Party.

A delightful rag party was given by Mrs. A. W. Griffin and Mrs. Judge Hentig Friday evening at the home of the latter, No. 1880 East Twenty-first street. The costumes were grotesque and comical. The evening was devoted to progressive games. After refreshments were served, prizes were awarded to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ferrell for having the most unique costumes. Those present were: Misses Muller, Wilber, and Hutton; Messrs. Stevenson, Long, and Hutton; Mrs. Gonzales and her children; Card, dancing and light refreshments closed the festivities of the evening.

Notes and Personal.

Mrs. D. E. Miles and Miss Miles have just returned from an extended trip through the East and are visiting Mrs. D. E. Welcome of No. 225 North Soto street. The closing dance of the season was given at Kramer's Hall on South Grand avenue. More than one hundred and fifty guests were present and the evening was a very enjoyable one. The closing dance of the season was given at Kramer's Hall on South Grand avenue. More than one hundred and fifty guests were present and the evening was a very enjoyable one.

Birthday Party.

M. P. Grove entertained a company of young people Friday evening at his home, No. 107 West Twenty-ninth street, in celebration of the sixteenth birthday anniversary of his daughter, Miss Daisy Grove. Misses Ada and Ethel Grove, assisted in entertaining. The parlor and drawing-room were decorated with California poppies and ferns. The guests were entertained with a programme of music and recitations, after which the following-named contributed: Miss Pearl Kerns, Daisy Grove, Lois Grove. After the programme a guessing contest furnished amusement. Prizes were won by Walter A. Corbin, George C. Luitwiler and Hester Herbert. Those present were: Misses Nadie Ball, Leach and Jennie Grove, Florence Barnes, Pearl Kerns, Grace La Force, Cora Miller, Lillian Saybe, Miss Mary Thornton, Adele Charbonat, Messrs. Edward C. Chase, J. W. Thompson, Gail Moon, Charles Schwab, Lewis, Leach and Charles L. Moon.

Clover Leaf Whist Club.

Mrs. F. M. Nichell entertained the members of the Clover Leaf Whist Club Thursday afternoon. The scores were pink and green hearts and the same color scheme was carried out in the refreshments. The first prizes were awarded Mrs. C. L. Goodrich and Mrs. Stafford.

For Miss Gane.

Miss Fannie R. Donovan, residing at No. 526 South Olive street, entertained informally last Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Blanche Gane of Boston. Progressive games were played, after which light refreshments were served. Those present were: Misses Ma Gibson, Addie McNeill, Lillian Leach, Lizzie Donovan, Messrs.

Harry Hartwell, Bruce Wallace, Walter Bonyne and William Dellamore.

Surprise.

A delightful surprise party was given Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stansbury at No. 1022 West Eighth street, last Wednesday evening. Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Graham of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kingwell, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bourne, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Adolph, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. A. E. Ditch, N. Stansbury, T. M. Michell, C. B. Wise, M. W. Shue, T. D. Ennlich, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warner; Misses May Stansbury, Minnie Stansbury, Bernice Hastings, Susan Nickell, Lynda Ledbetter, Emma Ledbetter, Mrs. Ditch and Fred Scott.

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making her home with her daughter, Mrs. S. Grant Goucher, on South Olive street, has gone to New York City to spend the summer with Mrs. Louis C. Mendham, another daughter.

Rev. C. Stillson of Des Moines.

Rev. C. Stillson of Des Moines, Iowa, arrived yesterday on the California Limited for a month's visit with his daughter, Mrs. C. W. Baker, No. 2432 Figueroa street.

Grace Methodist Church on Hewitt street will give a concert March 25 in which all the Epworth Leagues of the city will take part.

The closing dance of the season was given at Kramer's Hall on South Grand avenue. More than one hundred and fifty guests were present and the evening was a very enjoyable one.

Notes and Personal.

Mrs. D. E. Miles and Miss Miles have just returned from an extended trip through the East and are visiting Mrs. D. E. Welcome of No. 225 North Soto street. The closing dance of the season was given at Kramer's Hall on South Grand avenue. More than one hundred and fifty guests were present and the evening was a very enjoyable one.

Birthday Party.

M. P. Grove entertained a company of young people Friday evening at his home, No. 107 West Twenty-ninth street, in celebration of the sixteenth birthday anniversary of his daughter, Miss Daisy Grove. Misses Ada and Ethel Grove, assisted in entertaining. The parlor and drawing-room were decorated with California poppies and ferns. The guests were entertained with a programme of music and recitations, after which the following-named contributed: Miss Pearl Kerns, Daisy Grove, Lois Grove. After the programme a guessing contest furnished amusement. Prizes were won by Walter A. Corbin, George C. Luitwiler and Hester Herbert. Those present were: Misses Nadie Ball, Leach and Jennie Grove, Florence Barnes, Pearl Kerns, Grace La Force, Cora Miller, Lillian Saybe, Miss Mary Thornton, Adele Charbonat, Messrs. Edward C. Chase, J. W. Thompson, Gail Moon, Charles Schwab, Lewis, Leach and Charles L. Moon.

Clover Leaf Whist Club.

Mrs. F. M. Nichell entertained the members of the Clover Leaf Whist Club Thursday afternoon. The scores were pink and green hearts and the same color scheme was carried out in the refreshments. The first prizes were awarded Mrs. C. L. Goodrich and Mrs. Stafford.

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were bright with quantities of crimson geraniums and green leaves. The programmes were deftly decorated in water color, each bearing on the cover a four-leaf clover. The evening was most enjoyable, musically and socially. The following musicians and readers were on the programme: Mr. Severance, Mrs. John Lowe, Miss Kirby of Los Angeles, H. Edmond Earle, Miss Arline Ellis of Los Angeles, Miss Lila Dalrymple, Miss Grace Longley, Miss Katherine Scudder, Prof. Mason, Miss Blanche Witherell, Miss Jessie York, Mrs. Helen Lukens Jones, Mrs. Newton Leithhead, Mrs. Alice Freeman Vail. At the close of the programme Miss York read a birthday poem, written by Mrs. Emily P. Webb, to Miss Whitmore.

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Mrs. Simon G. Reed of Orange Grove

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A musicale will be given at La Ti-

berna Tuesday evening.

Mrs. John O. Reed of Los Alamitos

is visiting her father, Frank C. Mon-

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Mrs. and Mrs. Henry Merrill are re-

siding at Hotel del Coronado.

Dr. and Mrs. R. Royal of North

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Prudis and Miss were used in the

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Dr. and Mrs. J. Tyler Parker enter-

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Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph Wain of Alta-

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to be given at their home, "White

Wings" Tuesday evening, March 19.

Oscar Freeman is in San Francisco.

Miss Harlowe has arrived from Miss

Harlowe and is with her father at Har-

lowe Heights.

The Nineteenth Century Club will

meet Monday at the residence of Miss

Salda, No. 19 North Marcano avenue.

Miss Lotta Green entertained at din-

ner Saturday evening at Hotel Green.

The next dinner dance at the Country

Club will be given Monday evening.

April 1.

Corner and Mrs. Thomas Dugan of

Philadelphia were entertained Thurs-

day by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burgess of

Orange Grove avenue.

Soldiers Home.

GEN. AND MISS O. H. LA GRANGE

entertained at luncheon Tuesday.

The guests were Mrs. C. W. Reed,

Col. of Colorado, Miss Susie Howard,

Miss Grace Melius, Mrs. Patton and

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Judge Reed and Miss Florence Reed

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Miss Cochrane and Miss F. P. Co-

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The Misses Annie and Gertrude Elser

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Mrs. B. Bobbings and daughter

Dorothy left Friday on a two-week

visit to her sister, William Tyler of

Bakersfield.

Monrovia.

MRS. ARMINA GOODWINE of

Potomac, Md., is visiting Mr. and

Mrs. D. E. Juvinall.

Mr. C. W. Wilson and wife, who

three years ago went to Iowa to live,

have returned to Monrovia to make

their permanent home.

Lee S. Nicholson and wife of Indi-

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weeks in Monrovia. Mr. Nicholson is

registry clerk in the Indianapolis gen-

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This evening the choir of the Meth-

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Charles A. Bovey, will give a sacred

concert, assisted by Mrs. C. Bovey, con-

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J. O. Brubaker, one of the artists

of the San Francisco Wave, is spend-

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Mrs. J. P. Brubaker, at their home

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HARRY CHANDLER, Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
NATHAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Secretary. ALBERT MCARDLAND, Treasurer.
PUBLISHERS OF

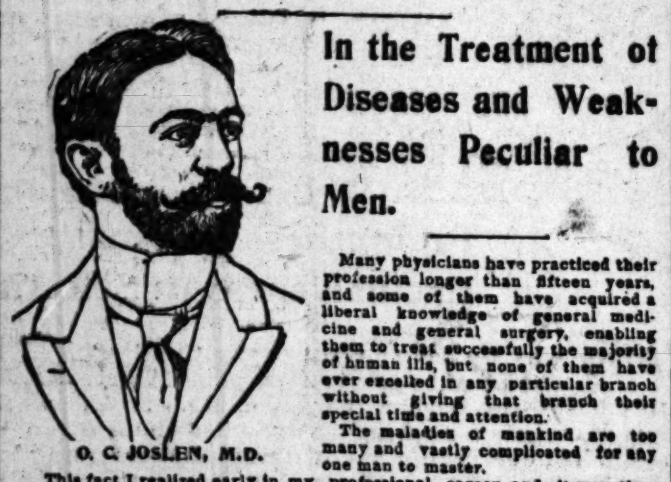
The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday, and Weekly Magazine.
Vol. 29, No. 104. Founded Dec. 4, 1881.
Twentieth Year.
EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.
NEWS SERVICE: Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 18,500 to 20,000 words transmitted daily over more than 2,000 miles of leased wires.
TERMS: Daily and Sunday, including Magazine Section, 75 cents a month, or \$2.00 a year. Daily without Sunday, 65 cents a month, or \$2.00 a year. Weekly, 15 cents.
SPECIAL CIRCULATION: Daily average for 1900, 18,500; for 1901, 19,000; for 1902, 19,500; for 1903, 20,000; for 1904, 20,500; for 1905, 21,000; for 1906, 21,500; for 1907, 22,000; for 1908, 22,500; for 1909, 23,000; for 1910, 23,500; for 1911, 24,000; for 1912, 24,500; for 1913, 25,000; for 1914, 25,500; for 1915, 26,000; for 1916, 26,500; for 1917, 27,000; for 1918, 27,500; for 1919, 28,000; for 1920, 28,500; for 1921, 29,000; for 1922, 29,500; for 1923, 30,000; for 1924, 30,500; for 1925, 31,000; for 1926, 31,500; for 1927, 32,000; for 1928, 32,500; for 1929, 33,000; for 1930, 33,500; for 1931, 34,000; for 1932, 34,500; for 1933, 35,000; for 1934, 35,500; for 1935, 36,000; for 1936, 36,500; for 1937, 37,000; for 1938, 37,500; for 1939, 38,000; for 1940, 38,500; for 1941, 39,000; for 1942, 39,500; for 1943, 40,000; for 1944, 40,500; for 1945, 41,000; for 1946, 41,500; for 1947, 42,000; for 1948, 42,500; for 1949, 43,000; for 1950, 43,500; for 1951, 44,000; for 1952, 44,500; for 1953, 45,000; for 1954, 45,500; for 1955, 46,000; for 1956, 46,500; for 1957, 47,000; for 1958, 47,500; for 1959, 48,000; for 1960, 48,500; for 1961, 49,000; for 1962, 49,500; for 1963, 50,000; for 1964, 50,500; for 1965, 51,000; for 1966, 51,500; for 1967, 52,000; for 1968, 52,500; for 1969, 53,000; for 1970, 53,500; for 1971, 54,000; for 1972, 54,500; for 1973, 55,000; for 1974, 55,500; for 1975, 56,000; for 1976, 56,500; for 1977, 57,000; for 1978, 57,500; for 1979, 58,000; for 1980, 58,500; for 1981, 59,000; for 1982, 59,500; for 1983, 60,000; for 1984, 60,500; for 1985, 61,000; for 1986, 61,500; for 1987, 62,000; for 1988, 62,500; for 1989, 63,000; for 1990, 63,500; for 1991, 64,000; for 1992, 64,500; for 1993, 65,000; for 1994, 65,500; for 1995, 66,000; for 1996, 66,500; for 1997, 67,000; for 1998, 67,500; for 1999, 68,000; for 2000, 68,500; for 2001, 69,000; for 2002, 69,500; for 2003, 70,000; for 2004, 70,500; for 2005, 71,000; for 2006, 71,500; for 2007, 72,000; for 2008, 72,500; for 2009, 73,000; 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15 YEARS A SPECIALIST



In the Treatment of Diseases and Weaknesses Peculiar to Men.

Many physicians have practiced their profession longer than fifteen years, and some of them have acquired a liberal knowledge of general medicine and general surgery, enabling them to treat successfully the majority of human ills, but none of them have ever excelled in any particular branch without giving that branch their special time and attention.

The malady of mankind are too many and too complicated for any one man to master.

This fact I realized early in my professional career, and it was then I began to prepare myself for the capacities and duties of a specialist. To the very liberal schooling already obtained from both literary and medical colleges I added long terms of scientific research in my line of practice. From time to time I have sought the world's leading hospitals and sanitariums, where I earnestly investigated their most skillful methods of treatment and thoroughly familiarized myself with their special field. My object has ever been to keep not only abreast of the times, but ahead of them. It is possible, in every useful thing pertaining to my profession and to the welfare of my patients.

When all the knowledge, skill, experience and scientific experiments I have thus acquired, together with an earnest, industrious and conscientious devotion to the welfare of the afflicted—when all these are concentrated in the cure of Varicocele, Stricture, Nervous Debility and allied ailments—do you wonder at my uniform success?

To all who take my treatment I give a legal contract in writing, sealed by a notary public, to hold for my promise; and that a promise from me means exactly what it implies in known to the thousands of men whom I have restored to health and made

Varicocele.

Varicocele has been described as a creeping disease. It silently steals upon its victim like a thief at night, and before he is really aware of its presence great and damaging inroads are made upon his constitution. The veins become enlarged and engorged with impure blood and diseased tissue. At times this condition may be accompanied with a dull, heavy, dragging pain in the small of the back, extending down into the parts, low spirits, weakness of the body and brain, nervous debility, partial or complete loss of power, and not infrequently decline of the general health. All these disagreeable symptoms soon disappear completely and forever under my Varicocele cure, which is safe, painless and bloodless, and therefore, free from surgery in any form. Every clot of stagnant blood and every lump of diseased tissue are driven from the affected parts, normal circulation is re-established throughout the pelvic region, the weakened organs become strong again, and sturdy manhood is restored.

Stricture.

My original and strictly modern treatment for Urinary Stricture cures the disease without cutting or dilating, thus avoiding the horrors of surgery. It is the only treatment that should ever be recommended by the legions of men who have recently been cured by it. It acts immediately and directly upon the stricture, dissolving it completely and dislodging all diseased tissue, which comes away in strips or shreds like fiber, allaying all irritation and inflammation, and leaving the urethral canal entirely free from obstruction, and in a sound and healthful condition.

Nervous-Sexual Debility.

It is sad to contemplate the unfortunate condition of so many men of our day and generation. At 30, they feel 50; at 40, they feel 60, and at 50 or 60, they feel 70. They are almost ready for the grave. The fire of youth has gone out, the fountain of vitality is exhausted. Remains to old age? No! No! No! What brought it on, the one thing for you to do is to get back the vim, the vigor and the vivacity of youth. Don't lose your grip on life. There are yet happy, golden years for you if you only get help. I can and will not only help you, but cure you to stay cured. Curing disease and weakness of the sexual and urinary system has been my exclusive business for the past fifteen years, during which time I have lifted up enough fallen men to make an army. My treatment will restore to you what you have lost—your precious manhood. It stops all unsightly discharges and restores vigor, and gives perfect and permanent power to the sexual organs. It makes the blood pure and rich, the complexion clear and healthy, the system strong and robust.

I Do Not Treat All Diseases.

I confine my practice strictly to a single line of diseases and treat only what I am absolutely certain that I can positively cure to stay cured. Varicocele, Stricture, Contagious Blood Poison, Nervous-Sexual Debility, and all reflex complications and associated diseases and weaknesses of men. I guarantee to cure Piles, Fistula, Rupture, Varicocele and Hydrocele in one week or make no charge.

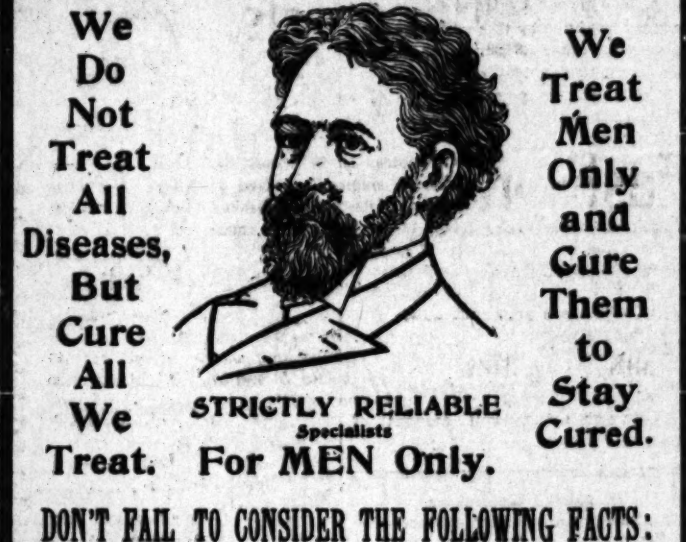
When a patient comes into my office for treatment I attend him personally, so that he gets the full benefit of my knowledge, and I watch his progress until he is entirely well. My assistants act only under my supervision, prepare certain of my prescriptions, and assist me in minor work. My office and hospital occupy the entire building over Wells-Fargo work. My office is at the corner Third and Main streets, and are thoroughly equipped with everything known for the cure of Diseases of Men.

Consultation and Advice Free.

Fees reasonable and may be paid in installments as patient sees his improvement. Private laboratory. No charge for remedies. Full information cheerfully mailed in plain envelope. Address all communications to O. C. JOSLEN, M. D., or DR. JOSLEN & CO.

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Entire Building over Wells-Fargo Express.

DOCTOR HARRISON & CO.



We Do Not Treat All Diseases, But Cure All We Treat. For MEN Only.

STRICTLY RELIABLE Specialists

Don't fail to consider the following facts:

We treat absolutely nothing but genito-urinary diseases of the male, such as Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Wasting Disease, Loss of Vital Force, Nervous and Chronic Diseases, Piles, Fistula, Eruptive, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Stricture and all contracted diseases.

We especially invite those who have been badly treated by druggists, patent nostrums, ignorant doctors, etc. You DON'T have to pay a CENT until you are well. We make you a thorough examination, including analysis, FREE OF CHARGE. Our DIPLOMAS from the best colleges in the world hang on the wall in our office for your inspection.

We have every instrument and appliance known for the treatment of this class of diseases. We are the only specialists in Los Angeles who have a thoroughly equipped hospital for the convenience of those who come from a distance and all who need the advantage of trained nurses.

We have given sixteen years to the treatment of disorders peculiar to men, and are prepared to prove that this specialty is second to none in importance. If there is one subject in the world which requires study, experience and skill, this one certainly does. Healthy generative organs are as necessary as a healthy heart, lung or brain. Unhealthy generative organs are the cause of more disturbances of the system, while nearly all cases of inflamed prostate are found in comparatively healthy, robust-looking men, whom no one would suspect of any trouble, judging by general appearance. The inflamed prostate is caused by excess, contracted ailments, disipation, etc. We can cure this prostate trouble in every case and thus put the organ in normal condition. This is done by local scientific treatment and not by pills and belts.

Remember, our examination, analysis and advice in our office or by mail is absolutely free of charge.

Correspondence. One personal visit is always preferred, but if you cannot call at our office write us your symptoms fully. Our home treatment by correspondence is always successful.

Let a contract given to all patients to hold for our promises. Do not hesitate. If you cannot call today, write and describe your trouble and we will send you a question blank.

RUPTURE
Positively, Painlessly and Permanently Cured. . . .

Fifty-five cases, fifteen of them double, cured since February 1st by our recently discovered "Ten Day Cure." Interviews may be had by any others who have been cured for one year and longer.

Mr. Loren Fox of 2913 San Pablo ave., Oakland, has kindly volunteered his testimonial, which we publish verbatim:

Mr. Loren Fox, Oakland, Cal.: Will you kindly advise us as to your condition at present regarding your Rupture, for which we treated you in March, 1897? Very respectfully,

OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 30th, 1901.

Dr. Harrison & Co.: Yours of the 26th inst. received. I am very glad to recommend your treatment just as highly now as ever. I have had three years to test it in. Naturally in my business I have given the cure a hard test. My occupation is plumbing and tinsmithing. Anyone wishing to apply in person or by letter, and I will gladly answer all inquiries and explain to them the mode of treatment, its benefits, etc. I am fifty-eight years old. With many thanks, I am yours truly,

LOREN FOX

But one visit to our office is necessary. There is no pain or detention from business. Every case guaranteed.

We ask for no money until cure is effected.

We have made arrangements with a bank to act as custodian of the fee until patient is cured.

Consultation and examination without charge.

Correspondence cheerfully answered.

Dr. Harrison & Co.,

Rooms 213 and 214 Nolan and Smith Block,
Cor. 2d and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
PRIVATE ENTRANCE ON SECOND STREET.

The Times Pictures.

Arrangements have been made by which patrons of The Times may have any of the series of pictures which are being regularly presented with the Sunday edition, mounted or framed, *parquet* style, at a cost of 25 cents each.

Bring your picture to The Times office and exchange it for a mounted one.

THE TIMES-MIRROR CO.

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ONE BOTTLE CURES!

Sworn Statement of Erastus Root, Rivera, Cal.

I have had trouble with my kidneys and bladder for 20 years. I was pronounced a victim of Bright's disease. One dose of McBURNEY'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER CURE gave great relief, and two-thirds of a bottle cured me of Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, and relieved Chronic Rheumatism. I am now able to do most any kind of work in my 58th year. (Signed)

Personally appeared before me, Erastus Root, being duly sworn, deposes and says the above is true in every particular. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of June, 1898. D. C. McGARVEY, Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

The reader will note Mr. Root is still living.

Wouldn't it Bore You?

To have a person make a statement and not be able to prove it! Here's our statement:

McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure

Is a certain and thorough cure for pain in the small of the back, stone in the bladder, Bright's disease, female troubles, incontinence of urine, back-draw deposit-bed wetting of children, gravel, gall stones, thick, turbid, frothy urine, dropsy, diabetes, rheumatism.

McBurney says that he will guarantee that his Kidney and Bladder Cure will cure ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. One dose will levig and one bottle cures is proof that you cannot afford to allow one minute to elapse until you are permanently cured.

REMEMBER, not a wine glass full five or six times a day, not six bottles for relief and continue until cured, but simply

TEN DROPS OF McBURNEY'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER CURE
ONCE A DAY, AND ONE BOTTLE CURES.

Price, express prepaid, \$1.50. All Druggists. Send 5¢ cents to W. F. McBURNEY, 418 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal., for five days' treatment.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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DR. HERON'S EUCALYPTUS REMEDIES

AND THEIR USES.

Heron's Eucalyptus Oil is the best and cheapest remedy for all Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, Diphtheria, Tonsillitis, Catarrh, Consumption in its first stages, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Fever of all kinds, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Kidney Diseases, Gravel, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Insect Bites, Poison Oak, etc. Price 50c.

Heron's Eucalyptus Salve is the safest and quickest remedy for all Skin Diseases, Scalds, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands, but especially for Eczema, Salt Rheum and Piles. Price 25c.

Heron's Eucalyptus Hair Restorer is a fine preparation for the hair; removes Dandruff, cleanses the scalp, prevents the hair from falling out, cures all Scalp Diseases, restores the hair to its natural color, and by its continued use a luxuriant growth of hair is obtained. It is not a dye. Price 50c.

Heron's Cream of Eucalyptus. A skin beautifier and food. Removes—not covers—Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and all skin disorders, leaving the skin soft and beautiful. Price 50c.

Heron's Eucalyptus Specific, the Ladies' Friend, or Nature's Own Remedy for all Female Diseases. Cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Falling of the Womb, and all Female Disorders. For healing and cleansing purposes it has no equal. Price 25c.

Heron's Eucalyptus Cough Drops are a very fine preparation of extra fine oil and pure sugar. For relieving all irritation of the Throat, Dry Hacking Cough, etc. They will be found especially beneficial for children. Price 5c.

Heron's Blue Gum Liniment. Wherever a Liniment can be used, this will be found the cheapest and best. Price 50c.

Heron's Constipation Cure is the only permanent cure known for the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. It has no equal. Price 50c and \$1.00.

Heron's Eucalyptus Soap. A fine Toilet Soap, antiseptic and disinfectant. Cures all eruptions of the skin, and is advised by the best physicians to be used as an every-day Toilet Soap. Price 30c a box.

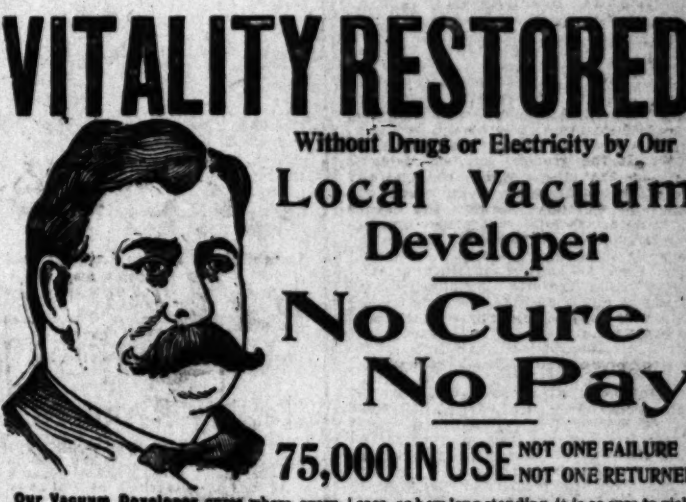
Take no other! None genuine without the name and address of the only manufacturers of pure Eucalyptus Remedies.

DR. N. O. HERON & CO.
2415 S. MAIN ST. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

We Do Not Sell Our Oil in Bulk.

BE SURE OF THE NAME AND ADDRESS. ORDERS BY MAIL WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION IF WE WANT YOU TO ACT AS AGENT FOR US.

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Without Drugs or Electricity by Our Local Vacuum Developer
No Cure No Pay
75,000 IN USE NOT ONE FAILURE

Our Vacuum Developer cures where everything else fails and hope is dead. If you are usually weak, underdeveloped, or have drains, etc., it will restore you. Briskness and Vigor are permanently cured in 1 to 4 weeks.

Be strong to rule the stomach. The Electro-Vacuum is a local treatment applied directly to the weak and disordered stomach. Our strength and development wherever applied. Old men with lost vigor and failing vitality, the young and middle aged who are repulsive, are quickly restored to health and strength. Our marvelous appliances have astonished the entire world. Hundreds of leading physicians in the United States are now recommending our appliances in the severest cases where every other known device has failed.

You will see and feel the benefit from the first day that is applied directly to the seat of the trouble. LOCAL APPLIANCE CO. 508 BROADWAY, 1st FLOOR, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1901.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part III—12 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

HOW TO GET GOOD PHILIPPINE BERTHS.

First Civil Service Examination for
East Indian Service Begins in All
American Cities Next Month.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—Do you wish a lucrative office in Uncle Sam's newly-discovered Philippine service? If so, be up and doing at once. You have five weeks in which to brush up your rusted learning.

The first civil-service examination for government positions in our East Indian service will be held in all large cities of the United States April 23. It will be open only to American citizens who must solemnly swear that they are before being admitted to competition. I spent yesterday afternoon at our civil-service bureau studying the newly-completed scheme for filling these distant offices. I interviewed the officials concerning the chances for Americans to succeed in the great competition. The Philippines have a civil-service board of their own, and I was allowed to pursue the advance copy of the interesting manual of examinations which it has prepared. Our Civil Service Commission will cooperate with this board so far as the examinations to be held in America are concerned. The board will hold the same competitions at Manila, Iloilo and Cebu.

Natives of the Philippines must, according to the strict civil-service laws of the islands, be given preference in the filling of all offices in this newly-discovered service. In other words, a Filipino and an American are both certified by the civil-service board for the same office, the former must be selected by the appointing officer, provided the qualifications of the two are equal. Second preference will be given to a Filipino and an American are both certified by the civil-service board for the same office, the former must be selected by the appointing officer, provided the qualifications of the two are equal. Second preference will be given to a Filipino and an American are both certified by the civil-service board for the same office, the former must be selected by the appointing officer, provided the qualifications of the two are equal.

WAR FLARES UP IN THE BALKANS.



Long-looked-for Configuration Between Subsidiary States on the Turkish Border Bursts Out at Last.

The Sick Man of the East is threatened from a new, but not an unexpected quarter. The slender thread that bound the States on the border of Turkey is about to be snapped. Already signs have taken place in the Balkans and many have been killed. The map shows the position of the range of hills which will be the scene of hostilities. The Sultan's leaden countenance in the corner is in sharp contrast to the alert features of his chief enemy, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is seen below. A photograph of a Turkish outpost in the Balkan mountains completes the picture. It can be seen by this last what cruel fighting the Balkan war necessitates.

placed by civilians as civil government is established. Of enlisted men there are 183 holding office. Some of these will take advantage of the act permitting them to remain in the civil service without examination after honorable discharge from the army or navy. There are 385 American civilians in the service, and many of these will be succeeded by natives as vacancies occur. Filipinos, Chinese and Spaniards already hold 346 offices, and represent a vast majority of the civil-service employees.

Uncle Sam will appoint to the Philippine service only men in the prime of health and age. Each applicant must take a physical examination with special reference to his seeing, hearing and talking abilities, the condition of his limbs, brain, nervous system, chest and heart. He must be between 18 and 40 years of age, and must not habitually use intoxicating liquors.

All Americans appointed to the Philippine service will have their travel expenses paid by the government. They will arrive in Manila by their trip, and they will receive half pay for the time they are in the Philippines. The wives of appointees will probably have their expenses paid on the steamer going to and from Manila.

The system of granting leave to the Philippine service is a very liberal one. A salary of \$600 or less will insure a vacation of fifteen days in a year; if \$600, thirty days; if \$600 or more, thirty-five days. These vacation periods are longer than any leave given in the home departments. In exceptional cases sixty days may be granted. The employees will be paid for the time they are in the Philippines. The employees will be paid for the time they are in the Philippines.

"WAR!" CRIES JAPAN.



Rush Work Ordered on All Warships in Readiness for Russia.

The above photograph shows the launching in the Japanese shipyard of Yokosuka of the new battleship of the Mikado. The latest advices from Japan say that Russia has marched her armies to the frontier of the Tuman river. Japan regards this as an act of war and orders have been given to hurry the many new battleships, cruisers and torpedo boats now building in Japan and England. The war feeling is intense in the Mikado's realm.

VALUE OF BIRDS.

Grain-Eating Birds Destroy Seeds of Harmful Plants—Fruit Interests Threatened by Killing of Birds.

(Humane Education Circular.) Mr. Frank M. Chapman says: "The economic value of birds to man lies in the service they render in preventing the undue increase of insects, in devouring small rodents, in destroying the seeds of harmful plants, and in scavenging."

On April 1 will go into effect in the Philippines an act of the Taft Commission, making indictable the examination for or employment in the civil service of the islands all persons then or thereafter in arms against the United States, or who give aid or comfort to the insurgents. The civil-service law provides further that all applicants in the islands must take an oath of allegiance to the United States before being eligible for examination. The other provision of the law forbids the connection of employees of the civil service with any subversive enterprise without permission from the heads of their departments. No such restriction is applied in our home civil service. The entire time of regularly salaried officials and employees of the insular government is to be held at its disposal.

LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

(The Times freely publishes the views of correspondents, without holding itself responsible for writers' opinions. Be brief, write plainly, and clearly state your name and address, is sufficient for the expression of an idea.)

An Interesting Incident.

LOS ANGELES, March 14.—(To the Editor of The Times.) Readers who anticipated, that appeared in the Magazine section of your Sunday paper, will be interested to know how far away from home it was found. The author's brother, who is traveling in the heart of Old Mexico, noticed one day, while walking about in an old castle corral at Montezuma, a scrap of paper, soiled and torn, but seeing that it was printed in English, he picked it up for closer inspection. It proved to be a fragment of the Los Angeles Sunday Times, with his sister's poem, "Anticipation."

Yours very respectfully,
JOSE G. HARVEY.

The Grand Jury's Critica.

LOS ANGELES, March 15.—(To the Editor of The Times.) The grand jury of this county was recently criticized in a very unbecoming way in the columns of some of your contemporaries for its long continuance and apparent lack of results; and intimation also being given that the \$2 per diem allowance for the delay in handing in the final report would not be well for the critics to read over the names of the grand jurors and see if it is composed of its laborers. I must be questioning whether the "gentle element and 'gentle' push are not trying to work the public in an endeavor to have disinterested rank corruption in county and municipal affairs, and consequently are encouraging the bitter opposition of evil-doers. As a citizen of this city and county, I am fully persuaded that a body of reputable citizens sitting as a grand jury is a protector of the county's best interests and a menace

so cents on the \$1.00.

See The Hub at on page 11, telegraph part, today's issue. It will pay you to give us a call Monday.

Central Art Co.

See the beautiful premium they are giving for the Philistine civil-service board announcement for the encouragement of applicants for offices in the islands that

